

# McCall's

August 1951

25 cents



7 prize living rooms

CONTEST WINNERS

Kefauver and women by *John Gunther* • Should doctors tell the truth?

**EXCITING SUMMER FICTION**



## Only Deepfreeze Refrigerators give you these exclusive features!

"A dream come true!" That's what you'll say when this ultra-modern refrigerator—with the genuine Deepfreeze Freezer Compartment and "The Door that Stores More"—arrives in your kitchen!

Better living becomes a thrilling reality, because these advanced convenience

features are found in no other refrigerator. Yet they are just a few of the *many* you'll benefit from with Deepfreeze.

Deepfreeze Refrigerators are built by the makers of world-famous Deepfreeze Home Freezers. See your dealer. Invest in the *best*—a Deepfreeze Refrigerator!



### Genuine DEEFPREZZE Freezer Compartment

No other refrigerator has it. Stores over 50 lbs. of frozen foods—and keeps ice cream hard. Separate Freezer Shelf holds large dessert tray and ice cube trays. Insulated, full-width, large-capacity Frozen Storage Drawer below freezer compartment stores meat and packaged frozen foods.



### "The Door that Stores More!"

Not just shelves, but specially designed conveniences in the door! At your fingertips are: Eggstor—exclusive Handy Jugs for juices or water—Butter Box for keeping butter "spreadable"—exclusive, removable Handy Bin for small greens and fruits—plus unique Bottlestor for tall quart beverage and milk bottles.

THERE'S ONLY ONE GENUINE  
**Deepfreeze**  
REFRIGERATOR

© 1951, Deepfreeze Appliance Division, Motor Products Corporation • Specifications subject to change without notice

HOME FREEZERS • REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES • ELECTRIC WATER HEATERS  
All products of Deepfreeze, North Chicago, Illinois



How Sparkling  
can you be?

For teeth that  
Sparkle bright...

the answer  
is IPANA!

## The answer is Ipana!

**IT'S TRUE**—a sparkling, successful smile depends on a healthy mouth—and here's how cleaning teeth with Ipana helps keep your whole mouth healthy!

**1. TEETH.** Brush all tooth surfaces thoroughly with Ipana. To reduce tooth decay effectively, no other tooth paste—ammoniated or regular—has been proved better than Ipana.

**2. GUMS.** Brush teeth from gum margins towards biting edges. Ipana's active cleans-

ing foam helps remove irritating debris and soft calculus from gum margins—where they can lead to gum irritation and disease.

**3. BREATH.** Brushing with Ipana sweetens breath instantly—and Ipana's brisk, invigorating flavor makes your mouth feel wonderfully fresh.

Yes, cleansing with Ipana helps keep your whole mouth a-sparkle with health—so get Ipana today!

For breath that's  
Sparkling fresh...

the answer  
is IPANA!



For Sparkling  
popularity...

the answer  
is IPANA!



A Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty

# PICTURE of the month

M-G-M presents  
**"RICH, YOUNG  
AND PRETTY"**

starring  
**JANE POWELL • DANIELLE  
DARRIEUX**  
**WENDELL FERNANDO  
COKEY • LAMAS**

with **MARCEL DALIO • UNA MERKEL**  
**RICHARD ANDERSON • JEAN MURAT**  
and introducing **VIC DAMONE**

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**  
Screen Play by **DOROTHY COOPER** and  
**SIDNEY SHELDON**

Story by **DOROTHY COOPER**  
Directed by **NORMAN TAUROG**  
Produced by **JOE PASTERNAK**



If we could conduct our own street-corner interview this month, here's how it would go.

Q. How do you like your musicals?

A. *Rich, Young and Pretty!*

Q. What's the gayest city for romance?

A. Paris!

Q. How do you like your songs?

A. Saucy as crepes suzettes and tender as a kiss.

Naturally, this quiz pertains to M-G-M's "Rich, Young and Pretty". From first to last, this effervescent new musical has the answer to what's gayest and best in Technicolor screen entertainment.

It's a dreamy setup for romance when an excited Texan, Jane Powell, holiday-bound with her millionaire father, gets to Paris.

Jane's good neighborliness promptly turns to love as popular young singer Vic Damone shows her around the picturesque city. His many fans will welcome Vic's film debut.

In this de luxe diversion are eight new songs with inspired melodies and lyrics. Jane and Vic click in romantic ballads like "Wonder Why" and "I Can See You". Also, Jane introduces Vic to an old American custom when she sings "How Do You Like Your Eggs in the Morning?" (Vic's Gallic reply is, "I Like Mine With A Kiss!")

If Jane needs any convincing about what they do in France, Danielle Darrieux supplies it in the lively "L'Amour Toujours, Tonight For Sure".

Partnered with the new romantic Latin baritone, Fernando Lamas, the lovely Parisienne gives Jane her recipe for a perfect romance in "We Never Talk Much". There are three other deliciously French-flavored songs: "Pres de Toi", "Paris" and "Cent Fois". And so we ring up another success for that hit producer of musicals, Joe Pasternak, who just scored so resoundingly with "The Great Caruso!"

The song hits of "Rich, Young and Pretty" are also available on M-G-M Records. And we have an idea they'll go like hotcakes.

With four wonderful stars on a musical spree in gay Paris, "Rich, Young and Pretty" delivers right up to the letter and spirit of its happy title.

P.S. This is the year of "Quo Vadis"!

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Cover photograph by Ruth Nichols

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"Let the tide take her out...  
**I WON'T!**"



WHAT A DAMNING thing to say about a pretty girl out to make the most of her holiday! Attracted by her good looks, men dated her once but never took her out a second time. And for a very good reason\*. So, the vacation that could have been so gay and exciting, became a dull and dreary flop. And she, herself, was the last to suspect why.

*How's Your Breath Today?*

Unfortunately, you can be guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath) without realizing it. Rather than guess about this condition or run a foolish risk, why not get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic? Rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and between times before every date where you want to be at your best. It's efficient! It's refreshing! It's delightful!

*To Be Extra-Careful*

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually. So, don't trust makeshifts effective only momentarily . . . trust Listerine Antiseptic. It's part of your passport to popularity.

\*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and overcomes the odors it causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



BEFORE ANY DATE...

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

*...it's Breath Taking!*

# What you can do about **ALLERGIES**

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE in our country are affected by some form of allergy. It is estimated that about four million people suffer each year from hay fever alone.

An allergy is a disorder or a *sensitivity* which some persons develop to normally harmless things like pollens, foods and dust. Many other factors may also be involved, such as chemicals, bacteria, etc.

The discomforts that occur when these trouble-makers come in contact with sensitive tissues are believed to be caused by a

chemical called histamine. This chemical is apparently released by the body's cells in such large amounts that the tissues themselves are affected and their normal functions upset. This results in sneezing, skin rashes, digestive upsets, and a variety of other discomforts.

Today, treatment for all types of allergy is becoming increasingly effective. There are diagnostic tests which help doctors identify even quite obscure causes. In addition, there are also new drugs which aid in controlling many allergic symptoms.



**1.** If you have an allergy, ask your doctor about the *antihistamines*. When administered under a physician's advice—as they must be, since they are toxic to some degree—they often give rapid, though *temporary*, relief.

The antihistamines are especially beneficial in those allergies—such as hay fever—which are caused by substances that are inhaled. For best results, however, these drugs should be used along with other measures designed to give more lasting relief.



**2.** If you have hay fever, the doctor may recommend that desensitizing treatments be given early in the year, long in advance of "the hay fever season."

This helps build up protection and enables many patients to go through the season with little or no discomfort. Prompt and proper treatment is desirable, as studies show that persons with untreated hay fever often develop asthma.



**3.** If you suspect a food allergy, consult your doctor about diagnostic tests which reveal foods that should be avoided.

Authorities caution against self-prescribed diets to relieve food allergies, because essential foods may be unnecessarily omitted.

It is especially important to follow this safeguard in infants and children who have digestive upsets or skin rashes thought to result from eating certain foods.

*Emotional difficulties* have been found to play a part in allergy disorders. Consequently, doctors may study the patient's background in an attempt to find and clear up emotional situations that may lead to more frequent or more severe attacks.

Today, through prompt and proper treatment—and *complete cooperation* between the doctor and the patient—most allergy victims can be greatly helped.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 851-M, "Allergic to What?"



Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## COVER GIRL TAKES BUBBLE BATH

*Little angelface soaked studio while modeling for this month's cover, gurgled satisfaction at job well done*

RUTH NICHOLS



Betty Stearns, assistant to famed baby photographer Ruth Nichols, lifted 11-month-old Paulette Kandra, Westfield, N. J., into suds. Studio had been warmed to 90, pillows piled on floor to protect Paulette should she topple



While Mrs. Nichols shot and assistants scooped fresh suds into the bath, Paulette splashed, whooped, crawled onto table, finally fell in and got called "little dickens." Sitting took half-hour, left photographer and aids exhausted



Bubble bath finished, Paulette calmly had lunch, went home for nap. Ruth Nichols' tip: "Give them a lot of attention at first, then stop, and they begin to do all sorts of things to amuse you. That's when you get good photographs"



# *That Ivory Look*

**Young America has it...  
you can have it in 7 days!**

### *Top-flight models have it... so can you!*

Sparkling Vera Miles is another Ivory beauty who knows from experience that a girl's best friend is her complexion! She says, "I always give my skin the gentle care it's had since baby days. Pure, mild Ivory is the only soap for me!" See how gently Ivory cares for your precious complexion, too!



***You can have That Ivory Look  
in just one week!***

It's *this easy* to have a lovelier complexion seven days from now: Just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory Soap. Then listen to the compliments! Your complexion will be smoother, softer, younger-looking. You'll have *That Ivory Look*—a week from this very day!

*99.44% pure... it floats*



***Lullaby lovelies have it...  
so can you!***

When you long for a morning-fresh complexion like baby Marcia's, remember—her glowing complexion gets daily care with pure, mild Ivory. More doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin—and yours—than all other brands of soap put together. Better baby your skin with Ivory!

***More doctors advise Ivory  
than any other soap***

# NO WASH, NO WIPE

## TONIGHT!

*New DREFT does both  
and dishes SHINE*

No Wash-  
No Wipe, Tonight!  
No Wash-  
No Wipe, Tonight!

Self-Washing Dreft  
Means No Work Left  
No Wash, No Wipe  
Tonight!



**..... All YOU do is RINSE!  
Even pots and pans glisten!**

**You don't wash...** Instead of washing dishes just let them soak in warm Dreft suds for 2 minutes. Dreft floats grease and food particles away. Your hands barely touch the dishwasher. All you have to do is rinse the dishes, giving a swish of the cloth where needed, and presto! They're done!

**You don't wipe...** New Self-Washing Dreft leaves no dishwasher film. It washes dishes and glasses so clean, they shine—even without wiping.

**You don't scour...** Even pots and pans practically *soak* clean. Dreft's amazing "floataway" action gets *under* grease... lifts it off. Then grease *rinses* away... without hard scouring.

### BEAUTY TIP!

New Dreft is so mild, and your hands are in water so little, it leaves hands beautifully white and soft!

*It's magic... sheer magic  
...it's self-washing!*



# National Newsletter



## LATE BULLETINS FROM OUR WASHINGTON BUREAU

**NYLON STOCKINGS** will be plentiful in spite of nylon's importance in the defense effort. The government has decided that nylons are essential to women workers' morale!



**TRUE OR FALSE?** If a bomb falls on the civilian population the Army will rush in and clean things up, take civilians to military hospitals and establish martial law. **FALSE.** The Army will rely on civilians not only to keep themselves going but to protect their own communities and industries, keep them going too. Truth is, states themselves have appropriated more money for Civil Defense than the federal government.

**OLDER WORKERS** turn out a better quality of work than young ones, is the report of the National Industrial Conference Board. The Board's surveys also indicate that older workers match younger ones in output and both absenteeism and injuries are more infrequent in the older group.



**WOMEN DRIVERS ARE BETTER** than men, according to recent A.A.A. statistics. A lower percentage of women drivers than of men are involved in fatal motor accidents. Women are also less inclined to speed and are more cautious in passing other cars.

**DON'T STOP GARDENING** just because it's getting on toward autumn. The government is urging families to try some winter crops. In North Dakota they're pushing gardens and gardening as a Civil Defense measure. In Texas they're trying to cut \$50,000,000 from food bills by extra gardening, canning and freezing.

**TOMATOES AND SWEET CORN** are food to accent in your canning. Future stocks may be low, and the Army has good percentages of them earmarked for itself. Other canned foods high on the Quartermaster's list include lima beans, green and wax beans, carrots, pumpkins and sweet potatoes.

**CANNED FRESH MILK** that keeps that way almost a year without heavy refrigeration is now a reality. Dr. Roy R. Graves of East Stamford, Washington, has learned how to sterilize and can milk without exposing it to air from the time it leaves the cow. He is canning 2,000 gallons a day for our troops in Alaska, Japan and Korea, will raise the output to 1,000 gallons an hour.

Continued on page 8



# In just 50 seconds Your Complexion can be looking... Smooth, Glamourous, Lovely



ESTHER WILLIAMS co-starring  
in M-G-M's production  
"TEXAS CARNIVAL"  
Color by Technicolor



Would you like your complexion smoother looking...with more natural color...with a lovelier softer glow? Pan-Cake, the complexion secret of Hollywood's loveliest stars, is your answer...because in just seconds Pan-Cake Make-Up veils your skin with the lovely complexion beauty you've always dreamed of. Never drying...it hides tiny complexion blemishes...stays radiantly perfect for hours on end. No wonder more women use Pan-Cake Make-Up by Max Factor than any other make-up in the world. In the Color Harmony skin tone for your type. \$1.60, plus tax.

*-the greatest flatterer of them all!*

PAN-CAKE' MAKE-UP by MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD

### MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR YOUR TRIAL SIZE PAN-CAKE

JUST FILL IN CHART...AND CHECK CAREFULLY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO  
Dept. 10, Box 941, Hollywood 28, California

Please send me my trial size Pan-Cake...also, my personal Complexion Analysis, Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 32-page, color-illustrated book, "The New Art of Make-Up." I enclose 10¢ in coin to help cover cost of postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

<b>COMPLEXION</b>	
Fair	<input type="checkbox"/> Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium	<input type="checkbox"/> Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow	<input type="checkbox"/> Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>
Clear	<input type="checkbox"/> Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
<b>SKIN</b>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
<b>EYES</b>	
Blue	<input type="checkbox"/> Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>
Gray	<input type="checkbox"/> Brown <input type="checkbox"/>
Green	<input type="checkbox"/> Black <input type="checkbox"/>
<b>HAIRNES (Color)</b>	
Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Medium <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
<b>HAIR</b>	
BLONDE	<input type="checkbox"/>
Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
BRUNETTE	
Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
BROWNETTE	
Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
REDHEAD	
Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
GRAY HAIR	
Check here <input type="checkbox"/>	also check former hair coloring above

\*PAN-CAKE (TRADEMARK) BEARS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD MAKE-UP



**STOP, I KNOW YOU!**

Do you, Billy?

**YOU'RE THE "VOICE WITH A SMILE"!**

You're right—I'm your telephone operator. But there's more to my job than just a cheerful voice. I'm here to help get things done. And when there's an emergency, I'm a ready and sympathetic friend.

**AND POLITE, TOO!**

Of course, courtesy is an important part of telephone service. But don't forget—most people are courteous, too. That helps a lot. Everybody gets better service when there's co-operation all along the line!

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



**National Newsletter**

*Continued from page 6*

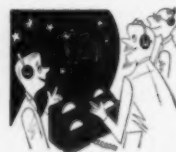


YOU CAN EAT too many onions, it seems. They can tire you out and turn your fingernails pale, if your love for them is excessive. On your hamburger every day they're not excessive.

"DUCK AND COVER" is a new drill for schoolchildren in the Atomic Age. Many schools are also conducting atomic energy classes. Parents should know the school's system, to prevent conflicting suggestions, which are bad for children. Surveys show that schools in cities of 10,000 or over are alert and generally aware of their Civil Defense problems. Others haven't done so well—yet.

A SELF-PROPELLED LAWNMOWER that cuts lawns, tall grass and weeds to any desired height, mulches and pulverizes leaves and grass, climbs steep slopes, cuts close to a wall, is now available. A reverse gear enables the operator to back off without dragging the mower around. (Henry Diston Co., Unruh and Milnor Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.)

WHEN STARS TWINKLE they make so much noise astronomers are able to record it with new sound equipment. So far, though, they seem to be just scintillating and not singing a tune.



HAYFEVER VICTIMS: A new electronic home air-purifier clears the air of foreign matter, including pollen and cigarette smoke. Dust, dirt and smoke are attracted by a set of electrically magnetized cells and collected by glass-fiber dry-filter cells. The purifier is attached to the return air inlet of any forced warm-air system. (American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corp., Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.)



YOUR GARDEN FLOWERS can be preserved in a state of suspended animation much as frozen vegetables are—except they must not be really frozen and have to be wrapped and sealed. (Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y.)

BABIES WILL BE CHEAPER for the wives of enlisted servicemen probably by the time your Congressman gets home for the summer. A bill similar to that in effect during World War II—to provide medical, nursing and hospital maternity and infant care—is under consideration.

PRACTICAL NURSING, the ideal profession for many older women, usually takes a full year of training. Standards vary, however, from state to state. All who are interested—and certainly nurses are needed—now can get a pamphlet explaining training and employment all over the country. It's approved by eight national nursing organizations. Write the American Nurses Association, 2 Park Ave., New York City, and send 50 cents per copy.

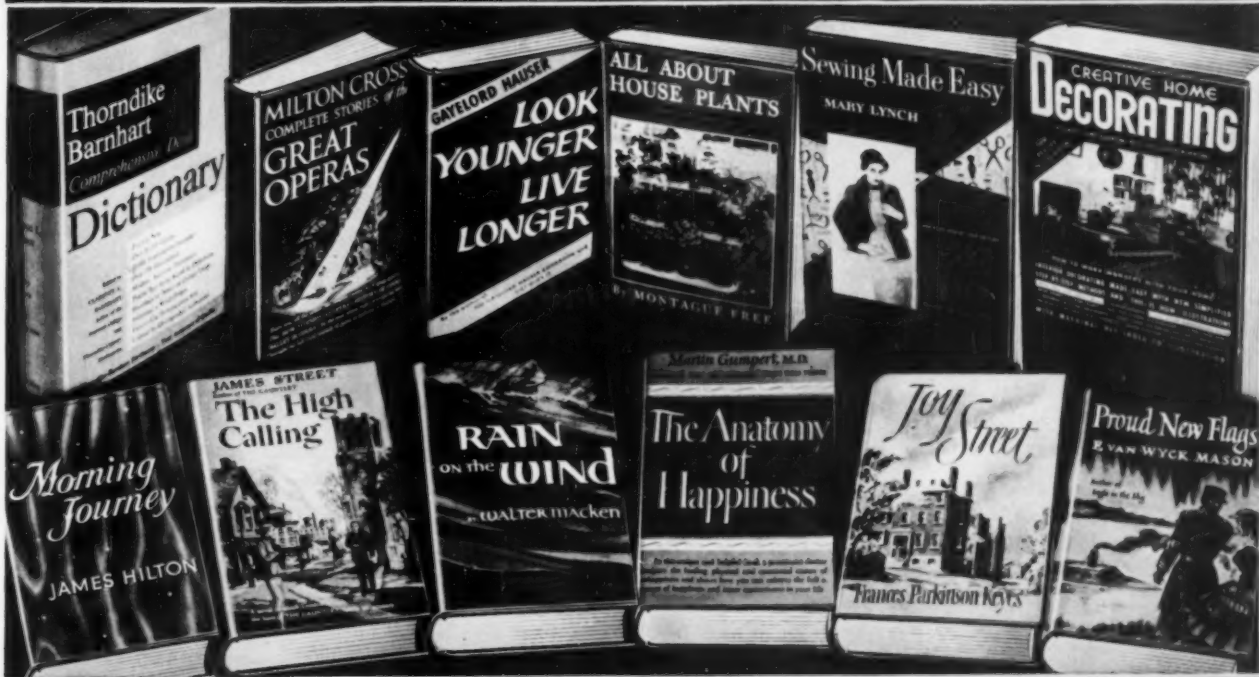
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# THREE OF THESE FINE BOOKS

(Value up to \$12.40)

# Yours for only \$2.00

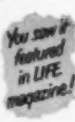
WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE LITERARY GUILD



## ANY TWO OF THESE and ANY ONE OF THESE

### THORNDIKE-BARNHART DESK DICTIONARY

A home dictionary incorporating all the advances achieved during the last century! Contains 80,000 entries, over 700 illustrations, almost 900 big pages. A must volume for your permanent home library!



### STORIES OF THE GREAT OPERAS

By Milton Cross. Contains every aria, all the action, the complete stories of 72 of the world's finest operas. 627 fact-filled pages. A volume for years of richly rewarding reading! Pub. edition, \$3.75.



### LOOK YOUNGER, LIVE LONGER

By Gaylord Hauser. Here, at last, in one volume is Mr. Hauser's amazing plan for lifelong youth, strength and health through proper diet. An exciting book every one should read! Pub. edition, \$3.00.



### MORNING JOURNEY

By James Hilton. What are the stars of stage and screen really like? What is life backstage all about? You'll be thrilled to "lose" Horizon—you'll be enchanted by this new novel about a great actress. Pub. edition, \$3.00.



### THE HIGH CALLING

By James Street. The story of a minister who had to choose between his tender memory of a girl long dead and the vibrant love of a living woman. A don't miss new novel about the hero of "The Gauntlet"! Pub. edition, \$3.00.



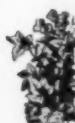
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By Walter Macken. A deeply-moving story of a "new" of simple folk who make up a small Irish fishing village—rooms with such paths, humor and human understanding you'll wish it were twice as long! Pub. edition, \$3.00.



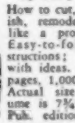
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By Montague Free. Make your living room an indoor garden with this volume as your guide! Written by the highest U.S. authority on what to grow and how to grow it. Scores of photos. Pub. edition, \$3.50.



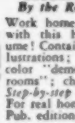
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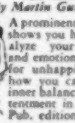
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By the Redcross. Work home wonders with this huge volume! Contains 500 illustrations; 41 full-color "demonstration rooms"; charts, etc. Step-by-step methods. For real home lovers! Pub. edition, \$4.95.



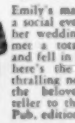
### THE ANATOMY OF HAPPINESS

By Martin Gumpert, M.D. A prominent physician shows you how to analyze your physical and emotional reasons for unhappiness, and how you can achieve inner balance and contentment in your life. Pub. edition, \$3.50.



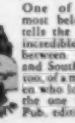
### JOY STREET

By Frances P. Keyes. Emily's marriage was a social event, but on her wedding day she met a total stranger and fell in love! Yes, here's the most thrilling novel yet by the beloved storyteller to the world! Pub. edition, \$3.00.



### PROUD NEW FLAGS

By F. van Wyck Mason. One of America's most beloved writers tells the story of the incredible naval war between the North and South. The story, too, of a man, the woman who loved him and the one who didn't! Pub. edition, \$3.00.



## WHY WE MAKE THIS UNUSUAL NEW MEMBERSHIP OFFER

Each month publishers submit their best books to our editors—from which one is selected for presentation to Guild members. Although nearly all Guild books later become widely discussed top best-sellers, Guild members pay only the bargain price of \$2.00 each—and receive their books at the same time the publisher's own edition goes on sale at \$2.75, \$3.00, or even more. Because so many members know that Guild books give them the kind of reading entertainment they want, hundreds of thousands take each selection—even though they need only accept four a year from among the thirty or more regular Guild selections and alternate books offered.

### How the Literary Guild Operates

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LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc., Publishers, Garden City, New York

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As a Guild member you will also receive, free, a beautiful, specially prepared Bonus Book for each four Guild books you purchase—and if you decide to continue as a member you can obtain an additional Bonus Book free with each four selections, or alternates, you accept thereafter. Each month the decision to take a selection is up to you, but the amazing record of the Guild during the past twenty years guarantees that you will always receive a new best-seller—a thrilling, entertaining story. No wonder the Literary Guild Book Club is the world's largest, with almost a million members!

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Including the free Bonus Books, Guild membership saves you up to 50% of your book dollars—and you get the new books you don't want to miss! Why not join NOW while you can get TWO of the wonderful books described at the left of this page FREE, plus any ONE of the books described at the right as your first selection... an actual book value up to \$12.40 for only \$2.00!

But as this unique new offer may be withdrawn at any time, we urge you to mail the coupon soon.

### MAIL THIS COUPON

## Which TWO Do You Want FREE

### WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE LITERARY GUILD

Thorndike-Barnhart Dictionary  Stories of the Great Operas  Look Younger, Live Longer

All About House Plants  Sewing Made Easy  Creative Home Decorating

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers

Dept. 8-McM, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me as soon as the TWO BOOKS I have checked above as my FREE

Membership Gift Books; also send me the ONE BOOK I have checked below as my first selection and bill me only \$2.00:

Morning Journey  Rain on the Wind  Joy Street

The High Calling  The Anatomy of Happiness  Proud New Flags

Enroll me as a member of the Literary Guild and send me "Wings" every month so I can decide whether or not I want to receive the Guild selection described. My only obligation is to accept four selections, or alternates, during each year of membership—at only \$2.00 each (plus shipping charge), regardless of the higher publishers' prices. For each four books I accept, I will receive a free Bonus Book—and I may cancel membership at any time after purchasing four books.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_

Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Age, if under 21 \_\_\_\_\_ [Price in Canada, \$2.30; 101 Bond St., Toronto 2, ]

Can. Offer good only in U.S.A. & Canada



Only one soap  
gives your skin this  
*Exciting Bouquet*

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for all types of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly... for the finest complexion care... for a fragrant invitation to romance!

Complexion and  
big Bath Sizes



**Cashmere  
Bouquet  
Soap**

—Adorns your skin with the  
fragrance men love!

# Pets for hire

Dana Miller, canine beautician, rents her dogs to TV shows, night clubs, photographers and people who need short-term companions—even to start a romance



Dana Miller (left) got idea of renting dogs when a visitor to New York asked for loan of a dog for company. Here she shows a poodle and a schnauzer to Joan Shorell, who wants the fun of a pet but not responsibilities of ownership



Grooming poodles is Dana's basic business. This brown "standard" has been bathed with lanolin-base shampoo, dried with warm air from vacuum cleaner, now gets trim



Showgirl leads great Dane, Elco, in New York night-club act. Dana says the dog gets biggest hand in show. She is confident no one sees the girl

DARBY GRAPHIC HOUSE



Roberta Quinlan of NBC's "Mohawk Showroom" rented puppies to hold while singing. Last Christmas two prankster secretaries hired pair of great Danes to "give" boss

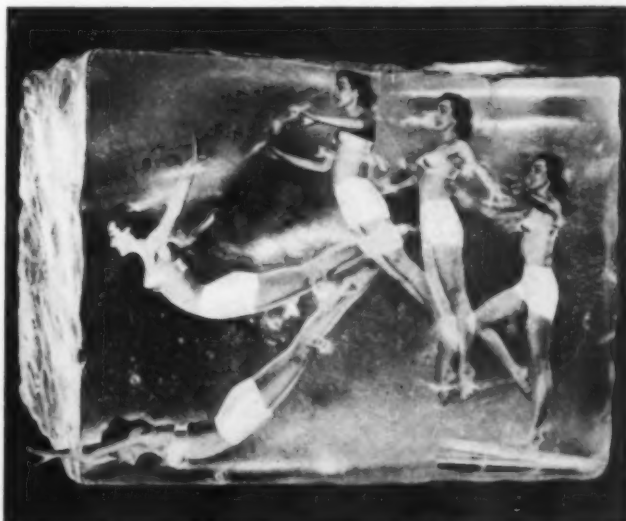


Professional photographers are steady customers for dog rentals. Here Phil Pegler photographs Carolyn Collings holding Maggie, while Ann Schaefer, with Gamin, waits her turn. Poodles make patient models

Continued on page 12

Take the **SIMMER** out of **SUMMER** To look better  
in all your summer clothes, top designers recommend

## INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE



Even as it slims you with an all-way action stretch, Pink-Ice is light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy! For it's made by a new latex process that actually dissipates body heat—takes the simmer out of summer! No seams, stitches, bones, it's invisible under clothes. To keep daisy-fresh all day long, rinse Pink-Ice dainty in seconds, pat dry with a towel before each change.



**ROGER BARBAS**, of Jean Patou: "PLAYTEX gives a woman the slender, supple silhouette so necessary this year."



**TONI OWEN**: "The basic lines are slim, moulded. It takes a wonderful girle to give you this figure, but PLAYTEX does it."



Choose from the 3 most popular girlets in the world

PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES

In **SLIM**, shimmering pink tubes . . . \$4.95 to \$8.95

PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES

In **SLIM**, golden tubes . . . . . \$5.95 to \$6.95

PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES

In **SLIM**, silvery tubes . . . . . \$3.95 to \$4.95

(All prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries.)

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large

Extra-large size slightly higher

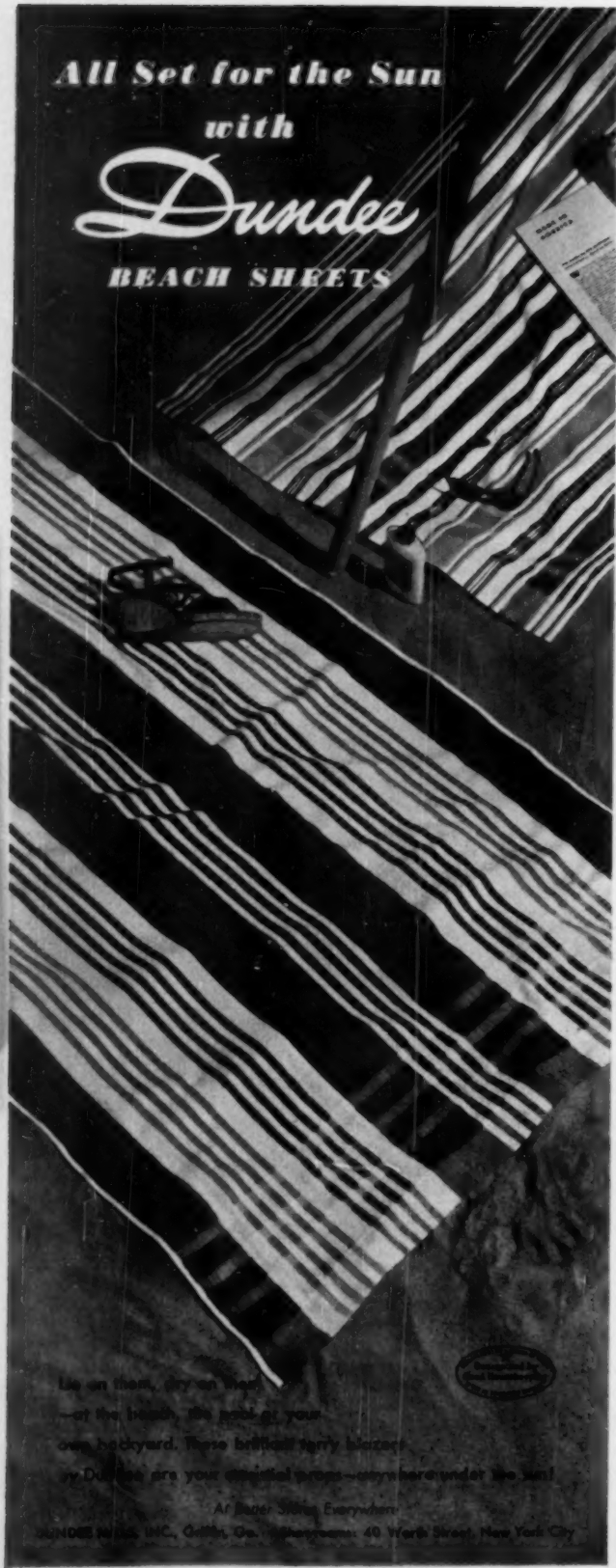
At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere



**TV** DAYTIME HIT! FASHION MAGIC! Popular stars and famous fashion designers, CBS-TV Nationwide Network, see local papers for time and channel.

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PLAYTEX LTD. Montreal, Canada

All Set for the Sun  
with  
*Dundee*  
BEACH SHEETS



Use on them, dry on them—  
—at the beach, the pool or your  
own backyard. These brilliant terry blazers  
by Dundee are your essential piece—anywhere under the sun!

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**PETS FOR HIRE** *Continued from page 11*

*Romantic, enterprising Roy Sparkia rented Afghan to strike up acquaintance with girl he wanted to marry*



Writer Roy Sparkia came into Dana's shop, said, "A beautiful girl I want to meet walks an Afghan in Central Park every day, but she won't speak to me. Can you rent me an Afghan?"



Dana could. Roy trotted his rented pooch through the park at an hour he often saw the girl walking hers, found her resting on a bench. He wisely let the dogs get acquainted first



Roy and the girl (Renée) walked from the park together, married a few months later. They re-enacted this scene for McCALL's with their own Afghans, Kubla (black male) and Anabel

She hangs the cleanest wash  
in town

... she swears by *TIDE!*



♪  
She hangs the cleanest wash in town—  
From work clothes right to "undies"!  
It sparkles so, you simply know ♪  
She uses Tide on Mondays!  
♪

# *Tide* GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!

**NO SOAP—NO OTHER PRODUCT SOLD THROUGHOUT  
AMERICA WILL WASH AS CLEAN AS TIDE!**

**JUST TRY TIDE** in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you'll hang up a *cleaner* wash than you'll get with *any* soap—or any other known home washing product sold from coast to coast!

**NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO!** Yes, Ma'am! In *hardest* water, Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains *whiter* than any soap you can name! They'll be so *shining* white . . . so *radiantly clean*, you'll never want to trust them to anything else but Tide!

**AND BRIGHTER!** Wait till you see how soap-dulled colors *glow* after a Tide wash! Wash prints look so *crisp* and fresh . . . fabrics feel so *soft* . . . iron so *beautifully*! You'll say there's nothing like Tide—and there isn't! Get Tide today—for the *cleanest* wash in town!



**P.S. PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?**

With Tide you can skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!



Member of one of America's historic families, Mrs. John E. du Pont Irving says:

*"I live in Wilmington...  
I sleep in Utica"*

Lovely Louise Irving is an imaginative hostess. The appointments of her charming Montchanin home speak for her faultless taste. "Utica-Mohawk sheets and pillow cases are my first choice," Mrs. Irving says, "because I'm particular about quality, and I like to get the very best I can for what I pay". Utica-Mohawk sheets and pillow cases will be your first choice, too, if you appreciate the finer quality and longer wear of truly fine appointments.

COSTUME BY JANE DERRY



*Symbol of Quality for over 100 Years*

**THE SOCIAL REGISTER OF THE LINEN CLOSET...**

- UTICA BEAUTICALES® SHEETS..... regardless of price...you can buy nothing finer
- MOHAWK COMBED PERCALE..... each night proves their luxury...each year their economy
- UTICA MUSLIN..... woven extra strong...to wear extra long
- MOHAWK MUSLIN..... the thrift sheets of the nation
- HOPE MUSLIN..... neat, nice...low in price



*Mrs. Irving's bedroom is a study in soft greys and rose. Her sheets and pillow cases are..... Utica-Mohawk.*





BOB LANDAU

The Grangers, teamed in English films, rehearse their roles in separate U.S. productions with a recording machine. They wed here while he was making *Soldiers Three* and she was preparing for *Androcles and the Lion* for RKO

MEET THE

# Stewart Grangers

The rugged British actor introduces his movie-star bride, Jean Simmons, to their new home in Hollywood



Granger made a 25,000-mile safari across Africa during filming of *King Solomon's Mines*, liked it so much he went back again on his own. Jean now is helping him plan a big new room in their home to house all his trophies

Continued on page 16

## "Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap,  
not a cream—  
Halo cannot leave  
dulling, dirt-catching  
soap film!



Gives fragrant  
"soft-water" lather  
—needs no  
special rinse!

Removes  
embarrassing  
dandruff from both  
hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair  
soft, manageable—  
shining with colorful  
natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—America's favorite shampoo—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

*A world of wonders  
in ONE GREAT PICTURE*

Walt Disney's  
**Alice**  
in **WONDERLAND**

The all-cartoon Musical Wonderfilm

ADVENTURE with Alice into a world of wonders, and meet the funniest famous people who ever came to life.

All of Wonderland's merry madcaps—the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, the White Rabbit and the Cheshire Cat, the Walrus and the Carpenter—will live in your memory as long as there's a laugh left in your heart.

You'll be bewitched, as is Alice herself, in this realm of colorful radiance. For here, in all its brilliant enchantment, a masterpiece comes to life . . . told by America's master storyteller, Walt Disney.

You'll be forever happier for having seen it.

**EVEN THE SONGS ARE FUN:**

"I'M LATE" "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"  
"THE UNBIRTHDAY SONG"  
"VERY GOOD ADVICE" "T'WAS BRILLIG"

*Coming your  
way—soon!*

COLOR BY  
**TECHNICOLOR**

Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures  
COPYRIGHT WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

**THE STEWART GRANGERS** *Continued from page 15*



Stewart and Jean lunch, whenever possible, on the patio of their house, looking out across the valley to Beverly Hills. The rambling stucco structure, set on a hilltop among three acres of woods, was his wedding gift to her



Six-foot-three-inch Granger has a taste for activities as robust as his physique. An expert swimmer, he uses the pool of his Bel-Air home often. Nonathletic Jean shuns strenuous sports, prefers to sunbathe by the pool



"Touché!" Granger's roles require expert knowledge of fencing. With the doubtful assistance of Jean, he practices under the watchful eye of instructor Gene Heermans. His next film is *The North Country* for M-G-M

"Be Lux Lovely"  
all over!

says RHONDA FLEMING

CO-STARRING IN  
"CROSSWINDS"  
A Paramount Picture

"My Lux beauty bath leaves my skin so smooth, so fragrant!"


"I'm delighted with Lux Toilet Soap in the big bath size," says Rhonda Fleming. "It makes my daily Lux Soap bath more luxurious than ever!"

You'll agree with this famous Hollywood star when you try this generous satin-smooth bath size. You'll enjoy the rich creamy lather, abundant even in hardest water.

Lux Soap has *active* lather that leaves your skin *sweet*, exquisitely fresh. Scented, too, with a delicate lingering fragrance. Try the new bath size Lux Toilet Soap screen stars recommend!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



 Now you can sew clothes



Costumes illustrated are inspired by Walt Disney's

that grow as fast as your "Alice" grows

Make these long-lasting clothes  
with long-lasting

## INDIAN HEAD<sup>®</sup> cotton

At last, clothes your daughter can't outgrow in a hurry. Make them of the fabric she can't outwear in a hurry. Long-wearing, INDIAN HEAD! An enchanting four-some, inspired by Walt Disney's "Alice in Wonderland."

The dress and coverall grow longer as daughter grows taller (double-deep hems do it). Back and sash spread out as daughter fills out.

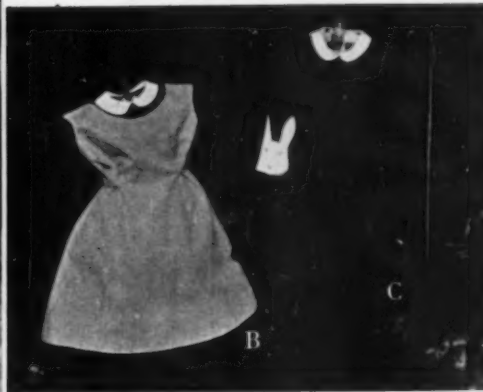
Add the jacket to the dress; it's a suit. Add the pinafore or coverall and it's a brand new dress! And INDIAN HEAD keeps them all looking new for ages. It's guaranteed not to shrink more than 1%, not to run, fade or lose its permanent finish. 36 solid colors, 98¢ yard. At all good stores.



all-cartoon wonderfilm "Alice in Wonderland"



SEWS SO FAST: WEARS SO LONG. Indian Head won't slip in the machine. Easy to cut across, up-and-down or sidewise because of its very special "balanced weave".



The four pieces: dress, pinafore, coverall and jacket, all come in McCall's pattern # 8626. Total cost to make, about \$11.60, for all four pieces, including pattern.

A. Basic Dress and Pinafore for your big or little Alice; shown in two sizes, in main illustration. Grow-dress has double-deep hem, gathered back, adjustable sash . . . plus pert pinafore. Size 8 takes 5 yards Indian Head. Cost to make, about \$4.75

B. Coverall to wear over basic dress for new effect. Takes 2½ yards Indian Head. Cost to make, about \$2.70

C. March Hare Jacket to wear with basic dress or any dress. Takes 3¼ yards Indian Head. Cost to make, about \$3.65

And make the entrancing costumes (shown in main picture) with Indian Head cotton, for children's parties.

The Mad Hatter: 6½ yards Indian Head. McCall's pattern # 1643. Total cost including incidentals, about \$7.50

The March Hare: 6¼ yards Indian Head. McCall's pattern # 1643. Total cost including incidentals, about \$7.00

Cheshire Cat (in tree): 4¼ yards Indian Head. McCall's pattern # 1485. Total cost, about \$4.65

#### GUARANTEE:

"If any article made principally of Indian Head cotton fails to give proper service because of fading or running of Indian Head colors, or if the fabric shrinks more than 1%, we will make good the cost of the article."

## INDIAN HEAD<sup>®</sup> cotton

A PRODUCT OF TEXTRON INC.

"My morning kiss  
of **Suave**"

KEEPS MY HAIR  
BEAUTIFULLY  
OBEDIENT!



Be sure of your hair-appeal with SUAVE. A morning kiss of SUAVE keeps your prettiest hair-do lastingly in place... so caressably soft... alive with natural radiance. Not a hair oil, contains no alcohol! SUAVE, the cosmetic for hair, outsells ALL women's hairdressings! There's nothing to make your hair so beautifully obedient—nothing like SUAVE! 50¢, \$1

created by *Helene Curtis*  
foremost name in hair beauty

NOW! MEN'S SUAVE, TOO!



## OLD MEDICINE IS DANGEROUS

BY PIERCE G. FREDERICKS

**T**HE only item in your bathroom that improves with age is—soap. Everything else deteriorates. Some medicines become irritants after a certain time. Some may even turn into poison.

Here is a list of drugs which become dangerous or ineffective after a few months or a year. Now that our Civilian Defense Office is asking every woman to keep her medicine chest in good condition, we suggest you go over this list, replace drugs that are overage and remove those particularly susceptible to heat and moisture from your steamy bathroom to a cool shelf in the linen closet.

### CAN DETERIORATE IN A YEAR

**Hydrogen peroxide:** Loses its oxygen and becomes plain water.

**Silver salts such as Argyrol:** Almost certain to become useless, even irritating, within two weeks.

**Antibiotics** (penicillin, aureomycin, etc.): Moisture can ruin them in a week, warmth more slowly. Two-year limit even under optimum conditions.

**Spirits of ammonia, chloroform liniment:** A loose cap will allow the

gases—ammonia or chloroform—to escape very rapidly.

### CAN DETERIORATE IN A MONTH

**Iodine:** Evaporation makes the concentration stronger, hence more dangerous. At high concentrations can cause skin burns.

**Aspirin:** Breaks down into two acids, both mild gastro-irritants.

**Phenolated ointments:** Either moisture or warmth will cause the phenol to separate out. Pure phenol can cause burns.

**Tonics:** Many contain alkaloids similar to strychnine. In time the alkaloid settles to the bottom, and if the user does not shake well, the last dose contains a higher alkaloid content than it should.

**Cod-liver and other vitamin oils:** The air which gets into a half-empty bottle causes the oil to deteriorate.

**Milk of magnesia:** Can cause diarrhea if you persist in using the last caked bits of magnesia by shaking them up in water.

**Vitamin capsules:** Deteriorate if moisture gets inside.

**Nose drops:** Some contain sulfa, and sulfa (Continued on page 54)



# See the refrigerator that was made for once-a-week shopping!

Frigidaire's constant **SAFE COLD** lets you decide how often to market



Now you're free to stock a whole week's supply of meats and frozen foods safely in the near-zero freezing cold of Frigidaire's big Super-Freezer. It holds up to 49 pounds of food and there's still room for loads of big, crystal-hard ice cubes!



Tuck a week's supply of vegetables into Frigidaire's bin-size Hydrators and see how that moist-cold keeps them wonderfully crisp and garden-fresh. And Frigidaire, with safe cold clear to the bottom, keeps them that way until your next trip to market.



Here's head room for plenty of tall bottles, a basket drawer for eggs and dairy products. And adjustable shelves that practically stretch to welcome a week's supply of food—kept safe for days on end with constant, chilling cold.

**YOU'RE THE BOSS** with the new Frigidaire! Now, with Frigidaire's constant **SAFE COLD** you can do your heavy shopping when stores aren't crowded.

Once a week's plenty, in most families, because this new Frigidaire holds more food than old models, without taking any more kitchen space—thanks to the skillful arrangement of working parts.



And—even more important—it gives you the different kinds of cold you need to

keep all foods safe. Safe cold—top to bottom. You get this safer cold from Frigidaire's famous Meter-Miser—the simplest cold-

making mechanism ever built. And only Frigidaire has it!

Other Frigidaire advantages include Quickcube Ice Trays that pop out ice cubes without tugging or melting. Lifetime Porcelain that won't discolor, rustproof aluminum shelves, and hosts of other features that have caused more women to choose Frigidaire than any other refrigerator.

So see this new Frigidaire at your Frigidaire Dealer's now. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Or write Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corporation, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Leaside 12, Ont.

Frigidaire reserves the right to change specifications, or discontinue models, without notice.



Model DO-107

Serves in more American homes than any other make . . .

## Frigidaire

*America's No. 1 Refrigerator*



No-Rinse chemicals hard on your hands? . . . Join the women who say—

FOR WHITE  
WHITE WASHES

WITHOUT  
                      
RED HANDS



# I've Gone Back to DUZ!



"I tried some of those no-rinse chemicals," writes Mrs. Eva Burbank of Roslyn, New York, "but I'm back to Duz for good! Duz gives me such gleaming, snowy-white washes—and is kinder to my hands!" So if no-rinse chemicals have been rough on your hands, change to Duz today!



"I do so much of my wash by hand," says Mrs. John E. Mathews of Warrensburg, Missouri, "that I need a soap that's tough enough to get the dirt and grime out *fast*—yet is ever so easy on my hands! That's Duz! Believe me, I'll never try to do without Duz again!"

**NOW! THE WHITEST WASHES  
POSSIBLE WITH ANY SOAP!**

Yet DUZ gives you almost toilet soap  
mildness for your hands!

**ONLY DUZ**—of all leading washday products—gives you this combination of rich, real soap and two active detergents! And now Duz has more magic whitening power than ever—the most you can get in any soap made!

**THAT'S WHY DUZ** gives you the cleanest, whitest, brightest washes you can get with any soap on earth!

**THAT'S WHY DUZ** is milder, kinder to hands than any other leading package product sold for washday—soap or suds!

**DUZ DOES EVERYTHING**  
Works Wonders in Every Type Washing Machine!



BY Eleanor Roosevelt

Eleanor Roosevelt at her desk in New York City. Large etching to the right is one of her favorite portraits of her husband.



GENEVIEVE BAYLOR

**Q** What is your favorite picture of your husband?

I have a good many pictures which I like very much, taken at different times during my husband's life, but I do not have one picture that I like above all others. As far as paintings go, I like the one done by Salisbury better than any of the others, and there is an etching done by Arthur Steward that I am very glad to have, which hangs over my desk in New York City.

**Q** Do you feel there's some truth in what the Russians say about our kind of government being corrupt and decadent?

No—because the Russians say that to prove how simon-pure theirs is, and, of course, theirs is just as corrupt and decadent as they say ours is. Ours may be corrupt, but it is not decadent or we would not have the investigations we are now having with the violent reactions of people to corruption they never before realized existed. When you have good healthy reactions against corruption, you are pretty sure to do something to correct it, and that is not a sign of decadence.

**Q** Whom do you fear most in the world today?

I do not think I fear anyone.

**Q** What shall I tell my children when the President of the United States acts like a child on a nationwide network of radio and TV?

I am sorry, but I am totally unable to answer your question, as I have never seen the President of the United States act like a child on a nationwide network of radio or television. If anything the President did offended you, I should think you would have turned it off so as not to have your children see something which you feel would cause them to lose respect for the President and his office.

All of us who are citizens of the United States have a respect and affection for the President of the whole nation. I hope also we have a realization of the strain under which he lives at the present time, and a realization that he is a human being and must occasionally have more than he can bear.

## IF YOU ASK ME

**Q** My husband always leaves birthdays and holidays up to me. I buy all the gifts for the children and sometimes even write his name on the cards. I know this happens in many families, but I don't think it's a good thing. How do you and your husband manage the gift problem?

Your problem sounds very familiar. I do not think it is a good thing for you to write the cards. I used to make my husband write his own cards, even though he had such a busy life. I frequently did his buying for him. Where the children were concerned, he wrote his own cards and messages because we knew it would never mean as much to them unless their father took some real interest in their gifts.

**Q** Do any of your children or grandchildren belong to sororities or fraternities? How do you feel about sororities?

I do not know whether any of my children or grandchildren belong to sororities or fraternities. At Harvard my boys belonged to various societies and clubs. I do not know much about sororities because I never went to school in the United States after I was fifteen, I never went to college, and my daughter was at Cornell only for a brief winter agricultural course.

I think fraternities and sororities are bound to bring a certain amount of unhappiness to young people, but if they do not breed discrimination and are just an effort to bring together young people of mutual interests regardless of race or religion, I do not know that they would be harmful.

On the other hand, I heard of a high-school sorority in which membership was limited to girls whose fathers earned \$15,000 a year or over and a rather extravagant wardrobe was a prerequisite. This, to me, seems outrageous.

**Q** Was your husband ever in great pain during his illness? What could you do to help him when this was the case?

Yes, my husband was in very great pain in the early months of his illness. There was nothing that could be done to help him except such things as the doctor ordered. The only other possibility was to try to provide him with as much entertainment as possible. I tried to get interesting books and have interesting people come to see him.

Address letters to Mrs. Roosevelt, in care of McCall's magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

A COMPLETE NOVEL BY ELEANOR GILCHRIST

# FAIRY GODMOTHER

AFTER Mrs. Cossart's friends had left, James put away the card table. As he folded the legs, he told her that Rose's baby had been born early that morning. She noticed now that he looked rather pale and hollow-eyed. "I didn't know Rose expected the baby so soon," she said. "Is everything all right?"

"Both doing well, thank you, Mrs. Cossart. A little girl, five and a half pounds. Rose was sitting up eating a big breakfast when I left."

"Congratulations, James. You needn't stay to serve dinner. Take Rose some flowers — tell Michael to give you something nice, not those wretched carnations he's been sending over for the house. What are you going to name her?"

"We thought we'd call her 'Rose.'"

"Why not 'Rosamund'? Mr. Cossart will start a savings account for her."

She went to the cottage to see the baby a few weeks after Rose came home from the hospital. James's wife had been a chambermaid, though not a very satisfactory one. She hadn't wanted to continue in service after her marriage, so she and James moved into a cottage on the place. The house was littered and unventilated, the covers of the bassinet were not particularly fresh, but the baby was sleeping with the intensity of infancy. Rose, vastly uncorseted in a spotted housecoat, poked a finger into a tiny clenched fist to *(Continued on page 119)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT HARRIS





• everything might  
have been all right  
if Mrs. Cossart's doll  
had not grown up



# two girls and a guy

Vivian was cool but stormy. Peg was fair—and warmer.

Together they made the climate very uncomfortable for Bill...



*Any minute now the fireworks would start, Bill thought gloomily as he muttered, "Vivian, darling, this is Peg—"*

ILLUSTRATED BY

*John Whitecomb*

BY EDWARD S. FOX

THE trailer was a big, four-wheeled job, open on both sides and emblazoned with signs advertising the sale of peanuts, popcorn, cold drinks. Bill's feet were on one counter, his elbows on the other; in between, his long frame rested on an up-ended orange crate.

He was watching a girl come up the beach toward him. Her high-heeled shoes were giving her a hard time in the soft sand and her silk dress looked as out of place here as a bathing suit would look on Fifth Avenue; but she was the most beautiful girl in all of Florida, without any doubt. Her black hair was coiled becomingly into a chignon and tied with an aqua ribbon that matched her dress, and her figure was long and willowy. She was as white as a tourist, though, and her pallor was an uneasy reminder to Bill of why she and her mother had flown down from New York the very same day they'd received his wire. They were like a pair of jets out on a mission—and he was their target.

She had nearly passed the trailer before she spotted him. She stopped short, and Bill wondered how so much beauty could freeze up so suddenly. When she walked slowly toward him he brought his feet down from the counter and stood up. Bill was a tall, blond young man in shorts and a striped jersey, and his skin was the burned red of a week-old Floridian's. He had blue eyes and a peeling nose, and his mouth was wide—usually smiling.

She stopped a few feet away and her shocked gaze traveled over the trailer. "Don't tell me *this* is it!"

Bill nodded.

"But your telegram said you'd gone into business," she cried.

"This is a business," Bill replied quietly.

She looked the trailer up and down again, as though she still found it impossible to believe her eyes. (Continued on page 103)

"There isn't a thing wrong with you  
that dieting can't cure,"

the doctor told my mother.

*this was a lie*

"Your little boy can grow into a normal, healthy man,"

Robbie's parents were told.

*this was a lie*

## SHOULD DOCTORS TELL THE TRUTH?

"Your husband has an ulcer.

He can take care of it himself."

John's wife believed the doctor, but . . .

*this was a lie*

BY EDITH M. STERN

WHEN God said that lying was a sin, he made an exception for doctors, and he gave them permission to lie as many times a day as they saw patients."

These words, spoken by the heroine of Alexander Dumas's famous play *Camille*, reflect a popular attitude with which I am in complete disagreement. Part of my feeling springs from personal experience. Three times during the course of my life I have been especially outraged by doctors' lies.

The first time was when my father's intelligence and superb courage were insulted by a silly and needless pretense. For years Father had a peculiarly torturing form of asthma for which there was then no treatment. Yet he had such enormous lust for life that five times when the doctors were certain he could not survive he gasped, "I'm going to fool the undertakers again," and he did.

A few weeks before his death, when the racking, choking spasms had become agonizingly continuous, he said to me, "Don't tell your mother, but now I want to go." He failed rapidly from then on, and one day had a cerebral hemorrhage which immediately affected his speech. Our family physician, simply to make sure no stone was left unturned, called in a distinguished consultant.

"No use," Father said thickly. "This is the end."

"Nonsense, nonsense," the great man remarked jovially. "You're going to be all right."

More thickly Father protested, "No." Then, angrily, "Don't try to fool me."

Still, with insane, forced cheerfulness, the consultant kept reemonstrating.

Father lost all ability to speak and could not answer, but I shall never forget the expression of scorn and disgust on his strong, pain-lined face.

The second time my blood boiled because of a doctor's lie was after my mother's death.

It was always hard to tell with Mother whether anything was really wrong with her or not. Sometimes she made a fuss over nothing, sometimes she ignored really serious discomfort. But when she complained rather consistently of "having pains" and "not feeling right," I persuaded her to go for a thorough examination to my physician, a friend since his medical-school days. I had the utmost confidence in him, both as a man and as a scientist.

After the examination Mother reported that John said she was in fine shape; there wasn't a thing wrong except that she was overweight. Suspecting both the validity of her report and what John might have softened for her, I (Continued on page 53)

# Kefauver and women

by John Gunther

► *How did Mrs. Kefauver view her husband's mash notes?*

► *Why was Virginia Hill handled so gently?*

► *What can women do about crime?*

INTERNATIONAL NEWS



Senator Estes Kefauver and two of the most important women in his life—his wife Nancy and their fourth child, Gail Estes, born while her father was conducting his famous crime investigations

THE only woman in the United States today who does not like Estes Kefauver just as he is, apparently, is his wife Nancy. She would be happier if he grew a beard and put on dark glasses, so they could have a little privacy again. As chairman of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee the calm, sensitive-looking, six-foot-three-inch Senator from Tennessee received more fan mail than a movie star. Women are fascinated to know everything about him, from the number and age of his children (Linda, 9; David, 5; Diane, 3; Gail, 10 months) to the correct pronunciation of his name (KEE-FOWVER, with a sturdy accent on the first syllable).

Since women have expressed themselves so strongly about Mr. Kefauver, it seems only fair to find out what he thinks about them. This is what I asked him one day in Washington recently:

**J.G.:** Have women helped you in your crime investigation?

**Kefauver:** Very much. For one thing, they are quicker than men to demand immediate cleanups in various cities where our investigation lifted the lid on bad local conditions. Women believe in direct action. It's one of the nicest things about them.

**J.G.:** Have you had much fan mail from women?

**Kefauver:** Oh, yes! I'm not sure of the total number from women, but the committee must have received at least 40,000 letters in all so far. Many were in longhand, and a great number came from women. I was astounded. Housewives, college students, women in various jobs—they wrote their souls out. What is more, most of them expressed a positive, concrete attitude. They said they had never known before that such conditions of crime and gangsterism existed, that they were going to meet, talk, call on elected officials—and maybe vote for someone else next time if the elected officials did not satisfy them that they were doing their jobs. Dozens of women wrote to me: "Now I am going out to vote with a real will to improve things." Our investigation served to make women more aware.

**J.G.:** Did you question any women besides Virginia Hill?

**Kefauver:** There were eight or ten others scattered throughout the country—principally the wives of witnesses we couldn't find.

**J.G.:** Did you have any difficulty? Were any hysterical?

**Kefauver:** No. We talked to them in closed session, and they handled themselves with considerable poise.

**J.G.:** I understand that the committee was a little apprehensive about how Virginia Hill would behave on the witness stand.

**Kefauver:** Two of the members of our staff talked with Virginia Hill Hauser the day before she testified. They were fearful that she would be hysterical on the witness stand. The committee treated her considerately. After all, she's a woman. (Continued on page 84)



In this 107-year-old Geneva, Illinois, building, modeled after Robert E. Lee's home, children can have fun and the best care while their parents are away

# Hotel for Children

*Have you ever worried about where  
to send the children when you go away?  
The Little Yankee Inn is one answer.  
Here the problem is that kids  
cry when it's time to leave*



Telephoning, even on toy phones, is a favorite occupation of four-year-olds, just as it is of their older brothers and sisters. Guests at the Little Yankee Inn have all the privileges of the play school, which is staffed by same child experts as the hotel

Typical of the Inn's jolly atmosphere are the bright murals in the dining room and bedrooms. Imaginative menus and an intelligent staff quickly eliminate eating problems. Cost of \$50-\$60 a week per child includes food, lodging, medical care, play school







In the play yard carefully watched youngsters invent their own games, find plenty to do. Special devices to insure their safety include concrete-encased furnace, screens strong enough to keep children from falling out windows. Screens melt in case of fire

Children make an event of bath time, enjoy the child-high shower and wash basins. Staff of eight, including three graduate nurses, makes sure guests from two weeks to seven years old feel at home while their parents are away, sick or getting divorced



Every guest at the Inn receives careful medical checkup from Dr. Robert Sykes, noted pediatrician and founder of children's hotel




Story time comes just before bedtime, generally in one of the bedrooms. Guests have single or double rooms, according to their tastes. All are connected through a loud-speaker to the desk of the night nurse, so that "even a burp sounds like a bellow"



"A very nice girl,"  
they whispered to one another.  
"But isn't she a bit —  
well, a bit different?"

Frank Taylor



*"I put the other plates away," Dotty explained hesitantly.  
"These are so lovely—" "Lovely?" Mrs. Piper said coolly.  
"I don't think you understand how valuable they are"*

**M**RS. PIPER came into her daughter's bedroom and closed the door. Phyllis knew that she had come to talk about Dotty, but that she would speak of something else first. Mrs. Piper was too kind, too much of a lady to criticize openly any guest under her roof; and, besides, Dotty was doubly protected because she bore the family name. None of them had ever seen her until she arrived at the airport an hour before; still, she could hardly be spoken of as an outsider. She had been married to John for nearly two years, and she had come all the way from California to get acquainted with John's people.

Mrs. Piper stood at the window and looked out at the summer twilight. "The Lamberts said something about bringing a present tomorrow night. I shouldn't have mentioned that it was our daughter-in-law's birthday. I don't want people thinking they must bring presents."

Phyllis said, "But John made such a point of it! His last letter practically demanded that we make a fuss over her birthday. You'd think she'd be embarrassed."

"That's why I decided against a cake with candles. We'll just have cake along with the refreshments. She's so young." Mrs. Piper went on gently. "I hadn't realized from John's letters she was so much younger than he—twenty-two tomorrow." She turned and gave Phyllis a slow, bewildered look. "Why, she's four years younger than you are."

Phyllis got up and picked up her hairbrush. In a season when other girls cut their hair *(Continued on page 70)*

*by Mona Williams*

JOHN'S

NEW WIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

# The breaking point

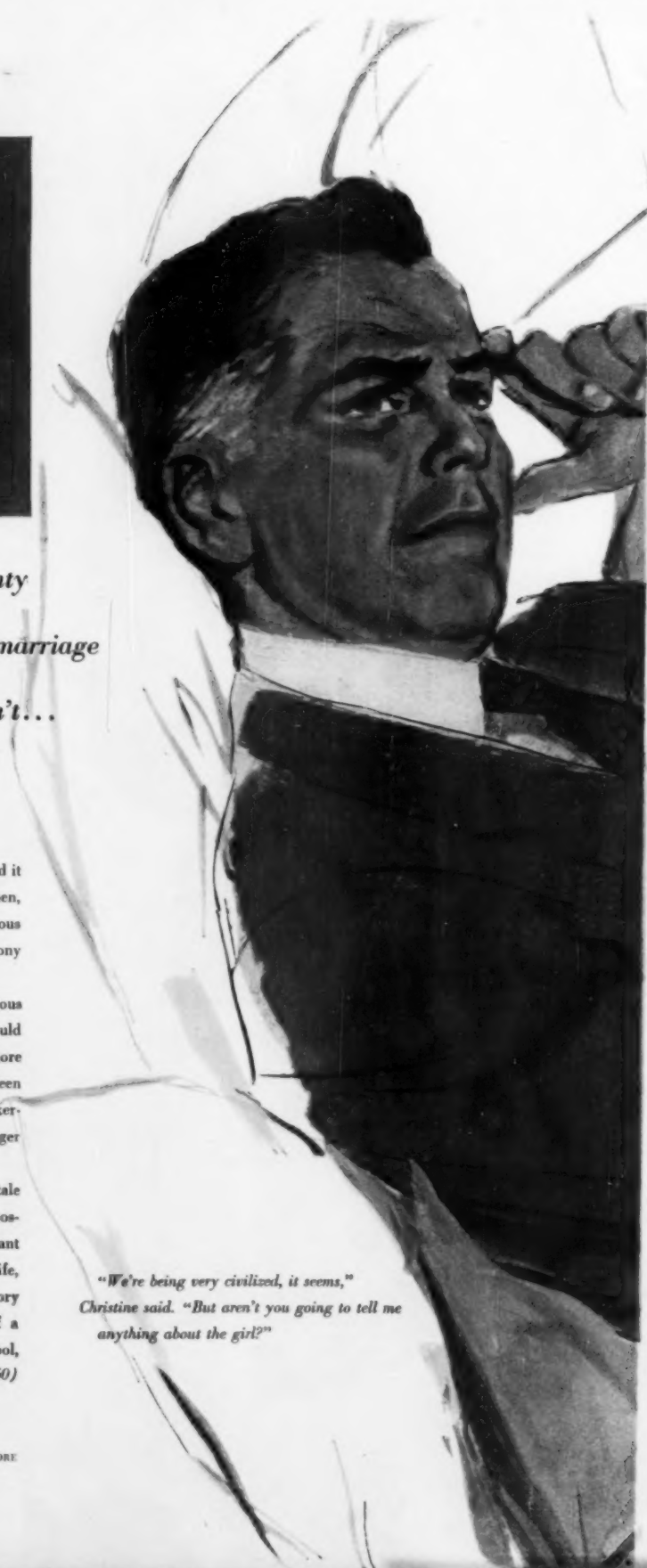
*On February seventeenth, at twenty minutes past six, the Dennisons' marriage almost ended. This is why it didn't...*

BY JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

HE took the rose quartz bowl from the box and held it for a moment between the palms of her hands. Then, moving slowly across the room, with an unconscious sense of ceremony, she placed the bowl on the small ebony table that was its worthy pedestal.

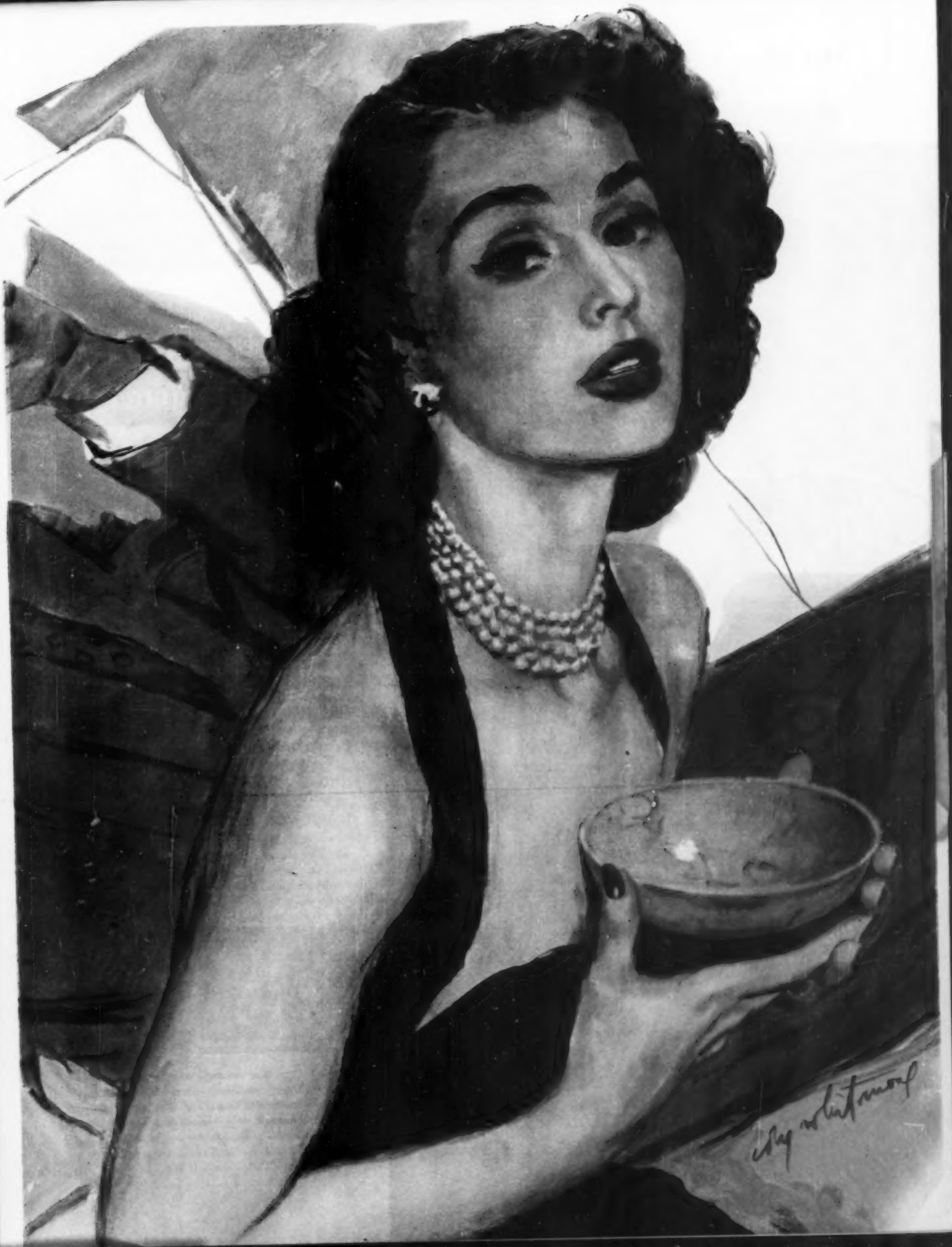
She stepped back, drinking in the picture with sensuous delight, and with a participant's deep satisfaction. She could have found nothing more effective against the black or more exquisite than the rose quartz bowl. The fact that she had been patient in her search for just the right thing was the true kernel of her pleasure, for she long had known that the longer and more difficult the search, the dearer the possession.

Such a possession had, properly, two tales to tell: the tale of itself, its inspiration and design; and the tale of its possessor. To an intuitive stranger the objects in this pleasant room might have told the story of Christine Dennison's life, for there was none that failed to reflect a longing, a memory or a dream. Her eyes followed the delicate tracery of a wrought-iron fire screen, purchased in lean days as a symbol, as a brave promise to the future. (Continued on page 60)



*"We're being very civilized, it seems,"  
Christine said. "But aren't you going to tell me  
anything about the girl?"*

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE





BY ELEANOR HARRIS

Martha Rountree

## No man

*She produces two TV shows,  
performs in one,  
and gets male celebrities  
when and where she wants them*



*Martha couldn't live without a telephone. She even carries it with her to breakfast. There are two phone numbers, nine outlets, including her terrace and kitchen, where she can plug in an instrument. She handles most of her business on the phone, uses it both as an emotional outlet and a toy. Her monthly bills often run to \$700*



Martha usually lunches at the Mayflower with government wives, on the theory that public figures will give her more scoops if she's a friend of the family. Her guests here (clockwise) are Attorney General J. Howard McGrath's wife; social leader Marcella du Pont; Mrs. Leslie Biffle, wife of the Senate Secretary; Mrs. George Malone, wife of the Nevada Senator; Frieda Henneck of the FCC; Senator Tom Connally's wife



After lunch Martha arrives at the Capitol, where she wheels the news out of old friends like Senator Styles Bridges

## turns her down

FOR YOU and me, Sunday is a day of rest. For Martha Rountree, Sunday is the most hectic day of the week—and the day in which she earns her estimated weekly net income of \$2500. In Washington, D.C., at 4:00 Sunday afternoon, her political discussion program "Meet the Press" is televised to 4,352,000 people in 46 cities, all of whom see Martha herself acting as moderator of the show. Three hours later, at 7:00 P.M., she acts as long-distance boss of her other TV program, a frothy feminine show named "Leave It to the Girls" that originates in New York City and is beamed to an audience of 1,830,000 watchers in 10 cities. As the owner-producer of these two top TV shows, Martha is television's most famous girl executive, and in Washington she is a famous young hostess.

Because of her appearance, the words "glamour girl" have been printed after Martha's name a thousand times. At 34, she is a tall blonde (5 feet 6 inches), with ungiirdled curves and a thick Southern accent. She dresses carefully in custom-made suits and dresses, hiring a designer by the year to make her as many outfits as he feels like making. Her favorite suit is black with a reversible jacket lined in sealskin. Her 200 pairs of shoes, most of them custom-made, have her name engraved in gold letters in the lining. Her dozens of hats are also made to order, and her \$8,000 mink coat was custom-made. It boasts a luxurious cape collar and Martha's trade-mark—a navy-blue silk lining. "I always wear navy blue with furs and with black. I like the combination," she says.

"But don't let her glamorous appearance fool you," says her best friend, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., who writes the Washington column "These Charming People." "Martha's a diesel engine under a lace handkerchief."

This is an accurate description. While Martha's helplessly feminine air brings men sprinting to her assistance as she attempts to park her Cadillac, it was her determination that brought her the Cadillac. Six years ago she was unknown and unmoneyed. Now she keeps a handsome Park Avenue apartment in New York City, and an equally handsome red brick house in Washington, D.C. She is forced to spend part of every week in each city, frequently talking on the telephone in one city to her home in the other. "My third home's the Pennsylvania



Over cocktails at the Mayflower, Senator Kefauver joins Martha in sounding out Lady Astor, who made her TV debut the next day on "Meet the Press." Martha likes to provoke guests into making headlines

DARBY GRAPHIC HOUSE

## MARTHA ROUNTREE

continued



*Her personal maid helps Martha into a gown specially designed for her. She won't buy a "store" dress, because someone else might have it too*



*Next to her telephone, Martha loves her Cadillac and her \$8,000 mink best. A fast, sure driver, she nearly has a fit when someone else is at the wheel. And she won't let anyone lay a hand on that mink*

Railroad," says Martha. "I'm on it eight hours every week, coming and going. That's a hundred and four trips a year!" She's afraid to take a plane, has flown only once in her life.

Most of Martha's adventures, both social and headline-making, take place at the Washington end of her weekly trip. Here she spends the better part of her week—five nights, four days—while she alternates between being "a junior Perle Mesta" and one of the capital's most influential women. It costs her \$600 a week to live this way, and her telephone bills often average \$700 a month.

The power she wields is due to her show "Meet the Press," Nielsen-rated as the most popular TV discussion program in the U.S. and therefore a magnet to every top political figure. Its pattern is simple. Four sharp-witted Washington newsmen fire questions at a famous guest for a half-hour while Martha moderates the discussion. Often the show creates the next day's front-page headlines.

It was on this program that Whittaker Chambers repeated, without immunity, his charges against Alger Hiss, thus precipitating the two famous Hiss trials. Here too Elizabeth Bentley accused William Remington of having been a Communist. A few months ago Thomas Dewey



*Here Martha and Bootsie are trying to pose in Martha's living room, but Tom Hagen (under the love seat) and Bill Astor, who is Lady Astor's son, won't let them. Friends drop in any time. These came at 1:00 a. m.*

*Martha isn't posing. She's really afraid Bootsie Hearst will break the cup she's catching in a saucer.*

*Tom Hagen (right) edits Pavillon and is one of Martha's beaux*







At NBC studio, Sunday just before 4:00, Martha and co-owner Larry Spivak (left) help Lady Astor make up for "Meet the Press." Later they argued whether England saved America in the war or vice versa

suggested Eisenhower for President while being interviewed on "Meet the Press," which resulted in banner headlines. Senator Estes Kefauver appeared on the program the Sunday after his Senate Crime Investigating Committee ended its session. His summary of the findings hit every front page. It was also on this show that Henry Wallace announced the theories that later became the basis of his Presidential campaign.

"Getting these famous people to appear while they are still hot news is often full of excitement," says Martha.

The suspicious Senator Bilbo, who had never agreed to be on radio or television in his life, refused pointblank. Martha tried wheedling. When that failed she switched to direct tactics.

"I don't blame you for being afraid of facing the huge audience on our program," she told him blandly, "since everyone knows you're a crooked politician and a disgrace to the South."

Bilbo leaped at the bait, angrily shouting that he'd built roads, schools and bridges in his home state of Mississippi.

Then Martha shot the bolt home. "If all these things are true," she said sweetly, "why are you ashamed to go on our show and prove to the world you've been falsely accused?" (Continued on page 111)

DARBY GRAPHIC HOUSE



A special railroad agent takes Martha and Larry to the New York train as their special porter loads baggage into a special drawing room. For these weekly trips they use special station entrance



In their drawing room Martha and Larry can work uninterrupted hours away from the phone. Here too Martha disposes of her mail by using Dictaphone. Her maid makes the trip by day coach

Men don't turn Martha Rountree down, but she is constantly turning men down. Popular, powerful and glamorous, she rarely dates a man alone. She always prefers to be with her "family" of friends



PEACH SHORTCAKE, McCall's

PEACH FORTERS

PEACH ALASKA

PEACH CREAM, MELBA SAUCE



PEACH KUCHEN



# Six golden recipes

by Helen McCully

IF YOU'VE been looking forward to fresh peach time, these recipes should inspire you to run to the nearest store for the golden peaches flourishing there right now. And if you're as imaginative as we think, you'll save these recipes to use with the golden peaches that flourish year round, canned and frozen, in your favorite and wonderful super market.

### PEACH KUCHEN

- |                                 |  |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour | 12 peach halves, fresh, canned or frozen |
| 1/2 teaspoon baking powder      | 1 teaspoon cinnamon                      |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt               | 2 egg yolks                              |
| 1 cup sugar                     | 1 cup heavy or sour cream                |
| 1/2 cup butter or margarine     |  |

Start your oven at 400F or hot.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and 2 tablespoons of sugar together. Work in butter or margarine with 2 knives or pastry blender until mixture looks like corn meal.

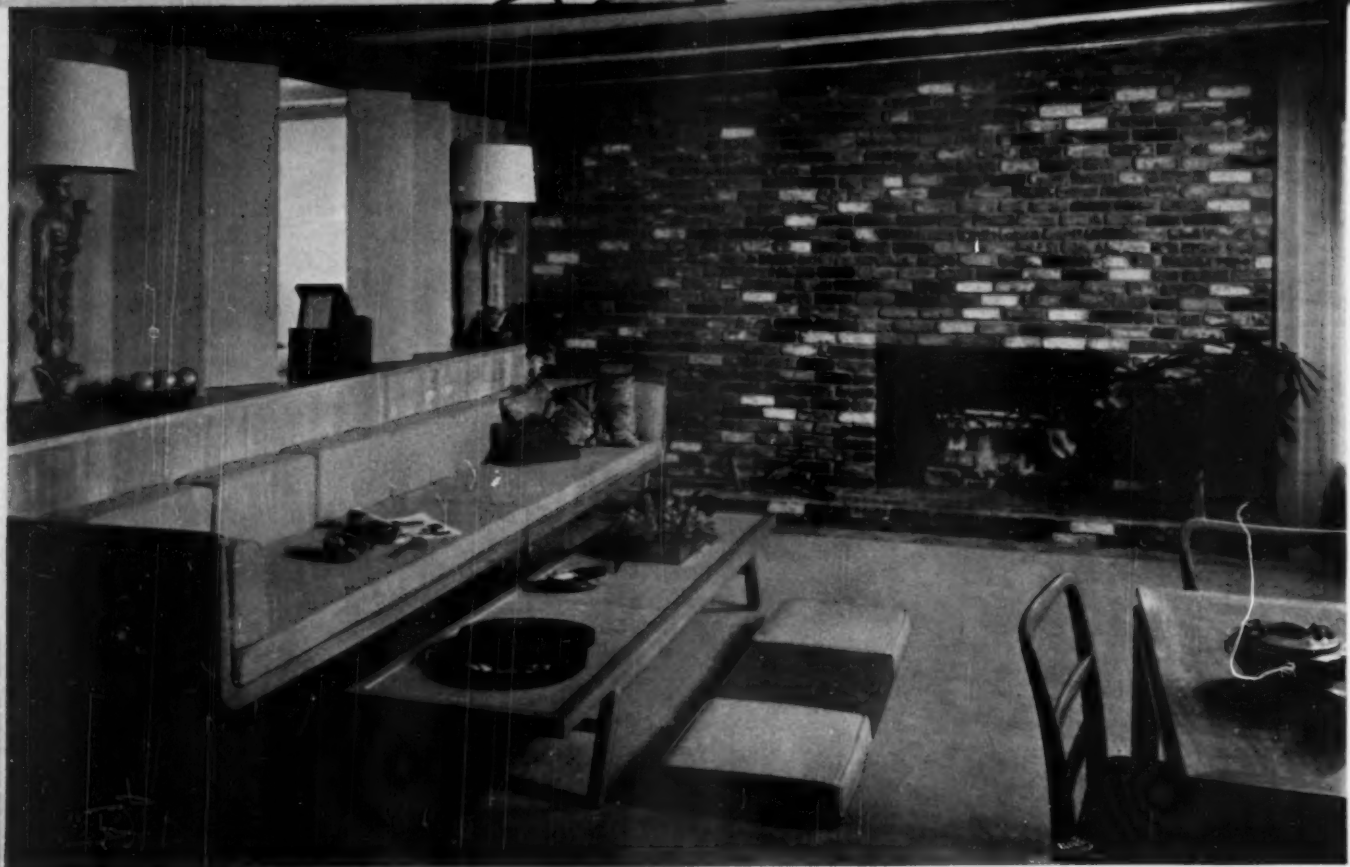
Pile into an 8" ungreased square pan and pat an even layer over bottom and halfway up sides of pan with your hands. Place peach halves over pastry (drain canned or frozen), sprinkle mixture of cinnamon and remaining sugar over and bake 15 minutes. Now mix egg yolks and cream together, and pour over kuchen.

Bake 30 minutes longer and serve warm to 6.

THE OTHER CHILDREN RECIPES ON PAGE 36

### PEACHES IN WINE

GEORGE LAZARUS



*This wonderful sitting-and-lounging unit and long coffee table—comfortably placed for the fireplace, the television receiver and the view—must have been in Mrs. Porter's mind when she planned the house, because they fit the wall so exactly*

by Mary Davis Gillies

## THIS LIVING ROOM WON **F**IRST PRIZE

*"McCall's furnished it just exactly as I wanted it,"*

*says Mrs. G. Rogers Porter, of Westport, Connecticut.*

*She won a first prize in McCall's My Living Room Contest*



*Mrs. Porter, once a student of design, planned the house. She and her husband, "helped" by their sons, did much of the work themselves*

**H**ERE was the old story. The Porters had built. The house had cost more than they had expected. So now they lived with makeshifts and handouts, and planned and dreamed. But Mrs. Porter put her dreams on a McCall's contest blank, won one of two top prizes, had her living room furnished free.

Judges awarded her a first because of the all-around excellence of her plan for a young couple with two small children: the fresh, practical color scheme; the sturdy fabrics; the clean, easy-to-keep design of the furniture; the seating that handles both fireplace and television without a chair being moved; the unusual and well-chosen accessories; the completeness of her presentation.

The other first-prize winner, Mrs. Donald Knorr of Sausalito, California, remodeled her living room. It will appear in a coming issue.

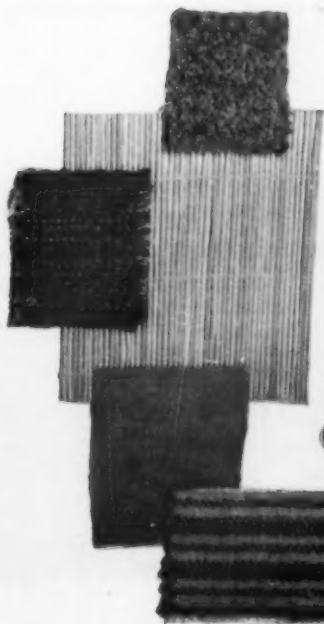


*A blond TV set was chosen, and matchstick draperies to hang behind it. The chairs, newly slip-covered, the lumps and Chinese art objects are only old pieces the Porters kept*



*Desk and chair make a handsome and practical unit in front of built-in bookcase, again show Mrs. Porter's fine eye for scale. Paneling is Brazilian pine*

*The beautiful but easy-to-keep dining table, chairs and china case make a perfect background for the Chinese pewter candlesticks and the sterling table silver, which is shown in larger scale below. Mrs. Porter uses the case for cards and games as well as china*



*Winning color: Note how the rug, slip covers and blinds repeat the tone of the walls, and how coral and yellow bring these quiet grays to life*

**Furnishings** Mrs. Porter chose: Table silver, International Silver. Glassware, Imperial Glass. Dishes, Steubenville Pottery, Upholstery, Hambro House; Erban. Rug, Magee. Rug cushion, Orlis. Draperies, Ficks-Rood. Television, General Electric. Coffee Table, Widdicomb. Other new furniture, Dunbar. Floor lamp, Neuen Studio.

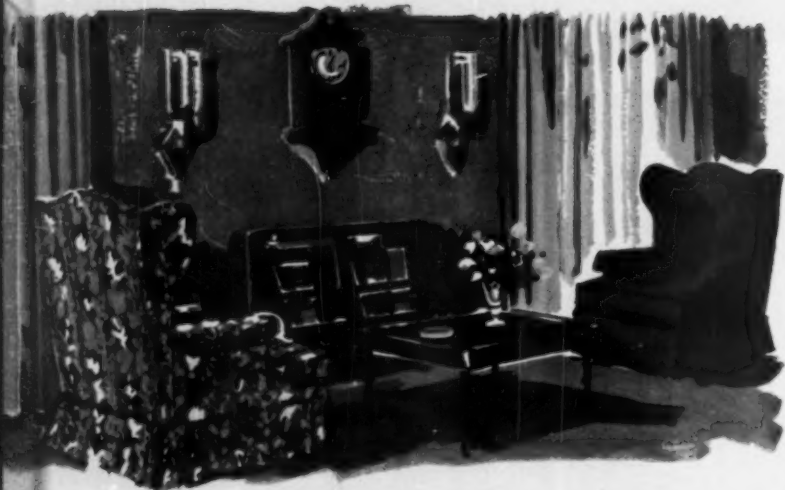
**Now turn the page →**

*Mrs. Robert I. Yerkes, wife of an Edison, Pennsylvania, artist, planned a living room and studio for their remodeled schoolhouse, using tavern chairs, antiques, brass and ironstone china. She put a bulletin board under the awkwardly high window to tie it to the sofa, and concealed her husband's drawing boards in the corners behind shuttered screens*



#### **OTHER PRIZE-WINNING LIVING ROOMS**

*Mrs. Richard V. Schwartz of Pekin, Illinois, removed an archway between two rooms, and in lieu of a fireplace or big window, created a center of interest around a magazine rack, clock and sconces — a pleasant spot to read, chat or serve tea. Her plan included a new rug and a foam-rubber rug pad, sterling silver and a sofa*



*Mrs. William L. Maner, Jr., of Richmond, Virginia, developed a fascinating plan by blending antiques and modern furniture in a large living-dining room which had once been two rooms. To make the big coffee table, she cut down her old dining table and lacquered it yellow. Every detail was included down to the last cigarette box*

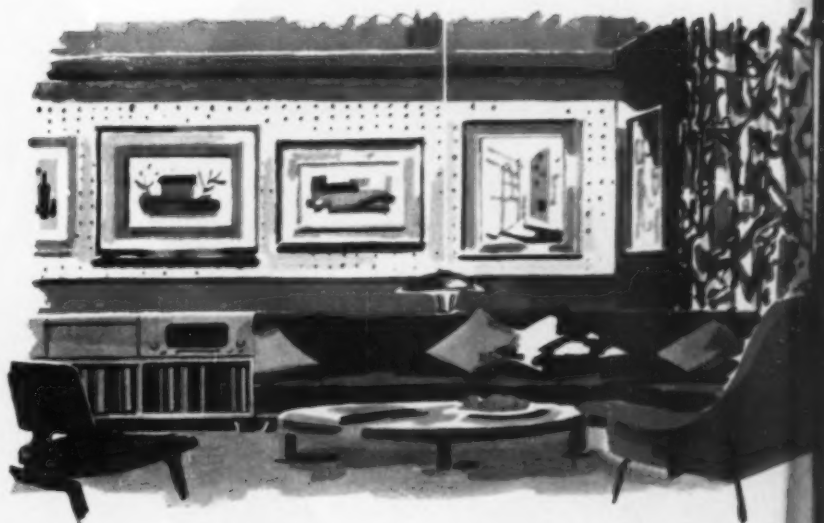




*Mrs. Serge Gagarin* of Bridgeport, Connecticut, lives in a 150-year-old Colonial house with her husband and two small children. Family hobbies include rug hooking, fly tying and painting —activities which figure in her plan. The room is gaily red, white and blue and combines antiques with new furniture. Red eagle stencils are used on white walls

**Whether you have an old house or new, a converted garage or attic apartment, you'll find ideas here for your own use**

*Mrs. Norma Maienknecht* of Buffalo, New York, planned her top floor apartment to glow with color. Sloping ceiling was painted the same as the walls to minimize the slant. An illuminated panel of white acoustical board over the sofa serves as a picture gallery. Unusual too is a lamp hung from the ceiling and centered dramatically over the huge five-foot coffee table



*Mrs. Ralph E. Gunderson* of Enumclaw, Washington, lives in an apartment over their double garage and dreams of the day they build the house they've planned. To make their "penthouse" seem more than just an attic room, she separated the living room from the wallpapered kitchen with a trellised partition and used a deep-colored scheme

Stan Klimley





BY W. B. HAY, JR.

# Leave it to a woman

*"The boys deserve a vacation," Eleanor said.*


*"I'll manage it somehow—if you promise*

*not to ask me where the money's coming from"*

STRANGELY enough the idea was born on Christmas Day. At first there was nothing too unusual about it, since the birth of ideas in the Carter family was a very common occurrence. The majority of them originated from Mr. Carter, for whom the process had become a favorite, if unconscious, hobby.

During his early married life he would preface the inspiration with a phrase such as "When I make my pile . . ." or "When I'm head of the outfit . . ." Then with eyes glowing he would add the plum: "Let's take a trip around the world," or "Let's do Europe up brown," or "Let's go skiing in Switzerland." But as it became increasingly evident that there would be no pile and no meteoric career, he omitted the conditional introduction and merely slapped his knee, launching straight into the fancy of the moment. "By George, why don't we get a little boat this summer?" (With the disappearance of the pile there was an abrupt reduction in the magnificence of the dream.)

Still later, Mr. Carter was forced to change his approach yet a third time to escape the anguished cries of, "But you promised," from his children. In this final phase Mr. Carter concocted plans for the (Continued on page 88)



*She'd been so very sure  
that this was what they all wanted.  
But now that they were really here—well . . .*



## *these have a French accent*

by Estelle Lane

*All are French designs, flown to the United States, copied or adapted to your taste, your figure and your pocketbook. The five shown here are beautiful, wearable clothes at sensible, down-to-earth prices. To recognize the Paris accent, look for gently oval lines . . . for flyaway aprons and soft scarves . . . and for new necklines, deftly shaped and draped*



Inspired by Piguet . . . the wide, wide skirt to wear over a crinoline, the low, low neckline filled in with a cowled chiffon scarf. Rayon faille, about \$50 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York and Detroit

ADAPTED BY MARTINE IN EXHIBITIVE SEEN

Adapted from Balenciaga . . . the dropped, oval shoulder . . . the V-shaped yoke that extends to high-rising points . . . the straight, wider skirt. In ribbed rayon, about \$50 at The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Halle Bros., Cleveland

ADAPTATION BY SHEILA LYON





Adapted from Dior . . . exaggerated keyhole neckline . . . double-breasted coat-dress look . . . wide armholes. Of sheer wool, about \$35 at The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle  
COPY BY BLOOM AND EGAN

GLOVES BY GANT MADELEINE

HATS BY MR. JOHN



Inspired by Jacques Fath . . . the basic dress, rounded at shoulder, sleeve, hip. Chiffon cravat can be worn as a stole. Rayon faille, about \$50 at Montaldo's, Denver and St. Louis; Harold's, Minneapolis  
ADAPTED BY MARTINI IN DIMINUTIVE SIZES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCAVELLO TUNNY'S MIDNIGHT LIPSTICK



Adapted from Dessès . . . the beautifully draped bodice . . . the flyaway apron panels, set with big pockets to give an oval hipline . . . the cuffed elbow-length sleeves. In pure silk taffeta, about \$40 at Braunstein's, Wilmington; Jordan Marsh, Boston

COPY BY BLOOM AND EGAN



Tense and tearful, Elizabeth Bentley—branded as "Red Spy Queen"—told a House committee in 1948 about ex-comrades

## MY LIFE AS A SPY

# I MEET TRAGEDY AND DISILLUSION

BY ELIZABETH BENTLEY

COPYRIGHT 1961 BY ELIZABETH BENTLEY

● Throughout World War II a well-organized group of Communists got themselves strategically placed in high government offices, where they could drain off secret war plans and inventions and pass them along to the Russians. Among the most important links in this chain of spies was Elizabeth Bentley, born in New England and educated at Vassar. Her boss, Yasha Golos, one of the top figures in the Russian underground, was more than just a boss. He was also her lover, and they lived together.

Last month Miss Bentley told how she and Yasha traveled back and forth between New York and Washington, picking up government data from Gregory Silvermaster and his wife, from William Remington and others. They did their job so well that the Russians finally determined to separate them from the American Communist party and give them orders directly from Moscow. Miss Bentley tells how she battled this move, how Russian pressure killed her lover and how, in desperation, she eventually broke away from the Party and went to the FBI.—THE EDITORS

MY MIND was made up. The Russians were not going to take me away from Yasha. He was all I had, everything I loved. He needed me. He was so sick now that he would die if he didn't have me near him.

He too was determined that the Russians should not have me. "No, *golubishka*," he told me tenderly, "that's one thing I won't let them do. No matter what happens, I won't let them take you away from me."

I was not the only member of our group of spies that the Russians wanted. They were more insistent now than ever about Mary Price, who had borrowed "interesting" papers from Walter Lippmann's files when she was his Washington secretary and copied them for us. They wanted to make a prostitute of her, so she could pick up more information for them. They were determined too to get the Gregory Silvermasters, who had been my closest contacts in Washington during the early years of the war.

When Yasha told me what the Russians wanted I exploded. "They can't do that to us,"

I said. "Just let me at them and I'll tell them a thing or two."

Yasha only looked at me pityingly.

Soon afterward he won a partial victory. The Silvermaster group was to be turned over to a new Soviet contact, but one who would not see it directly. I was to continue collecting the government secrets it turned up. Also I was not to be taken away from Yasha. I would be able to continue helping him with the other Communist agents in Washington.

"You see," I said happily to Yasha, "you were imagining things. The Russians are intelligent people. Once you explained the situation they fell in with your ideas. Obviously they're only taking over the group to relieve you."

I was soon to learn that my optimism was unfounded. Yasha's relations with the Russians grew rapidly worse. Day after day they steadily put the screws on him to turn over Mary Price, and wearily but doggedly he refused.

Often he would come home taut and grim after a meeting with (Continued on page 131)

# Summertime is Salad Time and SOUP Time, too

--time for the ONE HOT DISH everybody loves

BY *Anne Marshall*



**A Summer Meal to Perk You Up**  
Perfect eating! Cream of chicken soup . . . rich chicken stock, heavy cream, tender pieces of chicken. Just right!

Cream of Chicken Soup  
Summer Tomato Aspic    Potato Chips  
Iced Coffee



ANNE MARSHALL  
Director Home Economics  
Campbell Soup Company

Good soup can be just as satisfying on hot summer days as the crispiest of salads . . . the coolest of drinks.

TODAY let's be frivolous! Or at least let's *seem* to be!

Let's plan meals that are gay, appetizing and nourishing! Meals that let us off "kitchen-duty" quickly! That means, of course, salads—lots of 'em. But it means something else, too! And here's the news:

You can prove it *yourself*! Put bowls of delicious soup on the table with your cool summer foods. You will get most pleasing rewards. By contrast, hot soup makes cool dishes taste better. It helps your stomach to relax—to digest the meal—because your stomach works best in a warm environment.

So plan your summer-eating around appetizing, *nourishing* soup. Serve it for that *one hot dish* so many nutrition experts recommend. It's the dish *everybody* loves! Make summer days *SOUP* days!

**QUICK 'N' GOOD!**  
**NEW Salad Dressing You Shake Up in a Jar!**



Put into a quart jar, then cover and shake well together:

1 can of Campbell's Tomato Soup  
1/4 soup can of salad oil  
1/4 soup can of vinegar  
Salt, pepper, sugar to taste  
(Add onion, dry mustard or blue cheese, if desired.) Keep a jar of this dressing in your refrigerator, always ready! Especially good with green salads, fruit salads.



**For Refreshing Hot Weather Eating**

Vegetable-hungry folks love vegetarian vegetable soup. Fresh-cut garden vegetables in zesty vegetable broth. M-m-m!

Vegetarian Vegetable Soup  
Summer Fruit Salad    Cheese and Olive Sandwiches  
Iced Tea



**Perfect Lunch for a Summer Day**

So easy to get—so good to eat! Flavorful beef noodle soup—rich beef broth, golden egg noodles and pieces of beef!

Beef Noodle Soup  
Summer "Veg" Salad  
Berry Pie    Cold Milk



**You'll have a clearer, softer skin  
with your first cake of Camay!**

*Complexion—  
the marrying kind!*

*This radiant Camay Bride is  
MRS. DAVID CONANT FORD—the former  
Bette George of McKeesport, Pa.*

She's all fire and sparkle—this radiant bride with the dancing brown eyes . . . the alert, alive expression. But it's Bette's complexion that really takes your eye. It's a thing of beauty—a miracle of soft freshness. Her *first* cake of Camay made a thrilling difference!

And Bette doesn't keep her beauty secret to herself! "Why, Camay is simply wonderful," she writes. "I can't help raving about it, since my *first* cake gave me a fresher, smoother skin. I changed to regular care—and Camay did the rest! Camay is my beauty advice to any girl!"

Yes—new beauty is ready and waiting for you—with your *first* cake of Camay! Change to regular care—use mild, creamy-lathering Camay. Never let a lesser soap than Camay touch your skin. You'll find Camay will wake your sleeping beauty!

**There's no finer  
beauty soap than Camay**

Camay is so mild and gentle—and it gives you such a quick, abundant lather. Always use the Beauty Bath Size—that's Camay at its best! It's a big, thrifty cake. It offers more luxury—more lather—more of everything you like about Camay!



*Camay*

**the soap of beautiful women**

**Lovelier you—head to toes!**  
Make Camay your bath soap, too. Give your arms, your legs, that "beautifully cared-for" look. You'll rise from your daily Camay Beauty Bath a lovelier you—touched with the flattering fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

## SHOULD DOCTORS TELL THE TRUTH?

Continued from page 29

checked with him. Over and over he assured me these were the facts.

Weeks passed, during which Mother would say plaintively, "Well, John says there's nothing wrong, but I can't understand it. I certainly don't feel well." I made the last few months of her life miserable, pooh-poohing her complaints, nagging her to diet.

Then she had a sudden acute illness. John was out of town, and we called in a doctor who had never seen Mother before. After a cursory bedside examination he drew me aside.

"You know, of course," he said, "that your mother has a very bad heart."

"It must have just developed!" I exclaimed. "She had a thorough examination only a few weeks ago."

He shook his head. "It's a long-standing condition," he said, "and no physician could possibly have missed it."

The night before Mother's funeral, with John among the callers, and still wanting to believe in him, I confronted him with the story.

"Of course I knew about it, my dear," he said gently. "But there was nothing you could do, so what was the use of worrying you?"

**W**ORSE than remorse over lack of consideration for a dying woman were the effects of a doctor's untruthfulness on my friends the Js, for it gave them years of the anguish of repeatedly quashing false hopes, and it jeopardized the whole future of their unhappy child, Robbie.

As a baby, Robbie did not seem to be normal in his mental development. In addition he had a number of physical handicaps, among them poor vision. With each improvement of one of his physical defects the Js had fresh hopes that now Robbie's mind would be released to function normally. But he continued slow, so they traveled halfway across the country for a consultation with an eminent pediatrician. The pediatrician said he felt pretty certain that a rare kind of brain injury, present at birth, accounted for all Robbie's handicaps, both mental and physical.

Sadly—since no way is known to restore damaged brain tissue—the Js reported the opinion to Dr. L. Robbie's oculist.

"Oh, rubbish, don't let that worry you," he said. "That kind of injury is only a theory that has never been proved."

Because we seize upon what we want to believe and reject what we don't, the Js accepted this explanation. Ultimately, when the diagnosis of brain damage was definitely confirmed by a group of experts, they learned that Dr. L. had lied to protect them. In the meantime Robbie was subjected to years of useless treatments and surgery and the torture of trying to reach impossible academic and social goals.

Now that they know the truth, the Js can send their child to a special school where he will lead a full, happy life within his limitations.

These examples are all well and good, you may say, and perhaps the doctors made a mistake to lie. But what about other cases? What about inoperable cancer, for example? Isn't mercy lying justified in this grim situation?

Even here I am not convinced that it is always human to conceal the truth.

I recall the case of the mother of a friend of mine. After a series of oper-

ations, she lingered on for two years in torture with abdominal cancer. The attending physician said she must not know, and told her she had stomach ulcers, even going to the length of putting her on a milk diet to make the diagnosis more convincing.

Of course the diet did no good, and after a while he shifted to "colitis." Still the woman grew worse. Pitifully she tormented herself and her family with recurrent questioning: "Do you think he really understands my case?"

To this day her widower and children do not know whether or not she suspected what was wrong. But my friend, at least, is convinced her mother would have been better off if she had known the truth instead of being tortured with misgivings about the doctor's competence.

The medical attitude about truth-telling in the case of heart disease is strikingly different from that in the case of cancer. Here the theory is: "Of course you tell the patient, so he can modify his way of life."

Recently two men I know—both forewarned—died of heart attacks. One was elderly. Having lived as a semi-invalid ever since he had been warned about his heart, he survived many of his contemporaries. The other, dead in early middle age, went on only a few years after his first attack. He continued in his profession, continued to do a bit of mild social drinking, remained—even though he knew he was doomed—a vital, interesting, lovable personality to the end. (It came suddenly in his office one morning after he had spent the evening before at a party with some close friends.)

Each of these men, knowing the full truth about his condition, exercised free choice. I mention this because inoperable cancer patients not told the truth about themselves are denied any such choice, on the theory that there is none.

**T**RUE, unlike those afflicted with heart disease or tuberculosis, cancer patients cannot by a regimen prolong their lives or stave off death. But to justify lying "because there's nothing they can do about it" seems to me a fallacy, unless a way of life is conceived exclusively in terms of physical and social activities. There are mental and spiritual ways of life too, and the person who is doomed to die shortly of cancer has as much right to choose how he wants to fill the time he has left as the rest of us.

If I were expected to die in a matter of weeks or months, I know I would want to know about it. I am sure there would be many last-minute ways in which I would want to put my non-physical house in order, as I put my physical house in order before I leave on a long trip. The Catholic Church, in its age-old wisdom, recognizes this right to be ready in its sacrament of extreme unction. Unlike so many doctors, apparently priests do not consider it inhumane to let a person know he is dying!

Though inoperable cancer is the most obvious example of "Lie when there's nothing to be done," the attitude is also carried over into other fields.

There was nothing I could do about Mother's heart, just as John said, but there was plenty I could have done to make her last days more pleasant. There was nothing the Js could do about Robbie's brain damage, even after they knew about it, but there was everything to be done in the way of helping him to get the kind of teaching and environment he needed. A physician's conviction that, when medicine has no resources to improve

(Continued on page 54)

# \$50

SHARP TIME

IT'S EASY NO EXPERIENCE

for you right away!

FREE TRIAL OFFER

"PRIZE" CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT 21 CARDS SELLS ON SIGHT

still only \$1.00



SHOW AMERICA'S MOST WANTED GREETING CARD ASSORTMENTS

## Chilton

### CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Simply make friendly calls on friends, neighbors, fellow workers. Show this big, exciting selection of Christmas Cards and Everyday assortments. Each one a masterpiece of beauty, originality and quality. Sales of only 100 boxes are easy and bring you up to \$50 or more. Our free booklet, "The Chilton Plan," tells you how.

SEND NO MONEY — we send everything you need to start making money immediately, including free sample displays and "on approval" box assortments. Our big, free catalog shows complete line of greetings, notes, gift wraps, stationery, gifts, etc.

NO-RISK GUARANTEE  
The Most Liberal Ever Offered  
Nothing could give you more protection or assurance. You simply can't lose. You take absolutely no risk.

CHURCHES — ORGANIZATIONS  
Raise Funds Easily

CHILTON GREETINGS CO.  
147 Essex St., Boston 11, Mass., Dept. E-2

Send me at once your complete Free Trial Offer, including approval samples.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

MAIL COUPON TODAY No Experience Needed

FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT

29 free samples of fast-selling Name-imprinted Christmas Cards and Stationery.

AS SO MANY WOMEN DO...

# IRON 1/3 FASTER



Why spend another day with an old-fashioned iron when you can do a better job with less effort? A recent check shows that many women find this streamlined General Electric beauty helps them iron 1/3 faster than with older types of irons! See how you can save time:



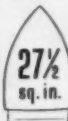
You cut ironing time with this Visualizer Fabric Dial. Just tune in the correct temperature for each fabric.



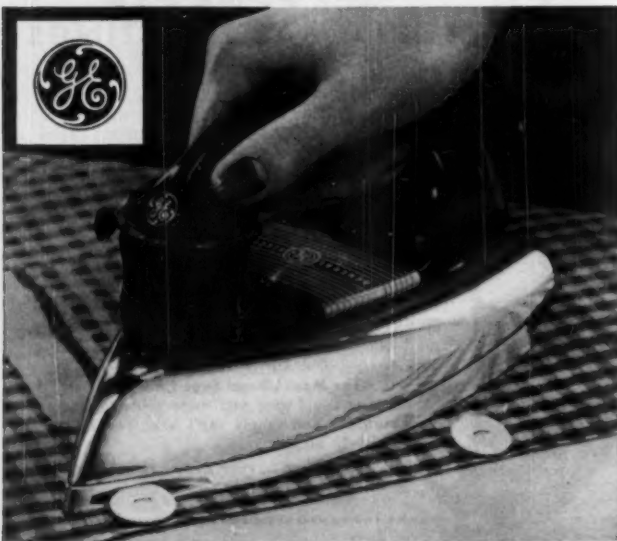
You cut ironing time with this signal light that tells you when the iron's ready. No more guesswork!



You cut ironing time with these double button nooks that make it so easy to iron around buttons! The G-E Iron also has built-in thumb rests.



You cut ironing time because you cover more surface with each broad stroke. The G-E Iron has a 27 1/2 square inch ironing surface!



Specifications subject to change without notice.

STOP IN at your G-E dealer's today and see for yourself why more women buy this iron than any other iron in America! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

You can put your confidence in—

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

(Continued from page 53)

an organic condition, patient or family should not be informed about it is the converse of the ascetic's equally bigoted conviction that when the soul is nourished the body does not need food.

A common argument in favor of mercy lying is: "If you tell a seriously ill person the truth about his condition he may just give up and, sooner than he'd have to, die."

The will to live, though strong in most of us, is a relative matter that has more to do with our characters and temperaments than with circumstances. In any mental hospital you will see suicidally depressed patients who "have everything to live for"—loving families, sound bodies and prosperity—while in general hospitals and homes for the aged you will find impoverished, infirm men and women, bedridden perhaps for years, who cling avidly to the precious gift of life.

An honor system during examinations does not make a cheat of anyone who did not have the propensity before. Liquor available does not make a drunkard of an abstainer. Our very democracy is based on the premise that we act and react on the basis of what we know, not on what is concealed from us. To hide facts from a grown person because he might not behave well if he knew them is an indignity not only to his adulthood but also to our fundamental tenets of individual responsibility.

**B**UT, we are told, the practice of medicine is more a subtle and delicate art than a science; the relationship between physician and patient is personal, and the physician must be the judge as to whether a patient or his relatives can "take it."

I say it does not devolve upon anyone to make such judgments. I believe doctors hold a sacred trust which makes it always wrong for them to lie, however worthy their purpose in so doing. That trust is their information about the human body—fallible, to be sure, but nevertheless all we have, and more dependable than any accumulation of facts available to the rest of us. We have to rely upon them

to tell us the truth about our own bodies and those of our relatives—as we depend upon a mechanic to tell us what is wrong with a car, or a construction expert to tell us what repairs a house needs or, indeed, whether it can be repaired at all. Any such expert consulted in trust and confidence, takes too much upon himself if he withholds what to the best of his knowledge and belief are the facts.

There is an art in talking with patients and their families, of course—but it should be practiced with regard to manner rather than substance. The doctor needs to use skill in presenting what he knows, judgment in selecting his facts and determining his emphasis. When, however, he decides that Bill Jones might be able to accept reality but that Jim Smith is not and should therefore be told a downright falsehood, he usurps a role to which he has no right.

Religion and psychiatry are in perfect accord on the necessity for facing a situation as it actually exists before there can be any kind of self-realization, any true emotional or spiritual adjustment. I am unable to see that this tenet is no longer valid when death is imminent.

**F**INALLY, when doctors lie they are enemies of their own cause. There is a German saying: *Wer einmal lügt dem glaubt man nicht, und wenn er auch die Wahrheit spricht* (He who once lies is never believed, even when he is telling the truth), and I doubt that anyone ever returns to a physician he has caught in an outright lie.

Individual doctors' occasional losses of individual patients may be a minor matter, but it is definitely serious when there is general undermining of confidence in the medical profession. Doctors, with a good deal of justice, complain that people fail to carry out their recommendations and then blame them when things don't go well—or that patients refuse to accept diagnoses and chase from one physician to another for confirmation. But they can never make these complaints with full justice until all of us, all of the time, are secure in the confidence that we are honestly told what the doctor honestly sees as the truth. **THE END**

## OLD MEDICINE IS DANGEROUS

Continued from page 20

gradually loses its effectiveness. In all, time deposits cold germs on the droppers, which pass severe colds to people with less serious ones.

**Prescription cough remedies:** So complex that chemical reactions are certain to set in.

**Castor oil preparations:** Become rancid.

**Boric acid solution:** Evaporation raises the concentration, makes the solution more dangerous if taken internally by mistake.

**Burrow's solution, sweet spirits of niter, belladonna, digitalis, cascara:** All lose effectiveness to warmth, light or both.

**Eye drops:** Many contain adrenalin, which decomposes. Others acquire a moldy growth which will introduce foreign substances into the eye.

**Adhesive tape:** Dries out so that it will not stick.

**Medicated bandages:** Medicated portion loses effectiveness even in cellophane wrapper.

**Labels:** Time's easiest victims. If you see the label coming loose, use transparent tape. If label is lost, the bottle must go. You're certain to forget what was in it.

Here are suggestions for protecting yourself against the medicines which become directly dangerous over time or indirectly dangerous because they are no longer able to do what you expect of them:

(1) Shake any liquid well before using. This protects you against high concentrations caused by sedimentation.

(2) Throw out a prescription item as soon as the illness for which it was prescribed is over. It may have been expensive, but a prescription item is a prescription item just because it can become dangerous.

(3) Protect light-sensitive drugs by leaving them in the dark bottles they came in.

(4) Regard any remedy which shows sedimentation, discoloration, caking, cloudiness (if originally clear) or cork and cotton deterioration with the utmost suspicion.

(5) If a remedy comes in several forms, remember: in general, capsules and ointments are more stable than liquids.

(6) When possible, buy drugs in small quantities. That way you're almost certain to get fresh supplies frequently.

(7) Keep caps tightly screwed on bottles.

(8) Thoroughly clean out your medicine chest at least once a year.

**THE END**



# The Lady Bridgett de Robledo

**Her sparkling, beautiful face  
sends you grace notes  
about her inner charm**

The Lady Bridgett de Robledo has a wonderful look of poised beauty. Her lovely face with its Celtic blue eyes, perfect complexion, mirthful lips—reveals with fascinating charm the inner glow that is her delightful self. Your face, too, is revealing you to others every day of your life. Help your face to show your best self—*attractive, charming, beckoning.*



Beautiful Lady Bridgett is the daughter of an English Earl, wife of a prominent Colombian diplomat. Lady Bridgett insists on Pond's for her complexion care. She says, "Pond's Cold Cream is the finest beauty care I know."

## An enchanting woman within you is at your call ...ready to show everyone how charming you can be

FEW THINGS can smother happiness more thoroughly than that "ugly-duckling" feeling many women have about themselves.

But—you can change into a lovelier, happier you. A magic power within can help you. A power that works through the interdependence of your Inner Self and Outer Self—the way you feel, and look.

This power beams a happy confidence from you when you know you look your prettiest. But—when you don't show your best self, that glow is snuffed right out. That is why you can't be offhand about the daily helps that do so much to keep you looking lovely, feeling at ease.

### "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Your face counts on those cream cleansings that help give it a cleanness that looks luminous—and

that never dry the skin. And this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream has a genius for freshening your face, making it softer, waking up color! Do it always at bedtime (day cleansings, too). *This is the way:*

**Hot Stimulation**—a quick splash of hot water.

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

**Cream Rinse**—do another Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue lightly.

**Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

This face care acts on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream cleanses, softens as you massage. From the Inside—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

The Lady Bridgett de Robledo says, "For cleans-

ing, softening, smoothing—Pond's is splendid!"

It's not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely, you become charged with a happy confidence that brightens your face with charm—brings others closer to the Inner You.



Get a big jar  
of Pond's today

You hear it everywhere—  
"She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!"



◀ **SO QUICK AND EASY  
THIS TASTY DINNER:**

*Fruit-stuffed Heart  
followed by a  
Garden Salad and Fresh Fruit*

**ONE-POT.  
ONE-BURNER**

# bargain dinners

by Eleanor Noderer and Vilya Yonush

**T**ASTY, man-size dinners that call for one pot and one burner only. What's more, they call for the best bargains at your meat store. With the weather what it is and prices what they are, lady, that is definitely news!

## FRUIT-STUFFED HEART

10 to 12 prunes	2 large apples
2 veal hearts	2 tablespoons butter or margarine
Salt	1 cup water
Pepper	½ cup light cream

Soak prunes several hours. Meanwhile, cut hearts down one side and open them up like a book. Trim away tubes and fat; sprinkle with salt and pepper and sew up sides.

Split prunes in half; cut 1 apple into thin slices (unpeeled, please), and mix together. Stuff hearts and sew up tops. Chop second apple into little squares. Heat butter or margarine in a heavy pot and brown hearts. Now add apple squares and brown slightly, add more salt and water, cover meat tightly and cook *slowly* for about an hour or until a fork pierces meat easily. Remove hearts, add cream to gravy, sprinkle in a pinch of sugar (to step up flavor) and cook gently for a few minutes. Serve hearts cut in slices, with sauce, to 6.

MORE BARGAIN RECIPES ON PAGE 48

**JUST AS QUICK AND EASY ▶  
AND EVERY BIT AS TASTY:**

*Liver Divine with Sour Cream  
New Orleans Slew  
Frankfurter Scallop  
Tongue and Pickle Rabbit*



by Myra Lockwood Brown



"Ours is an old crank-up freezer that has churned many a dish of Pineapple-Mint Sherbet for our friends. Tastes great once the Kansas sun starts blazing"

HERB COOKERY is a real experience!" says Mrs. Cunningham. And everyone who has ever tasted her famous recipes agrees. Whether they're neighbors who live down the road a piece or people who drop in from some far corner of the world, such as friends she met in Holland when she was the 1947 delegate for the Associated Country Women of the World; friends of her husband Claude, a producer and judge of field seeds in Kansas; friends of their sons Jim and Bruce, Navy fighter pilots during the war; friends of Carol, their Chicago daughter.

"But the most fun," bubbles Mrs. Cunningham, "is preparing a whole meal so that never an herb stands out alone, still the entire menu blends into a lovely symphony of flavors. A bit of savory, a pinch of rosemary, a little tarragon," (about this time her hazel eyes get dreamy and bright) "oh, anyone who fiddles with herbs knows that soon it's a ceremony."

Mrs. Cunningham's extensive but amateur acquaintance with herbs is a heritage from her Kansas pioneer forebears. About the time her sons were out of rompers someone gave her nine packages of seeds. And she was off! Now her garden grows nearly sixty varieties of herbs and Mrs. Cunningham is recognized as one of the best family gardeners in the state.

Take a walk down the Cunningham garden and you'll find your pockets bulging with cuttings of this herb for flavor, this one for fragrance, and, of course, lovely spearmint for Pineapple-Mint Sherbet.

## the **BEST COOK** in our town

Mrs. Claude Cunningham of El Dorado, Kansas, is known the length  
of Kansas for her green thumb, not to mention her fine herb recipes

### MRS. CUNNINGHAM'S PINEAPPLE-MINT SHERBET

3 cups sugar  
3 cups water  
1 cup mint leaves  
Juice of 2 lemons

Juice of 3 oranges  
1 cup crushed pineapple  
3 ripe bananas, mashed  
2 egg whites

Cook sugar and water in a saucepan until all sugar is dissolved and the syrup boils. Then take the washed fresh mint leaves (you city dwellers can usually find it in fancy vegetable and meat shops during the summertime) and crush the leaves slightly (with your fingers or the back of a spoon) to release some of the juices. Add mint to the sugar-and-water syrup and let the mixture steep for about an hour. Now strain out all the leaves, add the lemon juice, orange juice, crushed pineapple, mashed bananas and a little green vegetable coloring to the syrup.

Beat the egg whites until they stand in soft points, then mix into the fruit mixture ever so gently, but thoroughly. Pour sherbet into a hand freezer (Mrs. Cunningham says, "You can freeze it in refrigerator trays, but I think an old crank-up freezer makes it creamier"), add four parts of crushed ice to one part of salt to the ice container (and this is terribly important!) and start cranking. When the handle begins to move stiffly this lovely, lovely sherbet is finished. These ingredients make 3 quarts of the best summer dessert you have tasted in many a moon.



Cool, mint-green sherbet with delicate combination of fruits



"Since time began herbs have marched right along with civilization," says Mrs. Cunningham. "They've played extremely important parts in literature, religion, medicine and economics"



"We've made this recipe for years and years in our family—the basic recipe, I mean. But once my spearmint patch caught on, I added lots of chopped mint and the recipe became all mine"

**Next month** | **McCall's BORN TO BE A BEST COOK** makes her delicious **Holland Rusk Dessert**



Friends and neighbors love to drop into the warm, intimate Cunningham home for a bite to eat. But the bite always seems to turn into one of Mrs. Cunningham's expansive, wonderful meals, featuring one of her famous recipes

## Tomato-Cheese Macaroni

It's new 'n' EASY 'n' QUICK! Yes, and August is an ideal month for this tempting dish that's a meal in itself at any lunch or supper. Try it today! The folks will love it!

1 can (1½ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup  
½ cup milk  
2 cups grated sharp cheese

¼ cup finely chopped parsley  
4 cups cooked macaroni  
2 tablespoons buttered bread crumbs, if desired

Heat soup, milk and 1½ cups cheese over low heat; when cheese melts, add parsley. Blend with macaroni; pour into 2-qt. casserole. Top with remaining cheese and buttered bread crumbs. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven (400° F.). Makes 6 servings.



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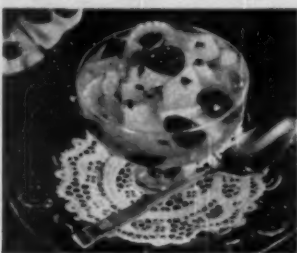
STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_

# Sunday Brunch with that French's flavor



**Chili Scrambled Eggs** Shred 1½ pound dried beef. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add beef. Add ½ cup tomato sauce and 1 teaspoon French's Chili Powder. Simmer for 5 minutes. Add 8 beaten eggs. Cook over low heat until set. Serve at once. Yield: 4 servings.



## Fruit Cup

For a delightful garnish, extra flavor, add a pinch of French's Mint Flakes to each portion of mixed fruit cup. Carefully prepared from fresh mint, French's Mint Flakes give you fresh mint flavor all year round.



## Cinnamon Pinwheels

Roll baking powder biscuit dough in an oblong ¼-inch thick. Spread with melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle generously with brown sugar and cinnamon. Roll up tightly, like a jelly roll. Cut in ½-inch slices. Place cut-side up in greased baking pan. Brush with melted butter. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 12-15 minutes.

When it's breakfast and lunch together, French's chili scrambled eggs just can't be beat! French's Spices and Extracts are pure, full-flavored—made of the finest ingredients. You can't buy better seasonings than French's at any price.



**French's**  
SPICES and  
EXTRACTS

## THE BREAKING POINT

Continued from page 34

And on the gleaming mahogany surface of the piano were the twin crystal lamps, as gay as little courtiers, that Steven had brought home during the time, years ago, when she was expecting their baby. It was in that same year that they had bought this small, beautiful house in the East Seventies. That had been an achievement. Not many people had a house in New York. It had been the mark of Steven's success, just as everything within the house was her own feminine acknowledgment of that success.

As her gaze roved contentedly about the room, she was not forgetting her other belongings, out of sight at the moment: the glittering array of perfume bottles and imported porcelain jars on the mirrored top of her dressing table; the huge, fluffy bath towels and hemstitched sheets, stacked in a linen closet fragrant with lavender. Fondly she dwelt on all these things and many more, but she came back to the rose quartz bowl.

The rose bowl—the realization came almost as a shock—was the last thing. The house was complete. She was like a painter who steps back from his canvas, approving his final brush stroke. But the strange little thought saddened her, and she thrust it aside . . .

Steven was letting himself in with his key. She went into the hall and lifted her face for his kiss. The kiss was ritualistic, hardly a contact of flesh any more. Had she thought consciously of their evening greeting, it would have come to her as a brief impression of good pipe tobacco and cool fresh air . . .

"I'm a bit shot," he said. "I could do with a drink. That Harriman account—the man's the very devil to deal with."

She nodded. "I've everything ready for a drink. Lucy's out, so we won't have the usual wrangle about ice cubes—as if they were so many Hope diamonds, you know . . ."

He followed her into the living room. Christine had seated herself before the decanters and glasses on the coffee table.

"Go easy on the vermouth," he said.

"Yes, only a drink's a nicer color with more vermouth. That's why I make that mistake."

THE remark was characteristic of Christine. Years ago he would have smiled over it, and his eyes would have warmed. Now it was a commonplace, and its rather complacent little humor went unheeded. The knowledge stirred in the back of her mind, but not painfully. People become used to each other . . .

"What's wrong with Lucy?" he asked. "You haven't changed her day off, have you?"

She shook her head. "This is some special occasion in her life. One of her relatives—or one of her friend's relatives—is being graduated from somewhere or other. To tell the truth, I wasn't paying much attention."

He looked down at his glass. "You know, it's a funny thing about you, Christine. You never listen to people unless they're saying something directly connected with yourself—or your own interests."

"Why—?" she turned to him, a bit startled—"I suppose that's true, but it's true of almost anyone, isn't it? Or am I more self-centered than most people?"

"No. I don't know what got into me to make a crack like that. Forget

How  
to  
make

► good iced

Soothe summer weariness with a tall, refreshing glass of iced tea. So cooling, so satisfying

by Birthe Lindor

MARTIN BRUENEL



**1** Carefully measure two level teaspoons of tea for each standard measuring cup of water into a heated china or pottery teapot. Perfect measurements mean perfect iced tea



**2** Add boiling water carefully (freshly boiled, of course) to the measured tea. Cover tightly and let steep for 5 minutes so all the rich tea flavor is extracted from the tea leaves

it. Sort of fool thing that just slips out."

"But you know how garrulous Lucy is, and if I were to hang on her every word—"

"Look, you're making a thing of this. Don't. Please don't."

"Well—well, all right . . . Too much vermouth?"

"No. Just fine."

She peered at her own glass.

"It is a prettier color when it's not all gin . . . But for heaven's sake! With all that talk about Lucy I'd forget to ask you—do you notice anything different?"

"No . . . I don't think so."

"Look around!"

"I can't see anything—those sofa cushions, maybe?"

"We've had them three years!"

"Well, I can't see anything. That rose quartz bowl. On the little table. Steven! I found it at Mac-Ready's—that place on Fifty-seventh, you know. Isn't it the loveliest thing you could ever imagine?"

"Yes," he said mildly. "Yes, sure . . ."

Her anger flared. "You might show a little enthusiasm!"

"Oh, now, be reasonable, Christine! I told you I was tired—a long session with Harriman—and I don't know a darn thing about rose quartz bowls. Every time you get anything for this house I'm expected to—well, I don't know what you expect of me. Epicene rapture, maybe."

She put down her glass, her fingers trembling a little. "It's a beautiful thing and you—you throw mud on it when you talk like that. You hurt it. You destroy it."

"I haven't the remotest notion what you're talking about!"

"I think you have. There's a streak of brutality you like to foster in yourself. It rather sets you up—being the crass, insensitive male."

"Well, I'd take a different slant on that, but never mind."

"No. Go ahead. After all this business about my not listening to Lucy I can take a little more honest criticism, I suppose."

"I didn't say it was a criticism. It's a different point of view, that's all." He drummed on the arm of the sofa, then went on with some reluctance. "From where I sit, you make too much of the house. That's all I'm trying to say. All these things of yours—you bow down to 'em as if they had souls."

"All our things!" she amended quickly.

"They don't mean so much to a man. But you can't realize that, can you, without calling me 'crass'?"

"There's no point in going on with this! We're not speaking the same language."

He looked at her for a long moment. "I guess you're right. It's all grown pretty thin, hasn't it, Christine?"

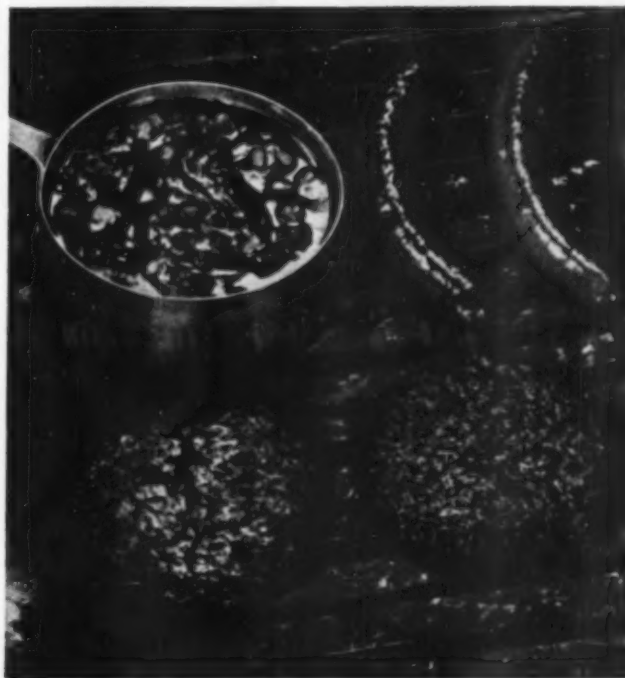
It was the first important thing that had been said. The rest had been a senseless sort of bickering, normally to be ended with smiles and tears, with little gifts and promises. But this had been an important thing. At once she knew its meaning, although it was an enormous shock and one for which she had been in no way prepared. She heard herself speaking. But it was not herself: it was some strange woman speaking with inexcusable flippancy.

"On February the seventeenth, at twenty minutes past six, our marriage comes to an end. That's what you mean, isn't it? That's what's happening?"

"Something's been happening between us, Christine. Don't you think we might talk about it with a certain seriousness?"

(Continued on page 62)

## Barbecue with that French's flavor



### Barbecue Sauce

2 tablespoons butter or margarine  
1 medium onion, minced  
1 small green pepper, minced  
2 tablespoons brown sugar  
1 tablespoon French's Worcestershire Sauce  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup ketchup  
2 tablespoons French's Mustard

Melt butter or margarine; add onion and green pepper; cook slowly for 2 minutes. Add the remaining ingredients; simmer 10 minutes. Yield: 8 servings.

### Frenchwise Hamburgers

1 1/2 lbs. ground chuck beef  
2 tablespoons minced onion  
1 egg  
1 1/2 teaspoons salt  
1/4 teaspoon French's Pepper  
2 tablespoons French's Mustard

Mix all ingredients together thoroughly; pat into cakes and broil over charcoal. Serves 8-10.

French's is smoother, creamier, millions prefer it!

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## tea every time

ONE of summer's most popular drinks, iced tea, came into being by sheer accident on a very hot summer's day in 1904. When quantities of hot tea would not sell at the St. Louis World's Fair, a piece of ice made a sales success story and a new drink. For your iced tea, use black or green tea. Either one is strong enough to give a rich, full tea flavor to the iced drink. Then serve with slice of lemon and sugar for those who like it sweet.



3 Fill glass to very top with ice cubes. Pour steeped tea carefully through a strainer over ice cubes in glass. Do not add water because the melting ice will dilute tea just enough.



4 Hitch a lemon slice to the edge of each glass before serving. Then, if you like, add a sprig of mint for flavoring and prettiness, or even thin slices of fresh lime or orange.

Need a meal  
with Man Appeal?



## Eat HEARTY-with Franco-American Spaghetti!

When that hard-workin' husband of yours comes home at mealtime—and you want to give him a good, hearty dish that'll tempt him to eat hearty—serve Franco-American Spaghetti!

He'll surely go for this luscious spaghetti in its tempting tomato and Cheddar cheese sauce! And it's so quick and easy for you! Mighty thrifty, too...lets you serve delicious, nourishing, hearty meals for only pennies a portion.

Get several cans of Franco-American today!

### THIS "DRESS-UP" IDEA ADDS VARIETY TO MENUS!

Scramble one-half pound hamburger in a frying pan, add two cans of Franco-American Spaghetti, heat thoroughly. And there you are — ready to serve a taste-tempting dish your whole family will love!



**JUST HEAT...  
AND EAT HEARTY!**

(Continued from page 61)

"Oh, I see what you're doing, Steven! You're trying to maneuver me into a defensive position. But that simply won't work!"

"There's no need to snap at each other this way. That gets us nowhere." He pressed two fingers on the base of his empty glass. He was frowning. He was searching, she thought, for what he liked to call the "impersonal approach." "We might look at it," he went on, "from a rather more objective angle. What's happened to us happens to a great many people. I suppose."

"So there it is!"

"What?"

"The impersonal approach!"

He flushed. "If you persist in this mood—"

"No, I think I understand you well enough. You mean a marriage can wear out—like anything else that might have been very attractive in the beginning."

"That's one way of putting it," he said slowly. "And perhaps we should have the courage to face it."

"But you're the one who needs courage, aren't you? I'm sure you wouldn't be thinking of—" She hesitated a second, then forced herself to the word. "You'd not have a divorce in mind if there weren't someone else."

Someone else . . . She winced a little at the words. But the words had to be ordinary, because the situation was ordinary, the stuff of tabloids. Perhaps it was the stuff of great tragedy too; but there were little ways of doing things these days, and little ways of saying things—little, mean, ignoble ways . . .

He spoke as if he had read her thought. "There's been no cheap affair behind your back, Christine! There is someone, yes. But neither

of us has said anything. There's simply been a feeling—I don't know how to explain it to you—"

"Never mind," she said hastily.

"Just the fact is enough."

"Well—well, there it is, you see."

He was miserable. If he had not been, he would have been more articulate. She knew that. That was part of her intimate knowledge of him. But she found herself looking at him intently, as if he were a man who had come into her life, at this moment, as a stranger. For a long time she had not looked at his face in any true sense, simply because it was so familiar to her. But now she scanned his features as the "someone else" might scan them: the wide brow, the dark, tired eyes, the firm lips, the strong, unblurred line of chin and jaw. Considering him in this way, the caresses of years flooded into her memory. She glanced away from him and took a cigarette from the box on the table. He held his lighter for her.

"Thank you, Steven . . . We're being very civilized, it seems! But aren't you going to tell me something about this girl? Don't you trust me enough?"

"Of course I trust you! There's no reason for our not being friends—" He reddened, and hurried on. "As a matter of fact, I may have mentioned her occasionally—Wanda Lansing, the girl who does the drawings for the Evers account."

"She's young?"

"She's in her twenties—amazingly mature for her age, though."

"She'd be an amazing person altogether," Christine said softly. "She'd listen to Lucy by the hour. I imagine."

"That's not like you, Christine!"

Her answer came like a child's, out of a deep and bewildered hurt. "How do you know if it's like me? You don't know anything about me! Anything at all!"

How  
to  
make



our quick

You'll love this good relish, summer or winter.

Serve it with cold cuts, sandwiches or salads

by Margaret Gehlert

MARTIN BRUEHL



**1**  
Cook fresh corn in boiling unsalted water for 6 to 10 minutes. One teaspoon of sugar added to the water accents the good corn flavor



**2**  
Slice kernels away from the cob with a sharp knife when corn is cool enough to handle. (If canned corn is used, drain thoroughly. That's all!)



"I didn't mean—"  
 "It's not important," she cut in quickly. "But there's another thing—are we having those people for cocktails tomorrow?"

"Sorry, you're a jump ahead of me—"

"We've a cocktail party scheduled, Steven. Are we to cancel it?"

"It would make a lot of talk, I'm afraid . . . If it's all right with you?"

"Oh, yes. It's all right with me."

The little Swiss clock in the hall chimed the hour. It was seven o'clock. Christine felt her cheeks burning with an embarrassment both painful and ludicrous.

"I think—well, if you wouldn't mind going out for your dinner? I'll have something here on a tray . . ."

"Yes," he said, glancing away from her. "No sense in your going to a whole lot of trouble."

"It's not that!"

"No, I know."  
 There was an awkward pause. Then he gave her a tentative little salute and left the room. She heard him close the front door with unusual care.

**M**Y husband, was her first thought. My husband. It was this sense of possession that had been challenged, and with such astounding suddenness that her deeper feelings had been numbed. It was some time before she could separate Steven Dennison from herself, even in thought; but considering him in this way, detached from herself, she experienced a curious shyness. For years the words of love had been foreign to her, perhaps because love had long been woven into the homely details of domestic life. Sometimes when she was in Steven's arms, she would let her mind wander to a task that had been neglected or an appointment that must be made. But that errant thought, prosaic though it

was, would be part of their life together, not a denial of love, not a desertion . . .

Her anger came swiftly then. Too humbly had she been accepting his picture of her: a wife of whom he was tired. As if the fault must lie all with her! The truth was, he had turned with crude animal instinct to a woman who was new to him, and therefore exciting, a woman who had not made a home for him, borne him a child—but at the thought of her still-born son, Christine wept. The old sorrow had flooded into her heart and become part of the new.

After a long time she went into the kitchen and made coffee for herself. She had no desire for food, but she had a cigarette with her coffee, blinking her eyes angrily against new-welling tears. Then she went to her room, because she could not bear the thought of seeing Steven again that night. But she lay awake long after she had heard him come up the stairs and close the door of his own room. It was toward dawn that her first resolve came to her. It was an icy and bitter resolve. She would go to see this girl of his. She would come face to face with Wanda Lansing . . .

**S**HE did not leave her room until Steven left the house. Then, after Lucy had taken away her breakfast tray, she dressed as painstakingly as if she were to meet a lover. Even when she had reached the door, wearing a smart black hat and a mink coat over her trim black suit, she turned back to her dressing table and put touches of her most precious perfume on ear lobes and wrists.

She was not worried about an excuse for her call. Perhaps she would tell the girl she was seeking to establish a friendly relationship with her  
 (Continued on page 66)

## corn relish

6 ears corn or 1 No. 2 can whole kernel corn  
 1/2 medium green pepper  
 2 1/2 tablespoons pimienta  
 5 stalks celery  
 1 large onion

3/4 cup salad or olive oil  
 2 1/2 tablespoons wine vinegar  
 2 1/2 teaspoons salt  
 1 1/2 teaspoons pepper  
 1 1/2 teaspoons dry mustard



3

Cut up the green pepper, pimienta, celery and onion fine on your chopping board. Add these vegetables to the fresh or canned corn



4

Pour salad oil and wine vinegar over the vegetable combination. Season with salt, pepper, mustard and let stand several hours to mellow

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I'd been in front of our  
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Alan Ladd

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by Marjorie Griffiths

YOU CAN MAKE

# Sturdy meals with Cheese.



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## DANISH CHEESE DISH

### STUFFED EGGS:

- 4 eggs
- 1/2 lb mushrooms
- 6 sprigs parsley
- 1 1/2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper

### SAUCE:

- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup grated Am. Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Hard-cook the eggs and when cool enough to handle, cut lengthwise and scoop out the yolks. Mix mashed yolks with very finely chopped mushrooms and parsley. Add melted butter or margarine, salt and pepper. Fill egg whites with yolk mixture and put in a greased baking dish.

Start your oven at 375F or moderate, then make up this SAUCE: Melt butter or margarine, stir in flour smoothly and add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Add cheese and salt and cook slowly until sauce is smooth and slightly thick. Pour over stuffed eggs and bake 35 minutes or until surface is golden. Enough for 4.

## CHEESE SCALLOP

- 12 slices day-old bread
- 1/2 lb sliced processed American cheese
- 2 fresh tomatoes or 1 No. 2 1/2 can tomatoes
- 3 eggs
- 2 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 medium onion
- 1 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Pinch of pepper

Start your oven at 325F or slow. Then trim crusts from bread and put 6 slices on the bottom of a slightly greased oblong baking dish. Cover with slices of cheese and slices of tomatoes (if canned variety is used, drain and add chunks). Cover with remaining bread. Beat eggs slightly, stir in milk, mustard, chopped onion, salt, pepper and pour over bread-cheese combination. Bake for 1 hour and serve to 6 cheese enthusiasts.

## REAL CHEESE FONDUE

- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 lb Swiss cheese
- 2 tablespoons Parmesan-style cheese\*
- 4 tablespoons dry white wine
- 1/2 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper

Melt butter or margarine, then stir in flour and salt until smooth. Add milk gradually and stir constantly until sauce is smooth and thick. Now set saucepan in pan of boiling water (or use the bottom of your double boiler), add grated Swiss cheese and stir until melted. Add grated Parmesan-style cheese, wine, monosodium glutamate, salt, cayenne pepper and mix in thoroughly. Serve in individual casseroles or bowls, scooped up with crusty chunks of French bread or slices of hot toast. Plenty for 6.

\*Or sopasago cheese

## QUICK CHEESE PIE

- 1 1/2 cups soda-cracker crumbs
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 4 medium onions
- 1 3 1/2-oz can sardines
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 3 eggs
- 2 tablespoons green pepper, chopped
- 1/2 teaspoon tarragon\*
- 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 lb Am. Cheddar cheese, grated

Start your oven at 325F or slow.

Roll crackers fine and mix thoroughly with 6 table spoons of melted butter or margarine. Pat mixture into bottom and around sides of a deep 9" pie plate. Chill. Chop onion fine and brown slightly in remaining butter or margarine. Cut sardines in half and put sardines and onions over chilled crust.

Heat milk until a film wrinkles over the surface, add slowly to slightly beaten eggs. Then combine with green

pepper, tarragon, mustard, salt and pepper. Finally, add the cheese. Then pour this mixture into cracker crust and bake 40 to 45 minutes. Serve immediately to 6.

\*3 sprigs of parsley may be substituted here

## CHEESE-STUFFED PEPPERS

- 4 medium green peppers
- 1/2 cup blue cheese
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs (2 slices)
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine

Start your oven at 350F or moderate.

Now cut off a 1/2" slice from top of peppers and take out seeds, core and membrane carefully.

Make up the FILLING like this: crumble cheese into little pieces and mix with bread crumbs, mayonnaise and milk. Fill peppers up to 1/2" from top and dot with butter or margarine. Set in baking dish, pour 1/2" hot water in bottom of the dish and bake 30 to 40 minutes or until peppers are tender when pierced with a fork but still slightly crisp. Serve quick like a flash to 4 and we'd like to wager there won't be any of the four who won't sing your praises for the best stuffed peppers ever.

## HANDY CHEESE TIPS

Low heat is kind to cheese; high heat turns it into tough strings.

Should mold develop on cheese, cut it away. Cheese beneath is good as ever.

Grate bits of leftover hard cheeses together. Store in covered jar, use in salads, soups, casseroles.

All cheeses, hard and soft, taste better brought to room temperature before serving.



Light and luscious dessert surprise!

**CRISCO'S FRIED BANANA  
CRESCENTS**

(Makes 4 servings)

**INGREDIENTS:**

4 bananas                      ½ cup fine bread  
1 egg yolk +                      crumbs  
2 tbsps. water                      Crisco for deep-frying

Cut bananas in half and split each half. Dip into egg beaten with water, then into bread crumbs. Fry until brown in deep, hot Crisco (365° F.—hot enough to brown a small piece of bread in one minute). Serve hot with:

**CUSTARD SAUCE**

2 cups milk                      ¼ teaspoon salt  
2 eggs + ¼ cup sugar                      1 teaspoon vanilla

Scald milk in the top of a double boiler. Add sugar and salt to eggs and beat slightly. Stir scalded milk gradually into eggs, beating constantly, and return to top of double boiler. Keeping the water in the bottom of double boiler below boiling, cook custard, stirring constantly, until it thickens and will coat a metal spoon (about 15-20 minutes). Remove from heat and pour immediately into bowl. When cool, add vanilla. Serve cold, decorated with sliced maraschino cherries.

**WISER, BETTER CRISCO COOK BOOK** has 112 pages exciting new recipes, lots of full-color pictures. Send 25¢ in coin and a Crisco label, any size, for *New Recipes for Good Eating*. Mail to Crisco, Dept. M, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Offer good in Continental U. S. and Hawaii.



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**And that's important!** For fried foods *can* be heavy and hard to digest. But when they're browned to perfection in snowy Crisco, fried foods are as digestible as they are delicious.

**Start now** to let Crisco work its wonders in your skillet! Serve tempting Crisco-fried foods often. You'll discover why more women cook with Crisco than with any other brand of shortening!



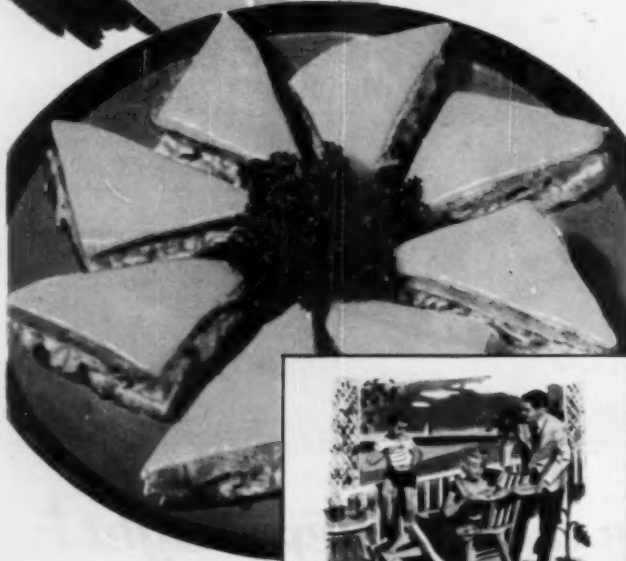
For Cakes and Pies and Tasty Fries—

**use Crisco  
IT'S DIGESTIBLE!**

# What a Helper you have in handy Velveeta!

Want something cool n' easy  
yet substantial?

Toasted Velveeta-  
Tuna sandwiches  
are just the thing



GOOD FOR  
THE WHOLE FAMILY...

- ✓ VELVEETA IS DIGESTIBLE AS MILK ITSELF!
- ✓ RICH IN FOOD VALUES FROM MILK THAT THE WHOLE FAMILY NEEDS.
- ✓ PROTECTED! From fresh milk to sealed package this pasteurized process cheese food is protected every step of the way by strict Kraft Quality Control.

How many times a week does somebody at your house want a snack? Just that many times golden Velveeta can help you out—with a good-eating "quickie" that gives 'em important food values from milk!

And Velveeta helps you with meals, too—gives you grand cheese sauce and hot sandwiches so easily. Pictured above are triangles of toast filled with tuna fish salad and topped with delicious Velveeta. A few seconds under low broiler heat melts the Velveeta beautifully for a tempting hot-day supper.

Get the 2-lb. Velveeta loaf so you'll have this finest of cheese foods on hand for snacks and hot dishes, too.

VELVEETA IS THE QUALITY

CHEESE FOOD...MADE ONLY BY

# KRAFT

(Continued from page 63)

husband's professional associates. She saw herself lighting a cigarette and glancing across the room with an indulgent smile. . . . "I'm given to these mad impulses, you know. . ." It was a situation she could handle with ease even as she took the other's measure, looked with her own eyes on the woman Steven loved.

The address, in the East Thirties, had been in the telephone directory. Taking a cab downtown, Christine discovered that Wanda Lansing lived on the top floor of a remodeled house, presumably serving her as a studio as well as a place of residence. Christine climbed the stairs slowly, careful not to put her white-gloved hand upon the railing. The house might have been immaculate, but it pleased her to emphasize her own fastidiousness.

She was trying to ignore a tightness in her throat and the shameful weakness of her knees.

The door was opened by an elderly woman dressed in the nondescript fashion that told of her work "by the day." Christine could remember the time when she herself had employed just such a person—Berta. Bettina—but no, the name was gone. . . .

"Miss Lansing's not in, ma'am."

"Oh. . . Will she be gone long?"

"No'm, she'll be back any minute. If you'd care to wait in the livin' room—"

"I wouldn't disturb you?"

"No'm, I'm at my ironin'." But you'd have to excuse the appearance. Haven't cleaned that room yet."

"That doesn't matter," Christine said with a smile.

She entered the room then and found a wing-backed chair that faced away from the light. She sat with her hands resting on the arms of the chair. Several times she drew her tongue over lips that seemed dry and shriveled. But after a few moments she felt calmer. Still listening for a step in the hall, she began to look around the room, her interest quickening until she was wholly absorbed by the personality revealed by the room itself.

THERE was youth in this room, as impudent and gay as a spring breeze. The room's occupant had the untidiness of a young woman who likes to stay up past midnight and to rise at the last possible moment in the morning, racing wildly about to make herself ready for her first appointment of the day. Her scuffed silver mules had been tossed to the middle of the room, but at some distance from each other, and a diaphanous pink nylon negligee had been thrown on the back of a chair. On the mantel was a half-empty coffee cup, and on the floor a crumpled cigarette package that had just missed the fireplace.

But these signs of impetuous haste were not alone in suggesting Wanda's youth. Here on the bookshelves were the authors sacred to her generation—Kafka, Sartre and the rest. Here was the benedictine bottle serving as a candlestick, and here the ash tray stolen from a night club. Years ago Christine herself had stolen a cocktail muddler from a night club. She had come out of some place in the Village, giggling, with the cocktail muddler in her pocket. She had been with a boy called Tommy—Tommy Something. . . .

Now she was contemplating a grate choked with ashes and charred wood. It was easy to picture a fire crackling happily in that grate, easy to see how Steven would settle back in that big chair, with Wanda perched on the shabby round hassock at his feet. Her chin would be propped on her palms, perhaps, as she listened to whatever he

had to say—and a man could spin out wonderful dreams while the firelight flickered on a girl's attentive face. In the days before their marriage she, too, had listened to Steven while he talked of sailing on a tramp schooner down the South American coast, or of buying a small-town newspaper and getting his ideas to the people who mattered—working close to the grass roots, or—oh, well! He had been young, and he had had his dreams. These days he confined himself to the advertising agency, to the Harriman account, to what the market was doing. Not for years had he talked of tramp schooners and newspapers, but perhaps that was because she would have listened with the skeptical smile of a wife.

But now her gaze had wandered to the battered red lacquer tray propped against the wall by the fireplace. That, too, came into the picture, Wanda—how well she could see her—would hurry into the kitchen with that tray, and come hurrying back with heaping plates of spaghetti, a basket of crusty bread, a raffia-wrapped bottle of Chianti. . . .

Christine sprang to her feet. She called to the maid, "I'm going now!" With an effort she controlled her voice, gave it a casual inflection. "I've decided not to wait, after all."

The woman came to the kitchen door. "Who'll I say was here, ma'am?"

Christine hesitated. "You needn't bother about that—it's not important. But thank you for letting me in."

"Yes'm. You can find your way to the door, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes! . . . Yes, I'll be all right."

IN the cab going uptown, Christine stripped off her gloves and pressed her finger tips hard against her brow. What was going to happen to her? She was ashamed to have thoughts of the house—and alimony—come into her mind. . . . Mrs. Winfield Dennison, she would call herself. . . . But this was something out of a nightmare! She couldn't conceivably be divorced from Steven! Ah, no, no. She would make herself young again—wear peasant blouses and jaunty swinging skirts—and listen to him, listen to him, listen to him—even if he talked of going to Mars on a spaceship.

But this was a hopeless way of carrying on. She could do none of these things, any more than she could rush out in the morning, leaving a coffee cup on the mantel and silver mules buried into the middle of the floor. Her ways were too orderly, all her ways. It was right that they should be. A woman who tried to turn back the years sacrificed everything she had won without attaining anything she sought. And could it be so different for a man? Yes, perhaps. . . . A man might look into a young girl's eyes, and there find his own image as he wanted it to be.

She walked across the hall and confronted her own serene and immaculate living room, feeling again a swift tide of protective love for it, as if this beautiful room, too, had been sentient, betrayed by Steven. She herself should not have abandoned it in any attempt to meet the Lansing girl. . . . But even as the thought lingered in her mind, she turned her head as if listening in the stillness to something the room itself had to say to her. After another moment she went back into the hall. She picked up the telephone directory, and for the second time that day her finger went down the page to Lansing, Wanda. . . .

When Steven came home it was too late for him to make more than a futile protest about what she had done.

(Continued on page 68)

# Success secret\* for **HOME CANNING!**

Here's one sure way to get cheers for your home-canned treats. Put tempting, *lasting* flavor into every jar!

What do *you* expect to can or freeze, this summer? Plump, ripe fruit? Delicious garden-fresh vegetables? Tantalizing pickles or relishes? Just make sure you use the finest spices a careful cook can choose. Best way to be sure is to buy by brand—McCormick in the East, Schilling in the West—depending on where you live.

The products that bear these famous names assure full, true flavor that holds its own—through processing and storing—and brings *extra* goodness to your table. Buy them at your grocer's—today!

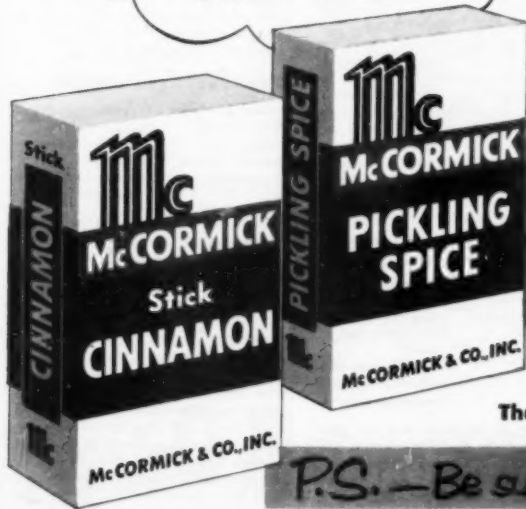
\* Make sure you're set with these **McCORMICK or SCHILLING** spices!

- Pickling Spice
  - Mustard Seed
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**McCORMICK**  
FINE SPICES

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*East or West—  
the same  
fine spices—  
only the name  
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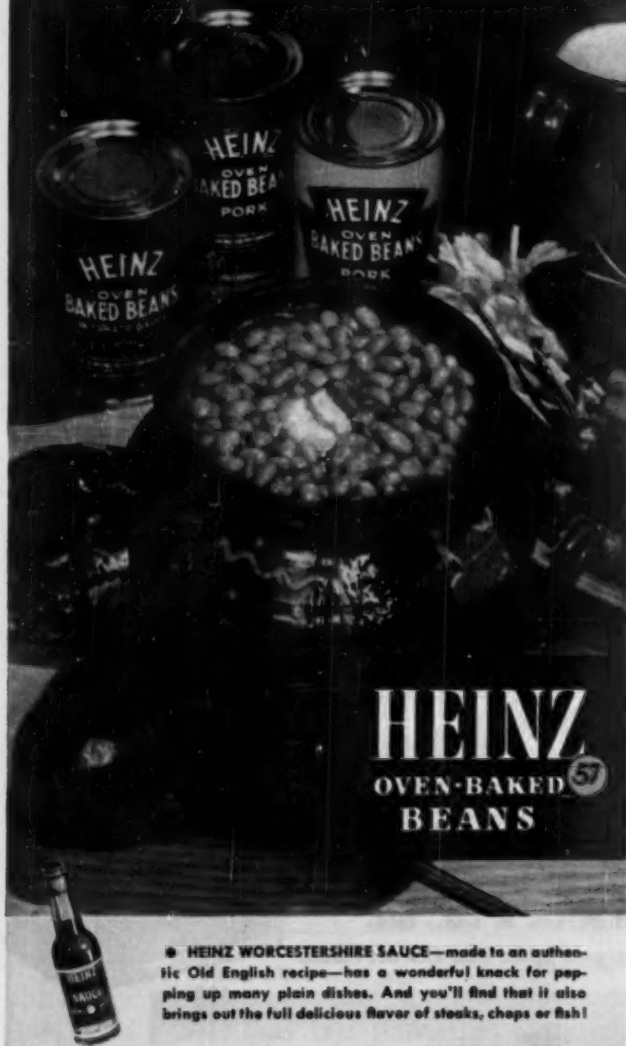
The World's Largest Spice and Extract House

P.S. — Be sure to buy the tea with the big **M**

## Oven-baking makes Heinz Beans better!

For Ideal Hot-Weather Eating, You Can't Beat Heinz Beans! They're Extra Mellow And Tender, Because They're Thoroughly Oven-Baked!

SERVED indoors or out, baked beans are a wonderful summer dish! But be sure they're real baked beans by Heinz. We fix beans your way—oven-bake 'em until every plump little morsel is done to a deep golden brown. Then we steep 'em in the spiciest sauces that ever glorified baked beans! Choose from these three styles of nourishing, fully prepared Heinz Oven-Baked Beans: Boston style, with pork and molasses; vegetarian style, in a sauce of Heinz "Aristocrat" tomatoes without pork; and the third style, in tomato sauce with pork. All three are family favorites in any weather!



• HEINZ WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE—made to an authentic Old English recipe—has a wonderful knack for peppering up many plain dishes. And you'll find that it also brings out the full delicious flavor of steaks, chops or fish!

(Continued from page 66)

"You asked her here?" he repeated blankly.

"Why, yes—with the others. The cocktail party, you know."

"But I don't get it, Christine! Unless you're deliberately setting out to create an embarrassing situation—"

"Why should it be embarrassing? I told her a number of people from the agency were coming. She didn't suspect anything."

"But why did you ask her? Why did you want her here? That's what you haven't told me!"

"Perhaps I'm curious," she said. She would not tell him of her visit to the apartment. A man would not be likely to understand that.

"In any case," she went on, "there's nothing for you to be alarmed about. I have a certain amount of poise, you know, and I've never made a scene in my life."

"I wouldn't have expected you to," he assured her rather stiffly. "It's just that I don't see any sense to the thing."

He remained quiet, a bit constrained, even when the first of their guests began to arrive. But no one made any particular note of it. The world in general was prone to forgive a man's moods as well as his morals, Christine reflected as she turned with her welcoming smile from one guest to another. And the reflection added another spark to her resentment against Steven, against his sex in general.

It was Lucy who opened the door to Wanda, and it was Steven who, having greeted her, led her to her hostess. He muttered his introduction like an embarrassed schoolboy.

"Miss Lansing, my dear."

Christine put out her hand. "How nice," she said in the low, gracious tone proper to the occasion.

*Cheap, flashy little thing!* she decided at once, and almost in the next moment forced herself to be fair. This girl had no flashiness in any cheap sense; she had, rather, the bright honest sparkle of youth, drawing the older men in the room as a merry little fire might draw them on a gray November day. Steven alone was making no attempt to linger near the newcomer. He was devoting himself to a plain woman in purple satin, unnaturally solicitous about the level of the drink in her cocktail glass. He was inept as an actor, Christine thought suddenly, with a strange little stab at her heart. She glanced around to see if anyone was observing him or criticizing him in any way. But the guests were gathered in the customary little clusters of a cocktail party, shrieking and chattering among themselves. Christine went from one group to another, putting in a deft word here and there, joining in the laughter—but occasionally she overheard comments from Wanda, who was reporting on her own life and times with the simple unabashed egotism of youth.

(Continued on page 70)

## BARGAIN DINNERS

Continued from page 57

### NEW ORLEANS STEW

2 beef kidneys	1 clove garlic
2 medium onions	½ cup flour
1 medium green pepper	4 slices bacon
8 large green olives	1 tablespoon salad oil
1 large bay leaf	1 No. 2½ can tomatoes
½ teaspoon thyme*	½ teaspoon salt
8 sprigs parsley	Few grains pepper
2 whole cloves	½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate

Trim fat, skin and tubes away from meat, then soak kidneys in salt water for about 30 minutes. Meanwhile, cut onions, green pepper and olives in thin slices. Make up a little seasoning bag by tying up bay leaf, thyme, parsley, cloves and chopped garlic in a piece of cheesecloth. Now drain kidneys, rinse in cold water and cook 3 or 4 minutes in boiling water. Drain again, cut into ½" slices, dust with flour and season with salt and pepper. Cut bacon into small pieces and fry in a heavy kettle until brown and crisp. Add salad oil and when hot, brown kidney slices. Add chopped vegetables and seasoning bag. Pour in tomatoes, salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate, cover tightly and cook very slowly for 30 minutes or until kidneys are tender when tested with a fork. Stir occasionally while cooking, then remove seasoning bag and serve to 4.

\*No thyme? Use a few celery tops.

### TONGUE AND PICKLE HARETT

2 tablespoons butter or margarine	2 cups grated Am. Cheddar cheese
4 teaspoons flour	½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon paprika	2 tablespoons chili sauce
¼ teaspoon dry mustard	1 9-oz can ready-to-serve beef tongue*
Pepper	½ cup pickle relish
1 cup milk	

Melt butter or margarine in a saucepan and stir in flour, paprika, mustard and pepper until smooth. Add milk slowly, stir in cheese and cook over a very low heat until cheese is melted and the sauce is

satiny smooth. Stir constantly. Now season with Worcestershire sauce and chili sauce. Add slices of tongue and cook gently for about 5 minutes, then just before serving stir in the pickle relish. Grand dish for 4.

\*Or about 10 to 12 slices from a home-cooked tongue.

### LIVER WITH SOUR CREAM

1 lb beef or pork liver	½ cup water
2 teaspoons salt	1½ cups sour cream
¼ teaspoon pepper	Dash cayenne
Flour	Dash paprika
3 tablespoons shortening	½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
4 medium onions	½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate

Have liver sliced ½" thick, season with salt and pepper and coat with flour. Brown liver slices on both sides in hot shortening, then add sliced onions and water. Cover tightly and cook over low heat about 30 minutes or until liver is tender when pierced with a fork. Transfer meat to hot platter. Add sour cream and remaining seasonings to onions. Cook for just a minute and serve over liver to 4.

### FRANKFURTER SCALLOP

3 medium potatoes	Pepper
½ lb frankfurters	½ cup grated Am. Cheddar Cheese
2 medium onions	2 tomatoes
¼ cup celery leaves	½ can condensed mushroom soup
¼ cup parsley	
Salt	

It's the smart cook who gets everything ready before assembling this dish.

Slice uncooked potatoes thin, slice frankfurters in little rounds, cut onions in thin slices and chop celery leaves and parsley fine.

Now start putting your scallop together: In a Dutch oven or heavy skillet (one that has a tight cover), put a layer of potatoes seasoned with salt and pepper, add frankfurter layer and sprinkle with cheese, a layer of onion sprinkled with celery and parsley and last of all a layer of tomatoes. Spoon mushroom soup over the top. Cover and cook slowly for about 40 minutes or until potatoes are tender when pierced with a fork. Enough for 6. THE END



# Nifty Summer Swifties

(AND SO THRIFTY, TOO, WITH JELLO PUDDINGS AND PIE FILLINGS!)

## BUTTERSCOTCH POLKA-DOT PUDDING

(Made in jig-time with Jell-O  
Butterscotch Pudding and Pie Filling!)

Polka dots for fun, Jell-O Butterscotch for flavor—here's a dessert that'll tickle your family! The real old-fashioned brown sugar flavor of Jell-O Butterscotch makes a wonderful finish to any summer meal!

Prepare 1 package Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding and Pie Filling as directed. Turn into sherbet glasses. Chill. Arrange chocolate nonpareil candies on top. Makes 4 servings.



## CHOCOLATE RASPBERRY DESSERT

(For that real, rich chocolate taste, there's nothing like Jell-O Chocolate Pudding and Pie Filling!)

This Jell-O Chocolate quickie reminds you of a chocolate raspberry cream you sometimes find in a candy box! That's because Jell-O Chocolate Pudding and Pie Filling is so satiny-smooth, so creamy-good and what chocolate flavor! Made from an exclusive blend of famous Walter Baker Chocolate.

Prepare 1 package Jell-O Chocolate Pud-

ding and Pie Filling as directed. Turn into serving dishes and chill. Garnish with Raspberry Whipped Cream. Makes 4 servings.

To make Raspberry Whipped Cream, combine  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup heavy cream,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons confectioners' sugar, and 2 tablespoons sweetened raspberries. Beat with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick.



## PEACH MERINGUE PIE

(A real peaches 'n cream delight with Jell-O Vanilla Pudding and Pie Filling!)

Here's the heavenly-est filling you ever put in a pie shell—fresh peaches happily combined with the delicate flavor of Jell-O Vanilla! Mm-mm-m, that's grand eating—and so glamorous, too!

1 package Jell-O Vanilla Pudding and Pie Filling  
1 egg yolk, slightly beaten • 2 cups milk • 1 baked 8-inch pie shell  
Unbaked Meringue • Peach slices

Follow package directions for pie filling, combining egg yolk with the milk. Then cool slightly (about 5 minutes), stirring once or twice. Turn into pie shell. Chill. Pile Unbaked Meringue around edge of pie. Garnish with peach slices.

**Unbaked Meringue.** Combine in top of double boiler: 1 unbeaten egg white,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, dash of salt,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons water. Beat with rotary beater until blended. Place over rapidly boiling water; beat 1 minute. Remove from heat and continue beating 1 minute longer, or until mixture stands in peaks. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla.

# JELLO PUDDINGS AND PIE FILLINGS FOR Red Letter DESSERTS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

SEND HIM OFF WITH AN

# HONEST MEAL

NOT "FLIMSY" FOOD!

AND  
HERE  
IT IS!



## NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT

...100% WHOLE WHEAT...



WITH MILK IT'S AMERICA'S  
GREAT BODY-BUILDING  
BREAKFAST!

Serve the naturally nourishing breakfast that makes sense — NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT! All whole wheat, as Nature intended, with bran and wheat germ left in! With a zesty goodness only *honest* food like this original Niagara Falls product can lay claim to! Get some — now!

THE BREAKFAST FULL OF POWER FROM NIAGARA FALLS

(Continued from page 68)

"I didn't have much more than a year at art school but my teachers said I had a natural flair that . . . Well, of course it's commercial, but I try to get a feeling into my work that's a little different from the usual stuff you see around and as a matter of fact . . . But I don't know why you'd be interested in all this . . . I didn't mean . . ."

That air of assurance, that importance alternating with the sudden miserable doubt of itself—that was youth. Christine drew a long breath. That was youth, and it was almost heart-breakingly awkward and sweet. In that moment Christine saw why a man would be drawn to such a girl, was even capable of an absurd and tender concern for the girl herself. Did she think that Steven would never cease to be charming, night and day? What would happen when she found him in one of his tiresome fits about the oil burner, or about the bedclothes not being tucked in over his feet? Christine bit her lip, for one curious moment so torn between laughter and tears that she was compelled to turn away from her guests. She fingered the little plates of canapés on the side table. It would be over soon, she told herself in her panic. It would be over soon . . .

But Wanda was among the last to leave. There was a sense of intimacy in her parting moment with Steven.

" . . . And it was so good of you and Mrs. Dennison to— Oh! Oh, my! Oh, isn't that the most heavenly!—"

Steven, looking around in bewilderment, followed her eyes to the rose quartz bowl. But the girl had moved past him and had taken the bowl in reverent hands.

"Someday I'm going to have a bowl like this," she was saying softly. "Someday when I have a house just the way I want it, with lovely things like this—with lovely, lovely things . . ."

Her eyes had been fastened on the far future. She returned to the moment with a sigh and put down the bowl with infinite care.

"Yes," said Steven in a queer, metallic voice. "Yes, my dear, you'll have everything you want . . ."

He did not turn to Christine until the door had closed on the last guest. Then it was not difficult to read the shamefaced understanding, the humor and resignation that flickered over his face. She might have been amused, had not her heart been filled with such an overwhelming tenderness.

He sounded dazed. "I wasn't in love with that girl. I can see that now. I just wanted to go back twenty years—but if in twenty years *she's* going to want a rose quartz bowl . . ."

"You might find somebody twenty years younger. I don't suppose it would be practical."

He looked at her soberly. "I want the woman I grew up with—the one who was a girl when I was a boy. But that was a pretty bad brainstorm. Teen, and you've been fine about it."

She touched the graying hair at his temple and gave him a light little kiss. Then she stepped back and regarded him with a deepening content. "One of these dangerous corners can come in any marriage and a wife's got to walk softly—that's part of being a wife. I should imagine. But the thing that concerns us now," she went on with no perceptible pause, "is the question of dinner. Can we go out somewhere? After a party Lucy's always in one of her tempers."

"Sure we can!" he cried eagerly. "Anywhere you say! Is there any special place?"

"Why, darling, I shouldn't think so." Then she was smiling a little. "But I don't feel like one of those spaghetti-and-Chianti places!"

He was completely bewildered. "Well, I don't see why in the world you should . . ." he said.

THE END

### JOHN'S NEW WIFE

Continued from page 33

short, she wore hers long, brushed back from her face and caught in a soft bun at the nape of her neck. With her small face and slender neck she had an adolescent look. Well, twenty-six was young too! Her father called her "little girl," and her parents' friends, the people with whom she spent most of her time, treated her like a child. "It's so lovely to have a young thing around," they said indulgently, and "You wouldn't remember that—it was before your day."

"If only John could have come too!" Phyllis burst out. "It would seem so much more natural—the whole situation. It seems so strange to be giving a birthday party for someone who's a total stranger."

"She's not a stranger, Phyllis; she's John's wife. And the baby is our own flesh and blood. It was—it was *dear* of John to send them on to us when he found he couldn't get away himself."

But Phyllis knew that Mrs. Piper would gladly have given up days of Dotty and the baby for one glimpse of her son. John should have known! When the business emergency came up and prevented his coming, he should have realized that to send on these two aliens would make the disappointment even keener.

"Did you hear what Father said at the airport—that she was so much prettier than her picture that he didn't know her. Don't you think that was on the effusive side?"

"She is pretty," Mrs. Piper said loyally. "She's certainly the healthiest-looking girl I ever saw. She's just

—well, so frank and breezy about everything that she quite takes my breath away!" She glanced at Phyllis' little clock. "I must go down and talk to Mamie about dinner. Knock on Dotty's door, dear. Tell her dinner is at seven. And see if there's anything she needs."

Phyllis stood for a second outside the room that used to be John's, long ago when she was a child and John was her big brother. When he went to California, it became a guest room. With her hand lifted to knock, she had a sense of the old, lovely security, of being the child in the house sent to summon the grownups to dinner.

"Dotty, may I come in?" "Of course. Heavens, why all the formality?"

Dotty was sitting on the bed, pillows stuffed at her back, feeding the baby. The room, transformed from its fastidious preparation, was a welter of half-unpacked clothes and scattered infant belongings. Phyllis shrank involuntarily from such flamboyant disorder.

"Dinner will be in half an hour. Can I get you anything—or help you unpack?" she asked hesitantly.

"Not a thing—everything's grand! Could you hand me one of those diapers in case he spits up? Although he was perfect on the plane. Just ate and slept, ate and slept, all the way."

Gingerly Phyllis handed Dotty a fresh diaper.

"There. He's positively stuffed." Dotty sat up. "Want to hold him a minute while I get on some clothes?"

She handed the baby to Phyllis and stood up, a tall, round-cheeked girl with crisp curly hair and merry eyes.

(Continued on page 76)



# 25% to 50% more food space

General Electric Refrigerators give you much more storage space than most old-style refrigerators now in use... yet they occupy no larger floor area!



It's true! There's room for all these foods in the large freezer compartment mounted across the top of the cabinet. In it you can store 49 pounds of frozen foods. There are four new, Redi-Cube ice trays that supply 8 pounds of ice.



The refrigerator section holds all these assorted foods. Furthermore, you can store everything in its proper place. There's an attractive meat tray big enough to hold week-end roasts, a full-width top shelf for tall bottles, and a utility basket for small items.



Model 1F-10. Most G-E Refrigerators are available with either right- or left-hinged doors.

## General Electric Refrigerators

*Trim and specifications subject to change without notice.*

Be sure the refrigerator you invest in today has everything you want.

Remember SPACE. The G-E Refrigerator gives you 25% to 50% more food space than most old-style refrigerators now in use.

Remember CONVENIENCES. The G-E Refrigerator gives you many features you won't find in other refrigerators.

Remember DEPENDABILITY. More than 2,700,000 G-E Refrigerators with sealed systems are still in service after 10 years. Many as long as 15 and 20 years!

See your G-E dealer today! You'll find him listed in your classified telephone directory. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



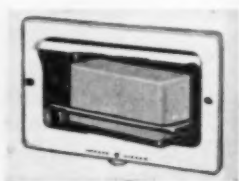
**NEW!** REDI-CUBE ICE TRAYS!

Pick out cubes singly, and return the rest—still undisturbed in the dividers—to the refrigerator.



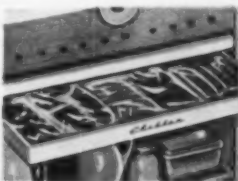
**NEW!** VEGETABLE ROLLA-DRAWERS!

New Rolla-Drawers, on rubber wheels, roll in and out quietly! Moist cold keeps food fresh.



**SPECIAL** BUTTER CONDITIONER!

No more hard butter! Special conditioner keeps a pound of butter at best spreading temperature!



**NEW!** QUICK CHILLER TRAY!

Extra storage space for variety meats, steaks, chops; wonderful for quick-chilling.



Remember this wonderful record of dependability when you go to buy a refrigerator!

You can put your confidence in—

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**



*Parson Nyberg preaches twice on Sunday, at Byfield first, then at this 126-year-old Newburyport church across from the parsonage*

Number twenty-one in a series

by Elizabeth Sweeney Herbert

## I am a Young Minister's Wife

**THIS IS HOW I KEEP HOUSE**



*The parsonage range was new in 1908, the water heater was crotchety with age. Ruth Nyberg got by with them, but when a new gas range and automatic water heater came to the parsonage, what a difference they made*



*In parlor of square old parsonage Walt Nyberg baptizes, weds, meets deacons. The church, with meager budget and \$4-a-week janitor, cannot be kept open during the week or warm in winter*

**W**ALTER and Ruth Nyberg live on a typical young couple's income (\$3,000) in a typical old Massachusetts town—Newburyport, 35 miles up from Boston. Walt, 23, is a GI theology student at Boston University. He is also minister to two Methodist churches, one at Newburyport, the other seven miles away at Byfield, both with too few young people and too little money.

Ruth, a home-economics graduate from Syracuse, married Walt when he was in the Navy, has followed him through six years of scrimping and schooling without question.

At the parsonage in Newburyport the range and water heater were of ancient vintage. To see what difference it would make in



*The old stove had two ovens, one kerosene, one gas. Neither behaved. After months of trying, Ruth gave up, took to pressure pans and a tin oven on top. Whimsical tin oven baked fine or burned things up*

the Nyberg's lives, McCALL's installed a modern gas range and an automatic water heater.

The Aid ladies still come in on days of their famous church suppers to peel their onions and make their chowder and warm their pies and beans. But now hot water comes instantly, day or night. And the range glistens white, and it buzzes when cooking time is up and turns out pies and cakes softly crusted with gold.

Best of all, the minister can give the time he used to spend coddling the heater to polishing his sermons, and the minister's wife can let the range pot-watch while she sews for the coming baby. Turn the page to see how they keep house today.



*Kerosene for old heater cost \$104 last year. Usually there was so little hot water that Walt heated shaving water in kettle, carried it upstairs*



*Janie got her bath on top of the stove in summer, with tea-kettle water, because heating a tankful of water took four hours, made kitchen stifling*



*Ladies' Aid put on many suppers to raise funds, used parsonage kitchen because church had only two rusted gas ranges. Ladies donate food, serve 150, charge 99 cents to save tax*



*"It's a different kitchen without the old 1908. I'm a different woman"*

*Gleaming range and water heater sit where the museum pieces sat, take only half as much space, leave room for a rocker and breakfast table. "Now my husband gives me a gold star for my cake baking," says Ruth*

*"Those days of burned cakes and smudge insurance are over"*



*Setting a pan of water on the bottom stopped the burning, but pies ran over, cakes came out lopsided*



*The big old oven was maddeningly slow. Ruth needed a flashlight to keep track of what it was up to*



*Only head of parsonage committee knew right approach. She had stove for years, gave it to church*



*Walt refilled jug daily, carried smudge insurance, for such rigs let go explosively, carbon house up*

**THIS IS HOW  
I KEEP HOUSE**

continued

*The work goes smoother now,  
but there's no end to it*



*Cream puffs are a Nyberg favorite. They are tricky (450F for 10 minutes, 350F for 25) but no problem with controlled heat*

The Nyberg day begins at seven each morning, ends when Walt is lucky enough to tumble into bed again. He serves three masters—his two parishes and his professors. And sometimes they all want full attention. Two days a week he catches the eight o'clock train for school in Boston. Four days he gives to his churches—right through the evening. "It's amazing how much a minister must do that he doesn't expect." On Sundays he and Ruth leave Janie with their sitter (she sits free whenever they want her as her contribution to the church) and rush over to Byfield for Sunday school and a 45-minute church service, then back to Newburyport for services there. He puts in an hour of preparation for each minute of his 20-minute sermons. "I like to brood them like a hen on an egg. Results are better than when I push them out in a few hours."

Ruth tries to hold her own work to a schedule — breakfast dishes done by 8:30, wash on Monday, iron on Tuesday, clean one room each day. To make ends meet she keeps a careful budget, spends \$15.50 a week for food, 50 cents for entertainment. "Mostly we just get together with friends. That doesn't cost anything and is lots of fun."

What with the pressure of work (and because he usually sloshed kerosene over his clothes) Walt is happy now to be rid of the old water heater and the job of filling its kerosene jug. Every night in winter he would fill the jug from a tank in the cellar. And then he would soak the foot-long lighting stick in kerosene and touch a match to it. And with flame licking lazily up around his arm, he would poke the lighter down into the stove to light the burners that would heat the kitchen and a tankful of water by morning. On washdays they ran the burner all day too. And still there wasn't enough hot water. And in summer the heater made the kitchen so warm that often they didn't run it at all. They learned to bathe like others in Newburyport: Fill the tub with fresh water in the morning and let it stand all day. By night the chill was off and you got a bath.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LAZARNICE



*Before marriage Walt asked, "Can you cook?" For the first time in six years of marriage she can broil and bake to show him*

*With abundant hot water Ruth now washes as clothes accumulate. She used to run out after the first tub, rinse in cold*

*Ruth makes Janie's clothes, remade Walt's old Navy uniform for preaching. Now she can set oven and sew while dinner cooks*



*Janie bathes in the big tub now, 1951-style. So do Walt and Ruth. They used to bathe on alternate nights to have enough hot water*

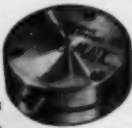
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Prices slightly higher in west.

**MIRRO**  
THE FINEST ALUMINUM

(Continued from page 70)

"I suppose I save my best outfit for tomorrow night. Father tells me there's going to be a party."  
"Father?"

Dotty grinned, struggling into a bright-patterned print. "I know. Gives you a twinge, doesn't it, to hear me call him that? But he asked me to, and if I started out with Mr. Piper, it would be harder to switch later on. John said not to be standoffish. He gave me a lecture about getting off on the right foot with everybody."

John's been away so long he's forgotten, Phyllis thought silently. He's forgotten Mama. To get off on the right foot with Mama it was much better to be standoffish. Perhaps she should warn Dotty. No, she thought, shrinking. Let her find it out for herself.

"I don't know that you could call it a party. We've asked a few of our old friends in to meet you."

"Tell me about them! I love to hear about people before I see them, and then match them up to their descriptions. Any boy friends? Dozens, I suppose. The way John described you, I knew you'd be a real glamour girl."

"The way John described me?"

"Phyllis has always been the little princess," he said. "She always gets her own way, but she's so darn sweet and helpless about it, you're convinced you thought of it first. Isn't that just like a brother? Trying to make up my mind about you before we'd even met! 'Typical brother's angle,' I told him... 'Phyllis and I will work things out for ourselves!' Being friends, I mean, not just sisters-in-law." She leaned to the mirror for a careless dab of lipstick. "Any special boy friend coming to the party?"

"No. No one special." She stood up. The baby was forfeited, half-asleep. The heavy little head had a painful sweetness against her shoulder. "Shall I put him in the crib? I hope it's comfortable. The people across the street lent it to us."

"Oh, it's perfect! Did you see the crazy poem John sent the baby when we were in the hospital? It was when your mother first wrote about our all coming East this summer, and he put this poem in with the letter. It was supposed to be part of the invitation."

SHE fished in her purse and handed it to Phyllis. It was addressed to John Piper II, typed, and handsomely decorated with little pictures of yearning relatives, arms outstretched.

Break out of your bassinets!  
Get your car, put gas in it.  
Check up on your windshield wipers,  
Pack up sixty dozen diapers,  
Hurry East to see us Pipers.

There was more, and Dotty stood over her, chuckling while she read it. "Isn't it a scream? I thought your father wrote it, until John finally confessed he did. By that time we had the reservations and everything."

Phyllis looked up from the paper. "You mean if you'd known we weren't the kind of people who'd ever write verses like that, you'd never have come? Because, of course, now that you've seen us you do know."

Dotty turned from the mirror. Her eyes were cloudless, clear of guile. "Why, of course I'd have come! I don't expect anybody to be as clever as John. It was just that he knew how you felt, so he put it into a poem for you."

Going downstairs Phyllis thought helplessly. She's nice! Everybody's going to like her. All Father's and Mother's friends, our friends. Scott too...

No one special, she had said. But Scott had been special for three years now. This was his ring that she wore, a small, scarred ruby set in an old-fashioned circle of pearls. The ring had belonged to Scott's mother, and he had given it to Phyllis last Christmas. Casual and understated, like everything Scott did, she still had known he wanted her to wear it on the third finger of her left hand. She would not; the ring had fitted her right ring-finger and that was where she wore it, as though it were the gift of a dear friend but without special significance.

Scott was a quiet man, and steadfast. Yet he was attractive, too, with his lean, strong face and gentle smile. Someday when she was ready for the responsibilities of marriage, Scott would be waiting for her.

Suddenly she remembered a night when Scott had brought her home from a concert, when he had not been gentle at all. He had grasped her hard by the shoulders and his voice had been harsh and angry with love. "I'm going away, Phyllis. I'm not wanted here. You don't want me."

His unexpected violence had shaken her, and she had answered impulsively. "Oh, I do, Scott. I do! Don't go away. It's just that I'm not ready yet—not quite ready—"

"Why not? What are we waiting for?"

She had had no answer. Waiting for what? The perfect moment, a ripeness of love, some mystical sign that her girlhood was over?

Scott hadn't gone away. He continued to come to the house, to take her to plays and movies, to lend her books. But lately he had seemed more a friend of the family. He and her father were both bookish men, and they spent hours hacking away at some obscure literary point or disputed interpretation.

Phyllis loved to listen to them. It made Scott seem so much older. Sometimes she remembered with a little shock that he was only thirty-three.

OF COURSE," Mrs. Piper said thoughtfully. "your father has bought her the fitted traveling case, and there's the pleated nightgown from you, but still I feel I want to give her something else. Something that has belonged in the family, for her and John to cherish and keep."

Dotty had gone up after breakfast to bathe the baby, but Phyllis and her parents still lingered at the table. Mr. Piper looked up from his newspaper. "Give her the tea service. We never use it any more."

They all looked at the sideboard, at the elaborate silver tea set, every dimpled surface reflecting the morning light.

"You're not serious, Wilfred. You know the tea service was left to Phyllis by her grandmother."

"Well, I just thought... John and Dotty have a home of their own now, while Phyllis—"

"Phyllis is in no hurry!" Her mother's tone was light, full of delicate, loving banter. "A mere home isn't going to satisfy Phyllis. She's going to have a castle! Princesses always live in castles."

Phyllis' coffee cup clattered into its saucer. "Mother, had you thought about the game plates? They're just as lovely as the tea set, and heaven knows they represent family."

The game plates. They were a set of twelve, each one delicately hand-painted with a scene of wild life—wild duck, goose, pheasant—each pictured against its natural background and no two alike. They were very old and

(Continued on page 73)

# How to make Potato Salad De Luxe



1. Cook and cut into dice enough potatoes to make 4 cups. Prepare 1 c. diced celery, 2 tbsps. chopped pimento, 2 tbsps. chopped onion, and 4 tbsps. chopped pickle. Measure out 2 tablespoons of the pickle juice to add when mixing the salad.



2. Blend in the pickle juice, salt and pepper to taste, and ½ cup of Kraft Mayonnaise. Deluxe potato salad demands deluxe mayonnaise, the delicacy and richness you get in Kraft's. Luxuriously rich, Kraft's is true mayonnaise at its finest.



3. Arrange lettuce on a round chop plate, pile the potato salad in a mound in the center, and garnish with hard-cooked egg halves. Roll slices of bologna into cornucopias, fill with chopped pickle relish, and arrange on the lettuce around the salad.



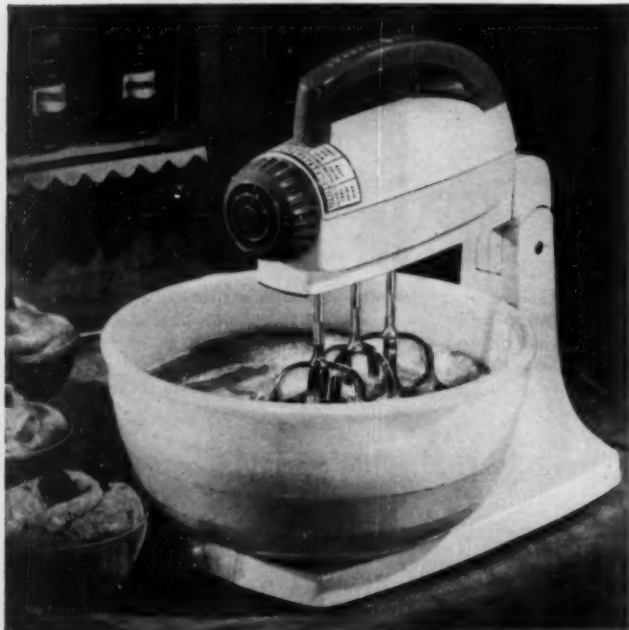
True mayonnaise  
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(Continued from page 76)

very precious, and as long as Phyllis could remember they had reposed, wrapped separately in old linen, on the top shelf of the pantry.

Mrs. Piper frowned. "I suppose if Phyllis has the tea set, it's only fair that John and Dotty have the plates. Oh, do you think we could pack them well enough to withstand a plane trip? All these years, and not one chipped or broken! Planes are so uncertain."

Mr. Piper sounded a little testy. "I think if we're willing to risk sending our grandson by air, we can risk the game plates. Some people think babies are just as valuable as heirlooms."

They were all silent, hearing the clatter of Dotty's sandals on the stairs. A second later she stood in the dining-room door with the baby, naked except for a diaper, wriggling on her shoulder.

"I'm going to take him outside for a sunbath. Honestly, would you think anything this size could give you full employment night and day?" Her eyes crinkled at Phyllis. "Wait till you have one. Never a dull moment!"

IN MID-AFTERNOON, while Mrs. Piper watched anxiously over the baby's nap, Phyllis took Dotty into town. At the outset the trip had no more purpose than to do errands and show Dotty the town, but after that had been accomplished Phyllis heard herself proposing one more errand before they went home.

"I have a friend I'd like to see for a moment, a lawyer—he's in the office building across the street. He's been trying to get some music for me, phonograph records. It's beautiful stuff, but obscure—I'd like to drop in and see what luck he's had."

Very well, she'd admit it to herself. She wanted Dotty to meet Scott, wanted her to see that there was someone special, after all. Of course he was coming to the party tonight, but then he would be just another guest.

Bud Mitchell, Scott's law partner, was in the outer room when they went in. He looked up from a large, fine-printed book he was reading.

"Scott's inside. Cleaning out his desk, I guess, for the big getaway."

Phyllis smiled uncertainly. "What getaway?"

"You know this is his last day here. He leaves first of the week."

A shock like a little iced wind went through her. "Oh, I didn't realize. May we go in?"

She led the way into the cubicle that was Scott's private office. He was standing over the desk, riffling the pages of a calendar, and he looked at her in amazement.

"Hello, Scott. I've brought you a surprise. This is John's wife, John and Scott are old friends, Dotty."

He gave them both his slow, surprised smile. "Why, Phyllis, what kind of a stunt is this—walking into a man's office in broad daylight? Aren't you afraid you'll compromise yourself?" Before she could answer, he had turned his attention to Dotty. "Old John certainly did all right for himself! We used to go to school together."

"I know. You were buddies, John has a picture of you at home—both in bathing trunks. It's labeled Jack and the Beanstalk."

He laughed. "I remember that picture. It's a libel. It was the year I grew six inches. How's old John? I may drop in on him one of these days."

Phyllis found it hard to speak. "Bud says you're going away."

"Yes... yes, I am. You know, I told you a few months ago that I was thinking of it."

"But you didn't tell me now. You've said nothing—nothing—"

"No, I decided that was my trouble. I used to talk a lot and do nothing. No wonder you never took it seriously. This time I thought I'd say less and make it stick."

The ache of cold settled deeper within Phyllis. In a kind of desperation she tried to tell herself that this was a wonderful joke. She had brought Dotty here for the basest of reasons—to make a vain display of Scott's faithfulness and devotion. And here he was talking about going away forever, without any warning, as though they were bare acquaintances.

She said, "Shall we see you at the house tonight? Or will you be too busy with your packing?"

"Now, Phyllis, have I ever failed to show up at your house if I had any faint hope of being let in? No, seriously, there are several things on my mind. I was hoping I could take you away from your guests for a little chat."

She felt her eyes fill with tears and was furiously afraid that he would see them. She made her voice cold and clear. "But we have nothing to chat about! Going away is so final. What on earth is there to say about it—except goodbye?"

HE'S so attractive," Dotty said, clattering down the stairs of the office building. "You know, I think he's interested in you. It was the expression in his eyes."

Interested! her mind shouted soundlessly. Couldn't you see that he was mine, all mine? Or used to be?

"It's nearly five," Dotty said, fretting happily. "I've got to get home. A baby keeps better time than an alarm clock."

We could be friends, Phyllis thought. I think I need her almost as much as the baby does. She's so straight and simple and unafraid, all that I am not. I could tell her about Scott. I could say I've loved him for three years and never once told him so. Instead I wrote him love poetry and tore it up.

I could say—Did you ever nearly lose John? No, of course not, because you never held back from a life, or tried to preserve yourself like a little figure-rider under glass. That's what Scott called me once, but not as a compliment. He didn't mean it as a compliment.

They were stopping in front of the house. Getting out of the car, she saw herself in the rear-view mirror. The lifted chin, the arched brows, the little-princess look. No, she could never ask for sympathy, no matter how chilly dark the world looked now. Let her pride keep her warm!

Mrs. Piper was in the front hall, her face delicately flushed. "We have a few little things for you, Dotty. Birthday remembrances. We thought it would be nice if you'd open them now before dinner, before people start dropping in."

"Why, how perfectly wonderful! I suppose John told you. Isn't he shameless? I'll just fly upstairs and peek at the baby—be right back!"

Mrs. Piper whispered to Phyllis as Dotty hurried upstairs, "I have the plates in the dining room. I tried to write a verse to go with them, the way John would. All I could think of was, 'These precious things for you and John will bless the board they sit upon.'"

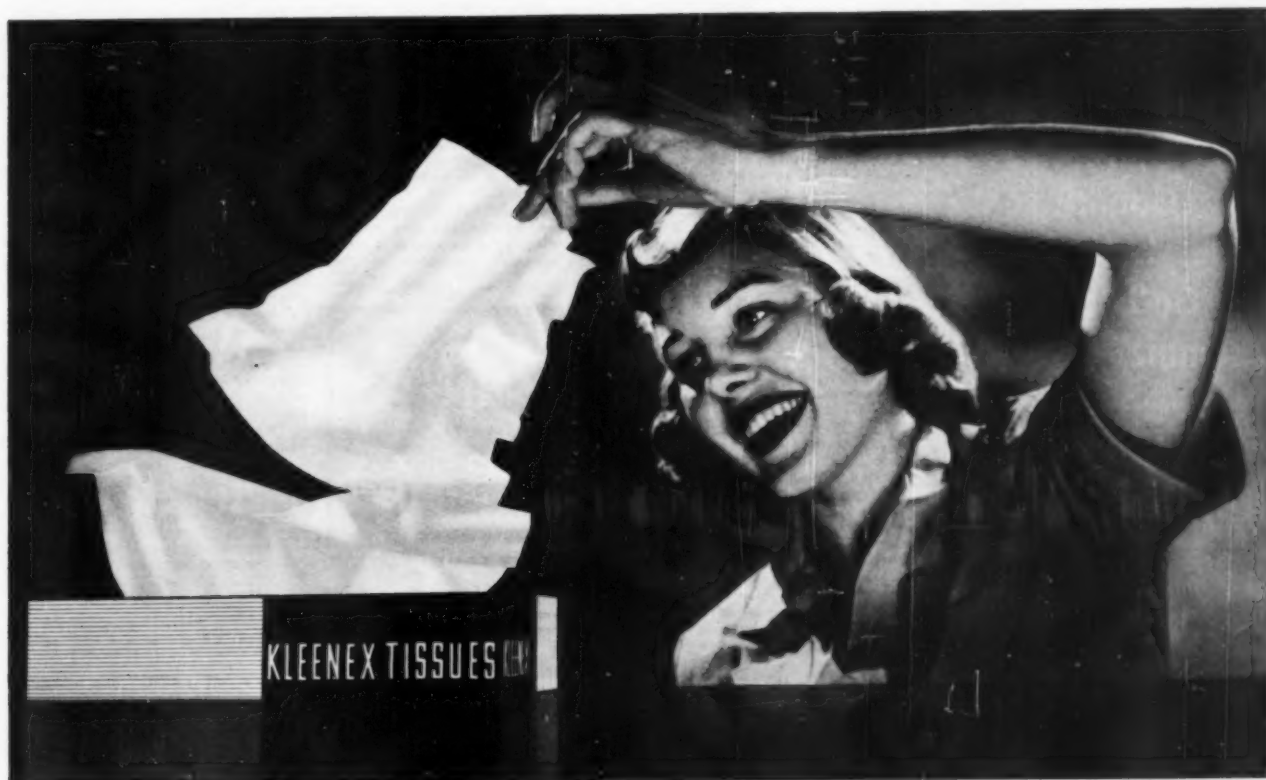
"Why, that's lovely," Phyllis said gently. "It sounds—it sounds religious."

"I don't know why a girl like Dotty, so—so noisy and outgoing, should make me feel that way. Of course,

(Continued on page 80)



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(Continued from page 78)

goodness needn't be mournful and sacrificial, need it? Although so many of my generation were brought up to think that way."

Phyllis realized abruptly: Mama likes her too—in spite of herself, in spite of Dotty's violating every rule of Mama's upbringing.

Mrs. Piper was well satisfied with Dotty's appreciation of the game plates. She wasn't content to look at two or three; she unwrapped and studied each one separately, with fresh exclamations of delight.

"Wait till I tell John—he'll be dazzled. Did I tell you he's going to call tonight from San Francisco? The old silly! Just to wish me a happy birthday. Look, this is the one I like best—what are they, pheasants? It gives me that elevator feeling in my stomach, so I know it's beautiful!"

It was Mrs. Piper who finally suggested she put away the plates. Dinner must be prompt tonight; people would be coming in soon after eight.

Obediently Dotty stacked the plates and set them on the sideboard. But she didn't wrap them again. She gathered all the wrappings into a careless heap and carried them out to the kitchen.

"You want me to stay up any longer?" Mamie asked, yawning beside the kitchen sink. "Everything's fixed and ready where you can get it."

Mrs. Piper shook her head. "You go on to bed—it's past ten. Mr. Piper has just refilled the punch bowl and I won't bring out the cake and sandwiches until later."

Dotty breezed into the kitchen. "Golly, am I impressed! I never heard so many people being brilliant on so many subjects at once. Can't I do something out here? You go in with the paying customers."

Mrs. Piper couldn't say that she realized Dotty felt out of things because she was so much younger than anyone else. Instead she said, "It's a bit early for refreshments. In half an hour or so—you may help me then. But have you met the Lamberts? They'd love to hear about California. They have a married niece in San Francisco."

She steered the girl into the living room toward the Lamberts. At least Phyllis was having a good time! Mrs. Piper couldn't remember when she had seen her so gay. She stood by the punch bowl sparkling with laughter at some witticism of old Mr. Van Dyke, who had courted three generations of the town's pretty girls.

Then Scott came over and put his hand on Phyllis' arm, and there was something in the gesture and in the look that Phyllis gave him that surprised Mrs. Piper. It wasn't simple friendliness; there was a curious naked look in the wordless exchange between them. Of course they were all fond of Scott, he was a darling; but she had never thought Phyllis had any romantic ideas about him. Yet something in Phyllis' expression at that moment flustered Mrs. Piper.

The next time she noticed Scott, he was sitting by himself on the window seat sorting over some phonograph records. Phyllis was perched on a footstool across the room, while several older people talked indulgently over her head. Dotty was missing again. Where was she? She must speak to Phyllis about Dotty.

Then she saw Dotty beckoning from the dining-room door. She didn't look shy or ill at ease; as a matter of fact, she looked pleased with herself.

"I have everything laid out on the dining-room table. It's been over half an hour. Don't you think people are getting hungry? I am!"

"Well, perhaps. It was sweet of you, dear, to go to the trouble. I'll just take a look."

She followed Dotty into the dining-room. The sandwiches were there, and the cake, and the candles had been lighted around the floral centerpiece. From the kitchen she could smell coffee on the stove.

Suddenly Mrs. Piper halted as though she had been frozen. In two neat stacks, each furnished with a pink paper napkin, were the game plates!

"Why, Dotty! I set out plates for the sandwiches. The flowered ones with the scalloped edges."

"I know. I put them back. I thought it would be so lovely to use these, so everybody could enjoy them."

"Enjoy them? But I don't think you understand how valuable they are!"

Her mind spun backward. Fifteen years ago—the time they'd had the

In a clear, abrupt voice Phyllis cried out, "Why shouldn't you have your way? The plates are yours now. I think—I think it's wonderful of you to want to share them with us!"

There was a tiny silence. Then Mrs. Piper said faintly, "If you and John are planning to use the plates often, I think I should warn you they will chip very easily."

"Oh, I'll be very careful—I won't let John wash them, ever. But I can hardly wait to get back and give a party and show them off to our friends! Heavens, I forgot the coffee." She dashed for the kitchen, her voice floating back cheerfully. "I mean—they deserve a party! It's a crime to put beautiful things like that on a top shelf to gather dust."

"Well," Mrs. Piper murmured, holding tight to a chair back. "Times change, people change." She looked down at her small veined hands. Her words were halting, almost embarrassed. "Sometimes it seems that it must be delightful to be so—so untrammelled as Dotty is. Not bound by old ways of thinking, old values. I expect she's had a great influence on John. Sometimes I think it might be a good thing for you to get away, Phyllis."

"What cups do you want me to use for the coffee? These with the water lilies on 'em be all right?"

"Why, yes. Just a minute, Dotty—I'll be out and help you."

The phone rang and Phyllis went into the study to answer it. But by the time the operator had said San Francisco was calling Mrs. John Piper, Dotty had streaked past her to the phone. Phyllis walked through the hall to the living room.

"Scott," she said unsteadily, "could I interrupt you? You're wanted on the telephone, long distance."

In the hall she faced him bravely. "The call is for Dotty. I just used it as an excuse to get you away from the party."

"That was unnecessarily elaborate. All you ever need to do is whistle."

"I wanted to show you something."

She held up her left hand. The pearl and ruby ring was on the third finger. He looked at it but he didn't speak of it.

"You know why I'm going away, Phyllis?"

"I suppose prospects for your work are better in a larger city."

"I'm going away because I'm through being cut to pieces by a girl who eludes me like a mirage every time I get close enough to touch her. Forgive my mixed metaphors." He picked up her hand and bent it into a little fist. "What is this—this ring business? A farewell gift—a pretty little memory to take away with me?"

She shook her head. "That wouldn't be much of a gift, would it? Something to put on a shelf to gather dust."

"What, then?"

"I want to go with you. Oh, Scott, can't you see this is a proposal?"

He stared at her for a moment before his arms went about her. "Well, that's different! That's very, very different. I accept your proposal. In fact, I heartily approve of it!"

Dimly, with Scott's mouth on hers, Phyllis heard Dotty's voice ring out happily from the study: "Your family's just been swell. I guess they like me all right—at least they haven't kicked me out yet. Wait till you see the presents I'm bringing home. I tell you, you'll think twice before divorcing me!"

But she would leave behind her something far more precious than any gift she could take away. Someday, Phyllis thought, I'll tell her, and I'll thank her for it.

THE END



**AUGUST'S BEST BUYS IN FOODS**

**VEGETABLES**

- Snap beans
- Lima beans
- Beets
- Carrots\*
- Corn
- Cucumbers
- Eggplant
- Lettuce
- Peas\*
- Pepper
- Summer squash
- Tomatoes\*

**FRUIT**

- Honeydew
- Honeydew
- Grapes
- Lemons
- Limes
- Peaches\*

\*canned and fresh

**Fruit**

- Watermelon

**DAIRY PRODUCTS**

- Milk
- Cream
- Cheese
- Cottage cheese
- Eggs

**FISH**

- Cod
- Flounder
- Bluefish
- Butterfish
- Mackerel
- Sea scallops

**MEAT**

- Frying chicken
- Bacon
- Duicy or picnic ham
- Cold cuts
- Variety meats

According to the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture and based on normal, seasonal availability

dinner party for the governor—that was the last time they were used. And before that, for Phyllis' christening party. And just before Grandmother Wilkes died, when they were still in her possession, they had been brought out for Grandma's and Grandpa's golden anniversary.

Mrs. Piper looked at the silly pink paper napkin on the top plate and closed her eyes. The only napkins that had ever touched those plates had been of real linen, each one big as a lunch cloth.

Phyllis appeared at the door. "Scott's going to put on some records. Oh, I see you have everything ready to serve. But why—"

Now Phyllis saw the plates too. She looked at her mother.

Dotty saw the look and burst out in bewilderment. "What's the matter? Have I done something wrong? Because, heavens, all you have to do is tell me! I guess everybody's got different ways of doing things."



...of course,  
it's electric!

## Rolls Out to Load..Rolls Back to Wash

**Exclusive Westinghouse Roll-Out WASHWELL\*  
holds more...does more...than any other Dishwasher**

Try it just once... this magnificent Westinghouse Dishwasher, that's in a class by itself.

Watch it swallow up great masses of dishes, glassware, pots, pans... everything. See how it washes and dries them sparkling clean, ready to put away, and all you do is turn a dial.

Notice how easy this Dishwasher is to load. Everything goes in from the top, yet the Dishwasher opens from the front so your work surface is always available. Give a second look at the easy no-stoop loading... how it takes care of your largest dishes... 11-inch plates, tall stemmed goblets, extra-sized platters. The new, exclusive Roll-Out WASHWELL is the secret of it all.

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for your finest china and crystal. Reaches inside cups and glasses, cleans every corner. Dishes are dried perfectly, too, in heated circulated air.

There are 3 different models... the 24-inch Cabinet Dishwasher that provides extra work space, the Under-Counter model that slips under any standard work surface, the Complete Electric Sink with the famous Westinghouse Waste-Away\* Food Waste Disposer. More good news, the installation cost for this grand Dishwasher may be up to 50% less than most other makes.

See your nearby Westinghouse retailer. Let him show you how this wonderful new Dishwasher can give you many hours of extra time, every week. The Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Electric Appliance Division, Mansfield, Ohio. ©Trade Mark



**UNDER-COUNTER MODEL** slips under the work surface in your present kitchen. Its low cost, easy installation make it ideal for new homes.



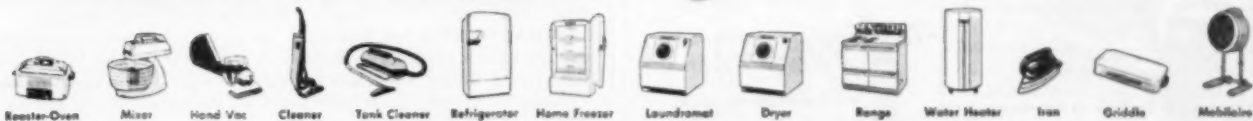
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# REWARD!

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## THE EASIEST WAY to wash and iron a dress

by Eleanor Cook

WASH DRESSES go everywhere these days, town or country, morning or afternoon, kitchen or office. They travel, they go to the beach and to the cocktail party. So here we show you how to keep them at their refreshing best. Here we brief you on the new laundry products on your grocer's shelves that make the job easier. The steps are few, the techniques simple.



To wash clean and keep colors bright, use lots of fresh suds and warm water (about 115F). Add a dash of the new head bluing to this wash water to keep white things white and brighten colors. For easy rinsing, use one of the all-purpose detergents that work so well in any water — hard or soft

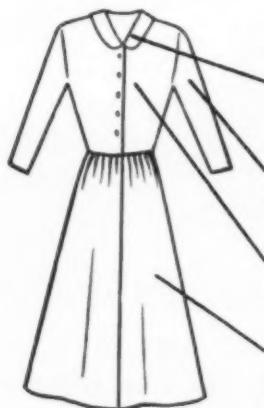


To make freshness last longer, use one of the new liquid or powdered starches which require no cooking—only water. They're easy to use and give cottons a light, crisp finish that's slow to wilt. Or try a plastic starch (follow the instructions carefully), which will last through several washings

PETER NYHOLM



To cut your ironing time in half, take care in the way you dry your dress. Shape it on a hanger, with seams and double sections pulled straight, and dry it in the shade. Or if you have a clothes dryer, by all means use it. It will fluff out most wrinkles, and you can remove the dress damp-dry for ironing



**To iron without rumpling**

- 1 First iron the collar and lapels. Do them inside first, then outside. Next do all ruffles and trimmings
- 2 Now iron the sleeves and shoulders. Let each section fall free as you finish. This way you won't crumple it
- 3 Now slip the dress over the end of the board and do the waist. Iron fabric wrong side out if it shows shine
- 4 Do the skirt last. This way the ironed parts hang free, you haven't rumpled them as you moved along

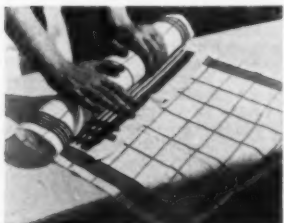
**Quick, easy way to iron shoulders and sleeves**



Padded "shoulder ham" slips over palm of your left hand, makes ironing difficult shoulder curves a cinch. You can buy one at any notions counter



Shoulder ham fits snugly into the dress shoulder, makes a firm ironing support. Hold it a bit above the board as you iron, letting sleeve hang free



Another help is a sleeve roll. You can buy one, or let your McCall's do double duty. Roll it up first in a terry towel, then in a dish towel



Slip this padded magazine roll inside sleeve and iron around it. It's fine for long or elbow-length sleeves, eliminates the unfashionable crease

*It's jam-making season  
all year 'round—thanks to*  
**THE NEW 15-MINUTE  
MIRACLE METHOD!**



**RECIPE:  
DOUBLE-QUICK STRAWBERRY JAM**

*Yield: about 5 six-ounce glasses*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 (12-ounce) boxes Birds Eye Sliced Strawberries | 4 tablespoons (1/4 box) Sure-Jell powdered fruit pectin. |
| 2 1/2 cups sugar                                 | (Mix contents of package thoroughly before measuring.)   |
| 1/2 cup water                                    |  |

Thaw strawberries as directed on package. Measure sugar and set aside. Combine strawberries, water, and Sure-Jell in a large saucepan. Place over high heat and stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. Add sugar at once. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir and skim by turns for 5 minutes to cool slightly, so fruit won't float. Ladle quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once.

**NOTE:** For more new miracle-quick recipes, write to Frances Barton, Dept. B3, General Foods Corp., 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

**Frozen Strawberries and Sure-Jell  
make wonderful Strawberry Jam  
in only 15 minutes!**



**SO EASY!**

Use frozen fruits or juices, or bottled juices—they're all prepared! Then Sure-Jell and the short-boil method work the miracle! Mix the ingredients, heat, and boil one minute. And you have homemade jam or jelly in 15 minutes—start to finish!



**SO THRIFTY!**

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**SO DELICIOUS!**

Sure-Jell won't let the rich flavor of your fruit boil away. It's the natural fruit pectin product that helps all fruits to jell just right! (Fresh fruits, too! Look for the recipes for fruits and berries in every Sure-Jell package.)

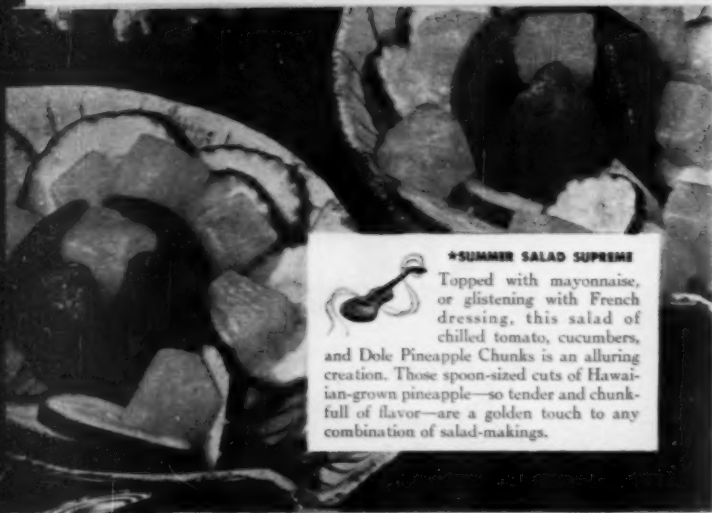


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Jams and Jellies  
can't be beat,  
can't be bought!**



Powdered fruit pectin for easy jelly making

Product of General Foods



**\*SUMMER SALAD SUPREME**

Topped with mayonnaise, or glistening with French dressing, this salad of chilled tomato, cucumbers, and Dole Pineapple Chunks is an alluring creation. Those spoon-sized cuts of Hawaiian-grown pineapple—so tender and chunk-full of flavor—are a golden touch to any combination of salad-makings.

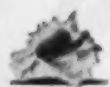
**DOLE** hits



**\*HAM LAYER LOAF**

Something new with canned luncheon meat—and good! Cut the meat clear through in 6 slices. Then pour Dole Crushed Pineapple between the slices and around the meat. Sprinkle with brown sugar and bake 30 minutes at 350°. Dole Crushed has extra richness because it's *crisp-cut* to keep that real Hawaiian taste.

*with a hint of Hawaii!*  
P. S. TRY DOLE FRUIT COCKTAIL



**\*REGAL RINGS**

You "bake" these regal rings in your refrigerator. Quick and easy, too, for you put a chocolate cookie spread generously with whipped cream between slices of Dole Pineapple. Into the refrigerator for a few hours and presto! a party dessert. Dole does it like nothing else, of course—for it's Hawaii's own, Hawaiian-grown!

★ By Patricia Collier, DOLE HOME ECONOMIST  
DOLE • 215 Market Street, San Francisco 6, California

**KEFAUVER AND WOMEN**

*Continued from page 29*

Furthermore, we did not want any scenes.

**J.G.:** Did the women witnesses contribute anything useful to the hearings?

**Kefauver:** Yes, for the most part by giving us leads as to their husbands' whereabouts. Some of these were very valuable.

**J.G.:** In Gary, Indiana, when racketeers gained control of the city and county politics and the men did nothing about it, a group of aroused women wrecked the machine, elected a new district attorney and closed up the gambling joints. Do you think women could achieve similar results in other cities?

**Kefauver:** Of course. That is just what I hope will happen.

**J.G.:** What else can the 11 million members of women's clubs in the United States do to combat crime?

**Kefauver:** Well, let's look at it this way. Obviously crime has a close connection with home influences. It ties in with education, housing, playgrounds, hot lurches for schoolchildren and much else in the woman's sphere. Show me a community with decent homes, decent facilities for recreation, good schools, and the chances are that it will not be producing many criminals. Slums, on the other hand, are inevitable breeding places for graft and crime. Children get distorted by poverty, lack of

**Kefauver:** Our vacations aren't as peaceful as they used to be. And I find I can't drop into a drugstore casually for a soda any more!

**J.G.:** Did you get any mash notes from women?

**Kefauver:** Some.

**J.G.:** Does all your fan mail get answered?

**Kefauver:** No Senator lets a personal letter go unanswered.

**J.G.:** Who answers most of it?

**Kefauver:** My wife answers some of the mail that goes to the house. A lot of it actually has been addressed to "Senator and Mrs. Kefauver." Also, quite a few friends and relatives have written from Scotland and France.

**J.G.:** What does your wife think of the mash notes?

**Kefauver:** She says she's delighted they think I'm so good!

**J.G.:** How did you pick Mr. Halley?

**Kefauver:** He was my personal selection. He had set up a fine record on the old Truman Committee, and I had known him for several years. I knew that he was a man who would give himself to the job with absolute devotion and who would work, work, work. Besides, he was noncontroversial. He was a kind of supertechician.

**J.G.:** Have you or your investigators been threatened in any way?

**Kefauver:** No.

**J.G.:** During the New York hearings when people saw you on television they commented on your remarkable composure, even under great provocation. Did you have to put this on? Were you actually boiling inside when you seemed so calm?

**Kefauver:** I'm not the sort of person that gets ruffled easily. Today was the lightning rod.

**J.G.:** Were Tobey's outbursts of moral indignation genuine and spontaneous?

**Kefauver:** Yes indeed!

**J.G.:** But how could you always have been so calm yourself?

**Kefauver:** I had to be calm. If I had allowed myself to become emotional I would have been too exhausted to keep going. We were under tremendous stress and pressure for month after month, you know. Often there were three sessions a day. We lived like a theatrical troupe—one-night stands. Then after a day's grueling work there was always the necessity, before going to bed, of working out the program for the next day. There were times when we were so worn out that it was like combat fatigue. I would just shut the phone off and try to get some sleep.

**J.G.:** How has all this affected your wife and children?

**Kefauver:** It's been hard for us to be together, of course. Nancy did leave the children and come up to New York when I was there. And by a stroke of luck our baby [10-month-old Gail] was born while I was in Washington. My wife says she timed it so it would come on a weekend instead of a weekday!

**J.G.:** How did your children like you on television?

**Kefauver:** I think they were bored. They prefer Howdy Doodly and Milton Berle.

**J.G.:** Do you think your witnesses would have given more if the hearings had not been televised?

**Kefauver:** I don't think the television factor made much difference. Witnesses were, on the whole, no more responsive in executive session than they were on television. There are always some witnesses who are slow to get started, no matter how you lead them, as well as some who will not talk, no matter what.

*(Continued on page 86)*

**Planning Your Dream House?**

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opportunity, bad housing and the like. The chief role of women in combating crime is to produce those good home influences which will lead a child to grow up to be a law-abiding citizen.

**J.G.:** Do you think women should be represented on a federal crime commission if we set one up?

**Kefauver:** Of course. If such a commission is set up it should have several women members.

**J.G.:** How did the investigation affect your own wife and children? You mentioned all the letters you have received. Were there many crank letters?

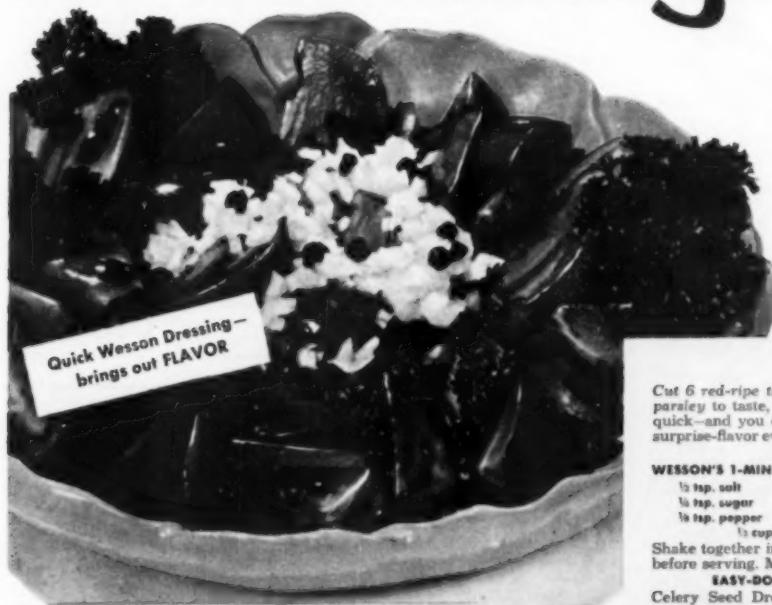
**Kefauver:** There were a few crank letters, of course. My wife was quite calm about it all. Friends would sometimes ask her if she wasn't frightened by the possibility of some sort of retaliation against me, but she never was. We took no special precautions.

**J.G.:** Was the amount of public response to your investigation a great surprise to your wife?

**Kefauver:** I guess we were all surprised.

**J.G.:** Has it hampered your personal life very much?

# For COOL Eating Chilled Wesson Salad and Stir-N-Roll Refrigerator Pie



These two summer-tempters prove you save time and beat the heat when Wesson Oil is your helper.

Folks cool off just looking at this lovely Wesson Salad. And your homemade Wesson Dressing takes only one small minute—gives a big, BIG sparkle to salad flavors. Reason: Wesson is so mild...Wesson is so delicate. It never adds strong oily flavor as some other oils do.

Fix a pie the sensational new way—STIR-N-ROLL. Easy does it! No cutting in shortening, no guessing about liquid. You measure Wesson and milk together. And you stir the dough, then roll between waxed paper.

Reach for Wesson Oil and start these happy summertime dishes now.

## MAN-WINNER TOMATO SALAD...

Cut 6 red-ripe tomatoes into wedges or slices. Top with 1 mild onion chopped, parsley to taste, and 2 tablespoons capers (optional). Your dressing is 1-minute quick—and you can vary it so easily. So even this simple tomato salad has new surprise-flavor every day.

### WESSON'S 1-MINUTE FRENCH DRESSING

1/2 tsp. salt      1/2 tsp. paprika  
1/4 tsp. sugar    2 tbsp. vinegar (or  
1/2 tsp. pepper    lemon juice)

1/2 cup Wesson Oil

Shake together in a covered jar. Shake before serving. Makes 1/2 cup dressing.

### EASY-DO VARIATIONS

Celery Seed Dressing: To 1/2 cup of

Wesson Dressing (left), add 2 tsp. sugar, 1/2 tsp. celery seed, and 1 tbsp. catsup. Rub 4 butter-type crackers with garlic and crumble into dressing. (For fruit or green salads, too.)

Chili Dressing: To 1/2 cup of Wesson Dressing, add 1/2 tsp. sugar, 2 tbsp. chili sauce. (For greens, meat or seafood salads.)

## Betty Crocker's Stir-N-Roll Refrigerator Pie

**NOTE:** Betty Crocker's recipe calls for Gold Medal Flour and Wesson Oil.

The pastry-success of the century—even for beginners! Wesson Oil helps make it tender—Wesson helps keep flavor delicate.

Make: 9-in. STIR-N-ROLL Pie Shell (recipe below)

Melt over hot water:

1/2 lb. marshmallows (about 32)

in: 1/2 cup milk

Cool thoroughly but do not allow to jell. Beat out lumps.

Fold in: 1 cup heavy cream, whipped

1 tsp. vanilla

1/4 tsp. salt

Prepare: 1 1/2 cups fruit (any well-drained fruit may be used... fresh, canned or frozen)

Arrange fruit and marshmallow-cream mixture in layers in baked pie shell. Chill in refrigerator at least 1 hour before serving. Remove from refrigerator 20 minutes before serving to take chill from crust.

### 9-IN. STIR-N-ROLL PIE SHELL

Preheat oven to 475°.

1. Mix together:

1 1/2 cups sifted Gold Medal Flour

1/2 tsp. salt

Pour into a measuring cup (but don't stir together):

1/2 cup Wesson Oil

3 tbsp. cold whole milk

Then pour all at once into flour.

2. Stir lightly until mixed. Round up dough. Flatten slightly.

3. Place between 2 sheets of waxed paper (12-in. square). Roll out gently until circle reaches edges of paper. (Waxed paper will not slip while rolling pastry if table top under paper is slightly damp.)

Peel off top paper. If dough cracks or breaks, mend without moistening by pressing edges together...or by pressing a scrap of pastry lightly over tear.

4. Lift paper and pastry by top corners; they will cling together. Place (paper side up) in 9-in. pie pan. Carefully peel off paper. Gently ease and fit pastry into pan. Build up fluted edge. Prick thoroughly with fork to prevent puffing. Bake 8 to 10 minutes (until golden brown) in very hot oven (475°).

\*If you use GOLD MEDAL Self-Rising Flour omit salt in pastry; bake at 425°.

\*\*Wesson Oil™ is a registered trademark of the Wesson Oil & Saeedrift Co., Inc. "Gold Medal" and "Betty Crocker" are reg. trademarks of General Mills, Inc.



SEE HOW EASY! EVEN BEGINNERS SUCCEED WITH STIR-N-ROLL



1. NO CUTTING IN SOLID SHORTENING! Four Wesson Oil and cold milk together in measuring cup without mixing. Pour oil at once into flour and stir lightly.



2. NO MESSY FLOURED BOARD! Place rounded dough between sheets of waxed paper. Gently roll out dough to edges of paper. Peel off top sheet.



3. DOUGH ISN'T STICKY! Easy to handle! Hold paper over pan. Dough clings until you gently loosen it into pan. Trim fluted edge, fold under and flute.

They're  
Wonderful for Outings  
They taste so good!



They're  
Wonderful with  
a long, tall drink  
They taste so good!

They're  
Wonderful for  
the boys in service  
They taste so good!

Roaster-Fresh—toasted and salted to crisp perfection—that's how PLANTERS PEANUTS come to you in their blue vacuum-sealed can. Outdoors—indoors—any time—anywhere—they taste so good! And if you can't get enough of them, think how they'll taste to the boys in service... a truly American treat of treats, straight from home. No wonder these big, selected Virginia peanuts are America's favorites.

They're  
Wonderful when  
ever you're hungry  
They taste so good!

These PLANTERS products are also made in Toronto and sold everywhere in Canada.



MR PEANUT



PLANTERS is the word for PEANUTS

(Continued from page 31)

**J.G.:** Do you think that television made "heroes" of people like Costello?

**Kefauver:** I don't think so. But we've had a lot of talk about this. On the whole I think most decent people had much less sympathy for the gangsters, once they saw them, than before. On the other hand, the whole issue of whether or not Congressional committees or other hearings should be televised deserves close study.

I noticed an article by Walter Lippmann the other day, in which he suggested that for the time being television should be barred from hearings. I myself saw to it that Mr. Lippmann's article was inserted in the *Congressional Record*.

**J.G.:** Would you say that televising the hearings was an error?

**Kefauver:** On the contrary, it was a tremendous asset, in that it really woke the nation up.

**J.G.:** Would you be in favor of legalized gambling?

**Kefauver:** Emphatically no. In any state where gambling is legalized, the gamblers will muscle in on the state machinery. A bunch of racketeers would become the dominant

pressure group, and the whole organization of government would be corrupted.

**J.G.:** Do you think that gambling can be controlled or prevented—or is it, as one of your witnesses said, a "biological necessity" to some people?

**Kefauver:** I don't think it is a biological necessity. People gamble because they think they can get away with it. Some people in all walks of life are eager to get unearned rewards—glad money.

**J.G.:** What do you think of Costello?

**Kefauver:** Costello is a right cunning fellow.

**J.G.:** Why do you think men and women stand for all the things you and the committee have shown to be going on?

**Kefauver:** I don't think the people will stand for it much longer. That is the principal lesson of our investigation. People are getting to be aroused. For instance, many women did not realize how deeply the cancer of gambling and organized crime had penetrated. Now they know, and I think they will do something about it. The basis for future legislation has been made.

THE END

## GOLDEN RECIPES

Continued from page 41

### PEACH FRITTERS

1 egg  
½ cup sifted all-purpose flour  
¼ teaspoon salt  
1 tablespoon sugar  
1 tablespoon butter or margarine  
½ cup milk  
Shortening (approximately 2 lb)  
½ cup almonds  
12 peach halves, fresh or canned

Beat the egg in a bowl until frothy, then sift flour, salt and sugar together. Add dry ingredients, melted butter or margarine and milk to egg. Mix until smooth.

Heat shortening in a deep skillet until fat thermometer reaches 375F or until an inch cube of bread browns in 1 minute. Skin peaches (or drain canned ones), cut almonds lengthwise and poke into peach halves. Dip peaches in egg mixture and fry until golden. Serves 6 magnificently with our smooth LEMON SAUCE:

1 tablespoon cornstarch  
½ cup sugar  
¼ teaspoon salt  
1 cup boiling water  
Juice and rind of 1 lemon  
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt in a saucepan. Stir in boiling water and cook gently until as thick and smooth as thin white sauce. Add lemon rind and juice, butter or margarine. Serve hot or cold.

### PEACH SHORTCAKE, McCALL'S

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour  
½ cup sugar  
4 teaspoons baking powder  
½ teaspoon salt  
Few grains nutmeg  
½ cup butter or margarine  
2 egg yolks  
½ cup milk  
12 peaches (fresh or canned) or 2 pkgs frozen  
1 cup whipping cream

Start your oven at 450F or hot and grease an 8" cake pan lightly.

Sift all dry ingredients together and work in butter or margarine until mixture has texture of corn meal.

Beat egg yolks slightly and stir into mixture. Add milk gradually and stir again. Smooth dough into pan and bake 12 minutes or until cake tester comes out dry when inserted in cake center. When cool, split lengthwise.

Peel, slice and sweeten peaches slightly (if frozen, thaw and drain; if canned, just drain). Pile between cake layers, cover top generously with more peaches and finish off with whipped cream. Serve to 6.

### PEACH CREAM, MELBA SAUCE

1 lb creamed cottage cheese  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 cup heavy cream  
4 peaches (fresh or canned) or 1 pkg frozen

Season cottage cheese with salt and beat until smooth. Add cream gradually, again beating until velvety smooth. Now spread a layer of cheesecloth over bottom of a sieve, pour in cheese mixture and let stand in your refrigerator overnight to drain.

Next day unroll and serve to 6 with sliced peaches and this MELBA SAUCE:

1 pkg frozen or 1 No. 2 can raspberries  
1 cup sugar  
½ cup water  
Pinch cream of tartar

If frozen berries are used, defrost. Push berries through a fine sieve until nothing but seeds are left. Cook sugar, water and cream of tartar over a low heat until sugar is dissolved. Stir constantly. Now boil fast (don't stir) until candy thermometer reaches 232F or until syrup forms a short thread when tested from tip of spoon. Stir into sieved raspberries and cool.

### PEACH ALASKA

1½ cups sugar  
12 peach halves, fresh or canned  
Juice of 1 lemon  
6 baked tart shells  
1 pt hard vanilla ice cream  
3 egg whites  
½ teaspoon salt

Bake up your tart shells first. Then dip fresh peach halves in lemon juice and sprinkle with 1 cup of sugar (canned peaches just need draining). Chill in refrigerator until a few minutes before dessert time. Beat egg whites and salt until stiff. Add remaining sugar gradually, beating until smooth and satiny.

Start your oven at 450F or hot. And now turn on the speed! Put tart shells on a wooden board (important since wood is a nonconductor of heat), place 2 peach halves in each shell, add a good scoop of ice cream and seal securely with a layer of meringue. Bake 4 to 5 minutes, then whisk to the table. As you can guess, this is an extra-special kind of dessert.

### PEACHES IN WINE

Let 6 large fresh peaches stand in boiling water until skins peel off smoothly. Puncture each with many little holes (use fork tines), dust with confectioners' sugar.

Cover, let stand in refrigerator for about 2 hours. Pour 1 cup chilled white wine or champagne over them, let steep a little longer. Before serving add another cup of cool wine. Serves 4 to 6.

THE END



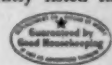
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Wives From Dishpan Drudgery!

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Dishes Electrically . . . Saves At Least  
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EVERY DAY over 1,000 more wives are being freed forever from housemaking's most tedious task—*washing dishes!* Yes, and for less than you may think, you can free *your* wife from dishpan drudgery too!

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- ● *Greatest of all home work savers, the Hotpoint Automatic Dishwasher costs only a few pennies a day to operate, yet saves your wife at least 7 hours' drudgery every week! It is available in under-counter model or in combination automatic sink. Both are reasonably priced. Easy terms, if you wish.*
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● ● The Hotpoint Automatic Sink ends dishwashing, ends garbage nuisance! For both the famous Hotpoint Dishwasher and Hotpoint Disposal! are combined in this most modern of all sinks. ● ● Note amazing new Wonderflo Faucet—one handle controls both temperature and flow of water!  
(Also available without Disposal!)



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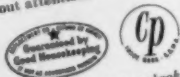
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Ultramatic

**Caloric** Gas Ranges  
*America's Easiest Ranges to Keep Clean*

## LEAVE IT TO A WOMAN

*Continued from page 47*

benefit of himself alone. "Next summer I think I'll take some lessons and lick this game of golf," he would say, really believing it at the time. When nothing happened, no one was surprised or particularly disappointed, least of all himself.

Except for this one failing Mr. Carter made a satisfactory showing as husband and father. He loved his wife Eleanor and adored his two sons. They in turn loved him. He provided them with a small house in suburban New York and every summer took them on an inexpensive trip by car. It may be said that the Carters were in a rut, but it was a pleasant one.

So it was that after their Christmas dinner the four of them, surrounded by wrapping paper, ribbon and presents, paused to examine a map of the United States in Don's new atlas. When Mr. Carter remarked, "Some summer we shall have to go out West," there was no immediate reaction, although Mrs. Carter, who commented automatically, "It would be nice," made a mental note that she had not heard this kind of idea advanced for some years.

However, as Don and Mike (aged twelve and ten, respectively) continued to stare at the western states, they became increasingly impressed with the idea. The world, Europe and Switzerland were one thing, but the land of Hopalong Cassidy was quite another.

"Whereabouts?" asked Mike, who was wiry, adventurous and quite ready to forget about New Hampshire, which had been decided upon for next summer's trip.

"Oh, Wyoming, Montana. Somewhere around there," said Mr. Carter casually, moving a stubby finger over the general area.

A chorus of questions followed. "Where would we stay?" "What would we do?" "Could we ride horseback?" "Could we fish?" "Would we see real cowboys?" "Are there any grizzly bears in Wyoming?"

Mr. Carter had been to Wyoming thirty years ago and he thought hard, trying to remember just what it was like.

"We would stay at a ranch," he began. "Each one of us would have his own horse . . ."

"Mother too?"

"Yes, Mother too."

Mrs. Carter smiled gratefully at her husband.

"We would ride over mountain trails," he continued, "stopping off at rivers and lakes to catch the biggest rainbows you ever saw. And the cowboys out there—boy, they can really ride!"

Mr. Carter was enjoying himself. He strayed farther and farther away from his boyhood trip, which he couldn't remember anyway, and started to draw on his knowledge of travel folders, western stories and hearsay. The more his audience gasped, the more enthusiastically he warmed up to his subject.

"When can we go?" spluttered Don. "Someday," replied Mr. Carter, and down came the house of cards.

"Um-hum! Someday!" snorted Don, leaving the group. "Just the way we went to Europe," he added mockingly under his breath, although he had never had the slightest desire to go.

But Mr. Carter heard—and so did Mrs. Carter and Mike. All thought the same thing: They would never go out West. Never, Never, Never.

*(Continued on page 91)*

# TRY

By SHIRLEY GLEASON

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...for removing stains from polished wood surfaces



To remove heat, water, alcohol or cigarette marks from varnished or lacquered furniture while they are still fresh, if they have not gone too deep . . .

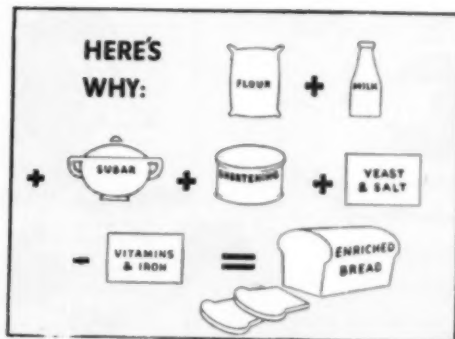
... Carefully rub silver polish on the marks. It is important to work with the grain of the wood, not across it. The marks will disappear if not too severe



... Then as a finishing touch rub on a good furniture wax (in the same color as the wood if possible). Apply in several thin coats, polishing each time



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They make enriched bread a splendid source of the energy children need to keep going; the nutrition they need to keep growing.

So—pass the ammunition, mother, at breakfast, lunch and dinner! Bring out nourishing bread and jelly when cowboys get hungry between-meals!

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trousseau. Have a banner of brightness on the bed.

Have the gayest, lushest blankets, sheets  
and towels ever a girl enjoyed. And pamper your  
purse, too, because everything Fieldcrest  
makes is loomed to last as well as look pretty.



"Horizon" spread, above, in pink, gray, sky blue, turquoise,  
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left, in red with black, blue with red, brown with yellow and  
brown with green. Matching draperies available.

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(Continued from page 33)

From then on it seemed that the vivid description of Wyoming had left a mark which could not be erased. Whenever Mr. Carter cautiously brought up the subject of New Hampshire, the boys acted as though they were doing him a favor by consenting to go there.

The final assault came from the most unexpected quarter. Eleanor Carter had been the perfect partner for Frank throughout their marriage. Tall, neat and dark, she was just as patient and just as easygoing as her husband. From the moment she had said, "I do," she had been perfectly content to drift in Mr. Carter's modest wake. Whether it was her desire to have the children happy—their eagerness to go out West was only too apparent—or whether it was a resurgence of some childhood wish is hard to tell. Anyway she decided quite suddenly that she wanted to go too. How such a trip could be financed was, of course, the sixty-four-dollar question.

Mrs. Carter spent hours going over the same ground; they couldn't do it on Frank's salary; they had nothing to sell; and they didn't have the money in the bank. So it had to be something unusual.

She had the idea as she was dropping off to sleep one night. It was so simple she gasped. She was on the verge of waking up her husband but thought better of it. After all, he might reject the idea. She would have to pick the time for telling him very carefully—or, if she could get him to trust her, she'd wait to tell him after they had returned. Anyway she had to make certain inquiries herself before she could be sure that it would work.

IN THE short space of two days Mrs. Carter put her plan into action. Mr. Carter became the sole remaining obstacle in the middle of the road west. "Frank, dear," said Mrs. Carter one evening when he seemed more mellow than usual, "about the possibility of going on a trip out West. There is a way we could manage it." She stopped, her heart beating wildly.

Mr. Carter frowned slightly and made some familiar calculations. Short of grand larceny it was obviously impossible. He looked more carefully at his wife to make sure that she was serious. She seemed nervous.

"What is it, Eleanor?" "Well, I know it sounds strange, but I would rather not explain until after we return, dear. You see, it's all quite definite. We can go if you are willing. I have made arrangements to pay for the trip."

"But how? That's what I want to know."

"If you would just trust me, Frank, and wait. Please say yes."

"You feel all right, dear? I mean there's nothing dishonest or wrong about this scheme of yours?"

"Why, Frank, how could you suggest such a thing? I . . ."

"This is absurd. We are behaving like children, Eleanor. I'm not going on any trip unless I know exactly how it's going to be financed."

"All right, I'll tell you. I have a thousand dollars in a savings account I never told you about. I wanted to use it for one of the trips we always talk about and never take. Please don't be angry." Mrs. Carter dabbed it her nose with a small handkerchief. The words she had just spoken assuaged her almost as much as they did her husband. There was not one iota of truth in them.

Frank Carter was silent for a moment. Then he came over to her chair. "My dear, you're grand," he said, putting his hand on her hair. "I'm not one bit angry. If that's the way you

want to spend the money, we will go to a ranch this summer. I only wish that I . . . that I could do more for you all."

Reservations were duly made at a certain Big Bar Ranch not far from Rock Springs, Wyoming.

HOWEVER, with the approach of the summer months Mr. Carter's December feelings of exuberance over life on a ranch gradually disappeared. In fact, after a day in May when he visited a gymnasium they had changed to definite feelings of apprehension. Not wishing to attract attention, he had climbed aboard a mechanical horse and set it in motion without first exploring the intricacies of the controls. The ensuing activity was so violent that he was thrown completely off balance. Fumbling with the lever when it occasionally came within his grasp, he only succeeded in changing the motion of the headless animal which had him in its clutches. He was considering trying to dismount in mid-gallop when the gym attendant noticed his plight and stopped the machine. He returned to the locker room, trembling violently. Standing dejectedly in the shower he reflected that at Big Bar the horses would have no controls.

Mr. Carter's first real mistake was deciding, during a momentary burst of enthusiasm, to drive to Wyoming. The car was not a large one and held the four of them, plus hand luggage, with no room to spare. Consequently when imaginary horses and real lariats began making their appearance inside the car on the second day, the driver's attention tended to wander from the road.

"Oh, Frank, do be careful," Mrs. Carter said over and over again with what she considered great restraint.

"I am being careful!" yelled Mr. Carter on the third day, wondering why it should take a trip to Wyoming to turn his wife into a back-seat driver. Such exchanges were the signal for unrepressed giggles from the two young cowboys.

So, the children having "seen" the United States between New York and Wyoming, the Carters pulled into Rock Springs to find the temperature ninety degrees and the family trunk not there—at least, not at the station.

"I shall have to telephone the ranch," announced Mr. Carter, trying to coax his legs into the position necessary for walking.

He staggered to the nearest telephone. No, the trunk wasn't there but it was all right, said a confident voice at the other end; the ranch truck would pick it up as soon as it arrived. Why didn't they buy a few clothes while they were in town, then drive on up—they would be in time for supper. How did one get to Big Bar? Well . . .

Ten minutes later Mr. Carter hung up and considered the chances were about fifty-fifty that he might be able to find the way.

He returned to the car and looked at his wife. "Clothes, dear; the man suggests we buy clothes. Can we . . . do you think?"

"Yes, Frank, we can," said Mrs. Carter.

Frank Carter had become very sensitive over the fact that his wife was paying for the trip. It detracted from his own enjoyment and led to violent fits of temper one moment and spells of deep humility the next.

They bought some clothes and started off again.

At the first sign which read "Big Bar Ranch" Mr. Carter sighed audibly. His spirits rose in spite of having to reduce speed to about ten miles per hour. The road was very bad. In fact it was not really a road at all. It was

(Continued on page 92)

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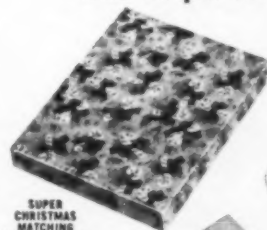
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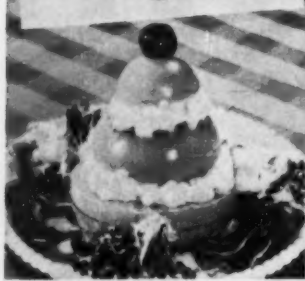
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## Fruit Cottage Cheese Stacks



### A favorite recipe from "Mealtime Adventures"

Arrange a pineapple slice on curly endive and circle it with wedges of pineapple. Spoon Meadow Gold Cottage Cheese on the pineapple slice generously, and top with a peach half. Add another spoonful of cottage cheese plus an apricot half. Topper for this "stack" is a red maraschino cherry.

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(Continued from page 91)

a worn area where cars had driven before because it was the only place where cars could drive.

"We must be nearly there," shouted the Carters, resplendent in their new outfits, looking more ready for a fancy-dress ball than three weeks of ranch life. They had come to a gate. But one hour and five gates later there was still no Big Bar and the car boiled over.

"Confound it!" thundered Mr. Carter.

Not a bit dismayed the boys piled out, giving Mrs. Carter, who was beginning to lose some of her confidence, the opportunity to whisper to her husband. "But, Frank, it's so isolated. Supposing . . ."

Hurried and feeling his choice of ranches about to be criticized, Mr. Carter rallied to the defense of Big Bar. "What do you expect, Eleanor, a ranch on the main road?" he said testily.

Restoring temporary order and taking Mike with him, he started up the hill in the middle of which their car sat. Over the brow, nestling among trees, were some log cabins. Off to one side in a clearing were corrals, horses and, praise be, a man. Summoning all his strength, Mr. Carter cupped his hand to his mouth. "Big . . . Bar?" he yelled hoarsely, hopefully.

"Sure is," floated back. "Mike, go and get some water for the car," panted Mr. Carter triumphantly, and without further ado lay down where he was.

"You Mr. Frank Carter?" The inquiry made him jump. A moment ago there had been no one near by. He gazed upward and saw a middle-aged man in a cowboy outfit, hand on belt.

"I'm Jackson. I'll be helping you while you're here."

"Good! Excellent!" said Mr. Carter, and closed his eyes, remaining flat on his back.

THE Carters quickly became part of life at Big Bar, which was used to catering to dudes of all shapes, ages, sizes and athletic ability. They lived in two cabins, Mr. and Mrs. Carter in one, the boys in the other. They were summoned to meals by the melodious tinkling of a cowbell. Mr. Carter began to dread this sound. "Meals served family style," the prospectus had said. This sounded chummy, and indeed it was. The Carters and their fellows three times a day lined up elbow to elbow on either side of a long table and ate from tin plates with a cheerful clatter. But it was the backless benches which were literally the seat of Mr. Carter's dread. Their lack of a back made him acutely conscious of the existence of his own, which he found impossible to maneuver into a position of comfort. Alternately he adopted two postures: bolt upright and the complete slump. This system caused him to change abruptly the plate-to-mouth distance from nine inches to two feet and vice versa. Conversation with Mr. Carter at meal times was as a result cut to a minimum, since his preference for the slump made him unavailable most of the time. Often Mrs. Carter, covered with embarrassment, tried to place him at the end of the table in a vain attempt to keep the spectacle of his eating habits within the family circle. This proved pointless, as the boys began to copy their father, making a hilarious game out of the whole thing and attracting more attention than ever.

Otherwise they had no serious trouble. Jackson waited on them hand and foot and followed Mr. Carter everywhere. His enthusiasm far exceeded

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his efficiency and he seemed to be something of a joke with the other cowhands. "I don't give a darn," said Mr. Carter after Jackson had lost the trail on the way back from a fishing expedition, "I think he's swell." The other three Carters thought so too and none of them considered it strange that they should be the only dudes with their own personal cowboy. Don and Mike were as lively as the gophers they chased. Eleanor Carter rested and enjoyed the peculiar isolation of being the only female in the family—that is, when she was able to detach her thoughts from the burdensome secret she carried with her.

About all that can be said of Mr. Carter is that he gritted his teeth and carried on—with the help of Buster. Buster was reputed to be the oldest, fattest horse at Big Bar. He carried his latest rider with stately dignity, never varying his pace from a plodding walk. This consideration on Buster's part won the unreserved friendship of Mr. Carter, who would slap him jocularly on the neck in greeting and whisper confidences into his long brown ears. He even began to suffer under the illusion that he was a competent horse-man, when all the time it was what Buster did—or, rather, didn't do—that made them "such a good team," as Mr. Carter put it. Jackson always endorsed this remark with a "You said it!" In fact, he seldom missed an opportunity to compliment his special charge on the manner in which he adjusted to ranch life. Mr. Carter had a sneaking suspicion that much of it was blarney, but he liked it just the same.

ONE evening after they had been at Big Bar for a week, the whole family were chatting on the porch of Mr. and Mrs. Carter's cabin.

"Gee, look!" said Don suddenly. Following his gaze they saw a small cloud of dust from beyond the corrals. Soon they could distinguish a line of horses walking slowly. Five carried riders; the other three, large bundles. "It's the pack trip coming back," Mike said excitedly, jumping up.

Big Bar sent out a single pack trip at a time under the guidance of one of their best men, assisted by one of the other cowboys taken on for the summer. The boys often had referred to those trips before, limiting their discussion for the most part to a simple question, which they now promptly repeated.

"Can't we go on a pack trip?" they pleaded.

Mr. Carter's interpretation of this question was briefly this: "Would you like to ride Buster every day, all day, for seven days in a row and sleep on the ground at night?" The answer was obviously "No," and Mr. Carter had said so emphatically several times. Jackson had not helped the situation by continually urging him on. It was only yesterday that he had remarked right in front of Don and Mike, "Mr. Carter, you just gotta go on one of them trips." Now, blast it, he thought, here was an actual pack train coming in to get the kids excited again.

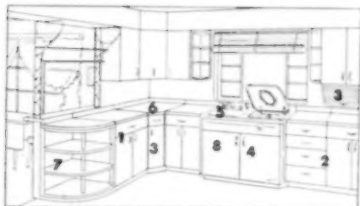
The boys rushed off to watch the arrival and Mr. Carter prepared himself for the coming struggle. They might lure him out West, but by heaven they wouldn't drag him all over the Rocky Mountains for days on end. It wasn't as if he were curbing their fun—couldn't Big Bar supply everything which a pack trip could? Mr. Carter very soon found out.

First of all, Don: "Guess what, Dad, they saw a grizzly bear way up on the side of a mountain, and the fish they caught! They were much bigger than any we got down here."

(Continued on page 98)

# CHECK YOUR KITCHEN

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Mild, pure, made specially to agree with delicate skin—Johnson's Baby Oil helps prevent irritations, soothe and smooth baby's skin after bath and at diaper changes.

## JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Silky-soft, with a fresh, delicate scent—Johnson's Baby Powder is such a pleasant way to chase away prickles and chafe, keep baby comfy and contented.

Johnson & Johnson

## Does your child

LISP  
STUTTER  
MUMBLE  
SLUR?

by Alice Lake

**T**HE ADOLESCENT stutterer confesses: "When I asked the girl for a dance I had a hard time getting the words out. She just looked at me and said, 'Listen, I don't want to dance *that* badly.'"

The lisping eight-year-old comes crying home to mother: "The big boys make me say funny words and then they laugh at me. Why don't I talk right?"

These are heartbreaking experiences. They will become no less heartbreaking as the stutterer grows up and seeks a career as a lawyer, as the lisper tries for a salesman's or newspaperman's job.

Today the speech-defective child is the most numerous among the handicapped. Two or three youngsters in every average class of 40 are the butt of jokes and suffer scholastically and socially because they talk "different." One child in every hundred stutters, and there will be at least three stuttering boys for every girl.

The speech-defective child is apt to be retarded one year at school. One study of 50 stutterers revealed that all but five were superior mentally, yet not one was on the honor roll. The child who attempts to spell *roll* and pronounces it *woll* is likely to get pretty tangled up.

In three cases out of four the cause is emotional rather than organic. But the first step in finding the cause is a medical check. About one child in ten with speech trouble is hard of hearing, often produces such distortions as *shee* for *see*. Feeble-minded children speak late and incorrectly, but any child who isn't speaking at three, who seems normal in motor skills, is likely suffering from an emotional block, not mental deficiency.

Infected tonsils and adenoids cause nasal speech, should be removed when your physician advises it, before mouth-breathing has become a speech-narrowing habit. Teeth that don't meet properly, or an undershot jaw, is a partial factor in over 70 per cent of lisping cases. Consult an orthodontist. He can help correct the trouble.

If a physical examination fails to reveal an organic basis for a child's lisp or stutter, or potato-mouth clutter, chances are that the cause is emotional. We speak as our personalities dictate.

Take Johnny, an eight-year-old, straining to please three perfectionist adults—his brilliant father, his high-strung mother, and a 25-year-old brother he admires intensely. Johnny learns that smiles at home result from high marks at school, athletic honors, competitive successes. Overtaxed, Johnny becomes a stutterer.

Susie, a high-school freshman, still talks like a baby. Susie is the youngest child and only girl in a family of eight. Her big brothers adore her. She is escorted to school, pampered, babied. That's all perfectly delightful for a three-year-old, and that's exactly how old Susie sounds when she talks.

Helen, who is six, rarely speaks, and when she does, it's with slurring of end syllables, sound omissions and substitutions. Helen is the middle child of a large family. Her father works long and hard to keep the older boys in school. Her mother is busy with the baby and the toddler sister. No one has time for Helen, and her rejection is reflected in her speech.

These are typical of young speech cripples with—(Continued on page 96)



"I'm the man who knows—

# Kool-Aid

is your best  
beverage buy!"



YOU CAN'T buy or make a more delicious beverage at less cost than Kool-Aid . . . a 5¢ package makes 2 quarts. A pitcher full of Kool-Aid in your ice box is practically "push button" refreshment. Made in a jiffy . . . just dissolve a package of Kool-Aid in a 2-quart pitcher of water and sweeten to taste. That's all! No fuss or bother for you. Always fully blended and mellow. Always chilled and ready for instant serving. Handy for your children. A year 'round favorite. Your choice of six delicious flavors. Make a pitcher full at a time. Once you drink Kool-Aid, it will be your thrifty beverage standby.

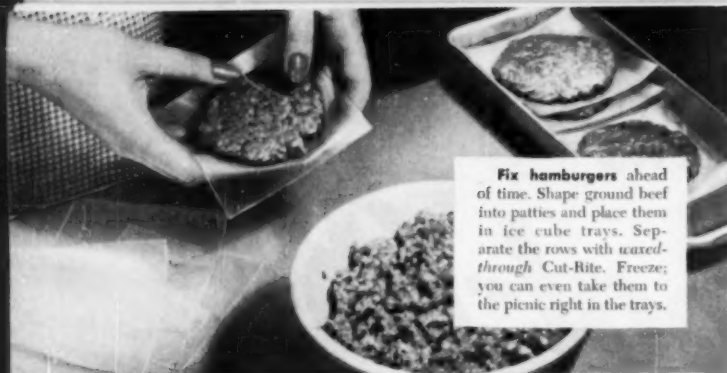


5¢

AT GROCERS

Makes  
Frozen Desserts  
8 SERVINGS





Fix hamburgers ahead of time. Shape ground beef into patties and place them in ice cube trays. Separate the rows with waxed-through Cut-Rite. Freeze; you can even take them to the picnic right in the trays.

DIONE LUCAS GIVES YOU SOME

## Quick Tricks for Picnics



... famous cooking authority



● Wrap moist foods, like deviled eggs or pickles, in Cut-Rite—it's extra-heavy to keep them from leaking through. Cut-Rite doesn't go to pieces when wet—is so marvelously pliable, it folds or twists without splitting.



● Make separate little packets for salt and pepper. All you do is tear off a piece of waxed-through Cut-Rite, pour on the salt or pepper and then fold it in half. Now seal the edges with a warm iron.



● Cut-Rite's famous cutting edge always tears easily—there's never any waste to it. A Scott Paper Product.

Every day—more women choose it—love to use it!

CUT-RITE™ REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## DOES YOUR CHILD LISPE? *Continued from page 94*

out organic defect. Common sense in the home could have prevented their disability. Sound mental hygiene and speech correction in school can cure it. When speech classes are not available at school, family doctors, mental-hygiene centers or speech clinics, held in some states under university auspices, should be consulted.

Mrs. G. had no idea why ten-year-old Bill stuttered, until the speech teacher asked her to describe Bill's activities: Up at six to deliver papers; five hours of school; one hour of violin practice; one hour of religious instruction; homework; plus a tense, jumpy father. If Bill was a few minutes late for dinner, he was not allowed to sit down at the table. Bill's ten-hour schedule and the tensions with his father have been eased now. He plays ball better than the violin. He smiles more, and his stutter is gone.

Janie's mother brought her to the speech clinic, announcing belligerently that her name was *Mithuth Thmuth* and that a lisp had secured her a husband. She had to be convinced that a lisp would not secure Janie a job, but that allowing Janie to walk to school alone, to choose her own clothes, to grow up, to feel she could do anything successfully on her own, might help. Janie was assigned the special job of watering the class geranium, was complimented publicly when the flower flourished. School responsibilities,

which Janie could fill successfully, were gradually added. These and practical speech drills cured Janie.

If a child is not helped during early school years, he is not likely to outgrow either his speech difficulties or his emotional problems. But what chance, under present school conditions, has he for help? In a large city, he has a little less than a 50-50 chance. In a small rural community he has almost no chance at all. Only 13 states have legislation providing specific programs for such children. Eleven are doing some speech work, but piecemeal. The other 19—nothing.

With excellent legislation on the books, California admits that half of its school children who need speech correction are not receiving it. New York City has only 100 teachers to reach 503 out of the city's 637 elementary and junior high schools.

Although 100 children per teacher is believed to be an adequate case load, each speech teacher in California sees almost 300, and each teacher in New York City has a case load of almost 400.

The cost of a school program in speech rehabilitation is estimated at \$20 a year per child aided. This is a pittance compared with the \$650 spent on a deaf child, the \$350 for a crippled child.

We send our children to school to learn to read and write. Why not teach them to speak?

### WHAT CAN YOU DO from infancy to help him talk right?

**DO** set your child an example of simple, relaxed speech. Speech starts as imitation. Make it an inflexible rule—no baby talk.

**DON'T** anticipate your toddler's every wish—make him ask. Twins often talk jabberwocky, switch to English only when you refuse to understand.


**DO** give your baby plenty of chance to suck and chew, to strengthen muscles for speaking. Let him nurse to his content at each breast feeding, or keep the nipple holes in his bottle small enough so that it takes him some twenty minutes to empty it.

**DON'T** arrest, interrupt or hurry him in his talk. Make talking fun by listening. If he hesitates or stutters, ignore it, without suggesting he "start over again," or supplying the word he seeks.

**DO** let him use his right or left hand as he chooses. Disturbing this natural choice is in some cases believed to be the cause of stuttering.

**DO** let him climb and run. The 78 face and tongue muscles speech uses cannot coordinate if the larger muscles have never had a chance.

**DON'T** expect adult table manners nor adult cleanliness from him. Don't build up rivalries with brothers and sisters by comparing abilities. Don't force him to show off. Let him be himself, what he is, and not what you, in your ambitions for him, wish he were.



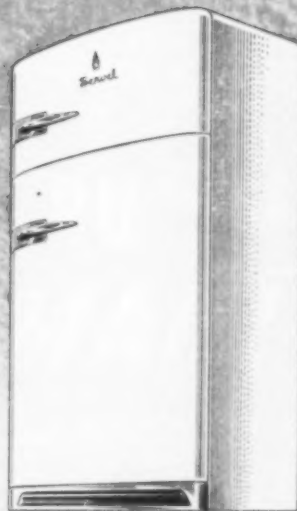
*This is the beauty of  
the new Servel Gas refrigerator:  
not a single moving part in  
the freezing system to make a sound, to  
break down or to wear out!*

Come see it—you can't hear it! Above all, learn about Servel's exclusive Ten-Year Warranty on its marvelous, motorless freezing system. Then, choose the Servel Gas refrigerator that's just right for your needs from 8 sparkling models—all *new* inside and out! At your appliance dealer's or Gas Company—now!

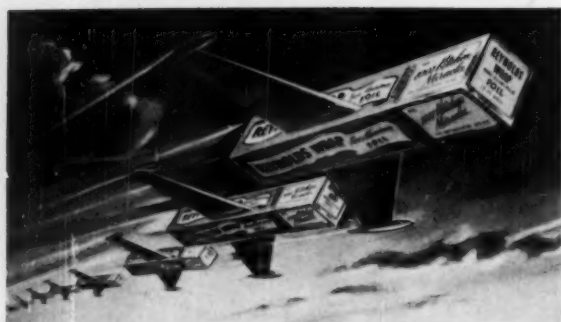
*Gas has got it*



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cooking  
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AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION



## Return Flight Guaranteed!

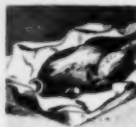
Government orders now restrict the manufacture of Reynolds Wrap and all household foil. Military needs demand aluminum foil to protect rations, drugs, delicate instruments. The day will come, however, when Reynolds Wrap

will wing its way back. Back to your favorite store. Back to your home. Aluminum production is being rapidly expanded to bring you, as quickly as possible, all the Reynolds Wrap you want.



**REYNOLDS WRAP** the pure aluminum foil

Remember these food-time-savers



Roasting meat in foil to save shrinkage.



Wrapping leftovers to conserve food.



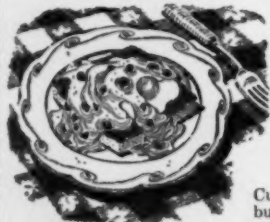
Lining broiler pans to save scouring.

# RIPE OLIVES

FROM CALIFORNIA

## Elegant in Egg Dishes

### EGGS FRANCISCO



**ELEGANT!** To make more dishes more delicious with ripe olives, write for your free booklet of Elegant Ripe Olive Recipes: Olive Advisory Board, Dept. F-8, 16 Beale St., San Francisco 5, Calif.

- |                                     |                              |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| ½ cup ripe olives                   | ½ cup grated American cheese |
| 1 ½ tablespoons butter or margarine | 4 slices hot toast           |
| 1 ½ tablespoons flour               | 1 (3-ounce) can deviled ham  |
| ¼ teaspoon salt                     | 4 poached eggs               |
| ¾ cup milk                          |                              |

Cut olives from pits into large pieces. Melt butter and blend in flour and salt. Add milk and cook and stir until thickened. Blend in cheese and olives, stirring over low heat until cheese is melted. Spread toast with ham, top each slice with an egg, and cover with cheese sauce. Serve at once. Serves 4.

(CUT OUT AND PASTE ON CARD FOR YOUR RECIPE FILE)

**Elegant**... the bowl of gleaming ripe olives... the accent of ripe olives on your appetizer tray... the subtle flavor of ripe olives in your cooking. Your own ingenuity will suggest a variety of ways to take advantage of the versatility and elegance of ripe olives. So you will always have them handy, make a permanent place in your cupboard for... Ripe Olives from California.



(Continued from page 92)

Then Mike: "Just imagine sleeping in real tents and cooking over a camp fire! Dad?"

"Yes, Mike."

"Why can't we go?"

"Because it costs too much," said Mr. Carter.

There was silence, and his son's look of utter desolation hurt him. It was the unanswerable objection and Mike knew it. Mr. Carter knew it too, and felt uncomfortable, for his reply had not been altogether honest. True, it was expensive, but not that much more on top of the rest of the trip. Besides, Eleanor was determined to get the most out of her thousand dollars, and her idea of the "most" might well include a pack trip. The real reason for his refusal had been his own dislike of the idea. He couldn't let the matter rest there.

"Well it isn't so much that..." he said, floundering around in his attempt to discover a more graceful exit. "It's... That is... Well, your father's getting pretty old for trips like that. Why don't the three of you go off on your own?" That was it—he wouldn't go! He was pleased with this compromise, yet startled to think that he had suggested the family undertake something without him.

Mrs. Carter squeaked nervously, "Oh, Frank, I couldn't go alone, without you. Anyway, it sounds more like a man's trip to me," she said, becom-

"Oh boy! Oh boy! Oh boy!" said Mike, and leaped into his father's lap, flinging his arms around his neck.

"There's just one thing," said Mr. Carter. Everyone was still. Mrs. Carter prayed for a reprieve; Don and Mike held their breath, fearing that this one thing was about to rob them of their trip. "I will not go on any other horse but Buster," concluded Mr. Carter.

Mrs. Carter paled, while the boys hooted with delight. Buster's prowess on pack trips was legendary.

The day on which the Carter pack trip left Big Bar was a beautiful one. With the sun warming his back, Mr. Carter viewed the towering mountains toward which they were heading with pleasurable excitement. After all, he reasoned, he had survived so far. He had dependable allies in Buster and the indispensable Jackson; those wonderful boys of his had really wanted him to come; if Eleanor could make it he could; they wouldn't be riding all day long; they would get some really good fishing; and even if they did have to sleep on the ground there would be no backless benches. Every time this thought crossed his mind Mr. Carter put his head back and shouted, "Yippee-ee," which was the signal for whoops from Don and Mike.

Eleanor Carter, swept along on this tide of masculine bravado smiled from atop her charger. It was an all-inclusive mother-hen smile, but inwardly she was trying to conserve her strength for the days ahead. She was still dazed to find herself swaying purposefully away from Big Bar and into the wilderness. As for Frank, she was quite certain he would not last the trip, and neither would she, for that matter. They would probably have to be flown out by helicopter. All she could do was place her trust in the weather-beaten man, Toby—Big Bar's best—who rode at a respectful distance with Jackson and kept a watchful eye on the pack horses.

After four days they were well up into the mountains and Mr. Carter was down in the dumps. He noticed his wife was regaining some self-assurance on finding herself still alive and not too uncomfortable. His sons seemed to have been born in the saddle, whereas he, Frank Carter, realized painfully that this would definitely be his last pack trip. There was no disputing the fact that the scenery was inspiring; the fishing was undeniably better than it had been back at base; they were having fun—of a sort—as a family; and Buster had been as stolid as he expected. True, also, there were no backless benches. But frankly he was saddle-sore and saddle-weary; his joints ached till he wanted to scream. Never again since the first day had he shouted, "Yippee." Why is it, wondered Mr. Carter, that one's children believe so firmly in the athletic status quo. They expect me to breeze through this as though I were still on the football squad at college.

His philosophy became one of resignation. It can't possibly get any worse, he decided. Someday we will be back at Big Bar; someday we might even get back to New Rochelle. It was obvious that in order to stop riding on Buster—his greatest desire at this point—he would have to continue riding him for three more days. So the team of Buster and Carter pressed on. Even Jackson was having trouble. Mr. Carter's initial astonishment gave way to grim satisfaction as his own discomfort increased.

"What's the matter, Jackson, getting old?" he said one day.

"Haw, haw!" laughed the cowboy, suddenly pulling himself up straight.

(Continued on page 102)

### MOVING SOON?

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At least four weeks before change takes effect let us know:

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If you clip the old mailing label from your McCall's and send it in with your change of address, that will help.

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It's possible to have your mailing address corrected by filing your new address with the Post Office, which in turn will notify us. But if a copy of the magazine is sent before that notice reaches us, it means expense for you in forwarding postage.

ing very fragile as she saw the remainder of her ease disappearing.

The boys looked from one to the other, not understanding this reluctance to enjoy a thrilling experience. They were torn. Here was a pack trip within their grasp, but without their father, their mother would become their responsibility. Loyalty won the day.

"Gosh, it wouldn't be any fun without you, Dad," they said as one, smiling deferentially at Mrs. Carter to show that "the woman" was expected to come too.

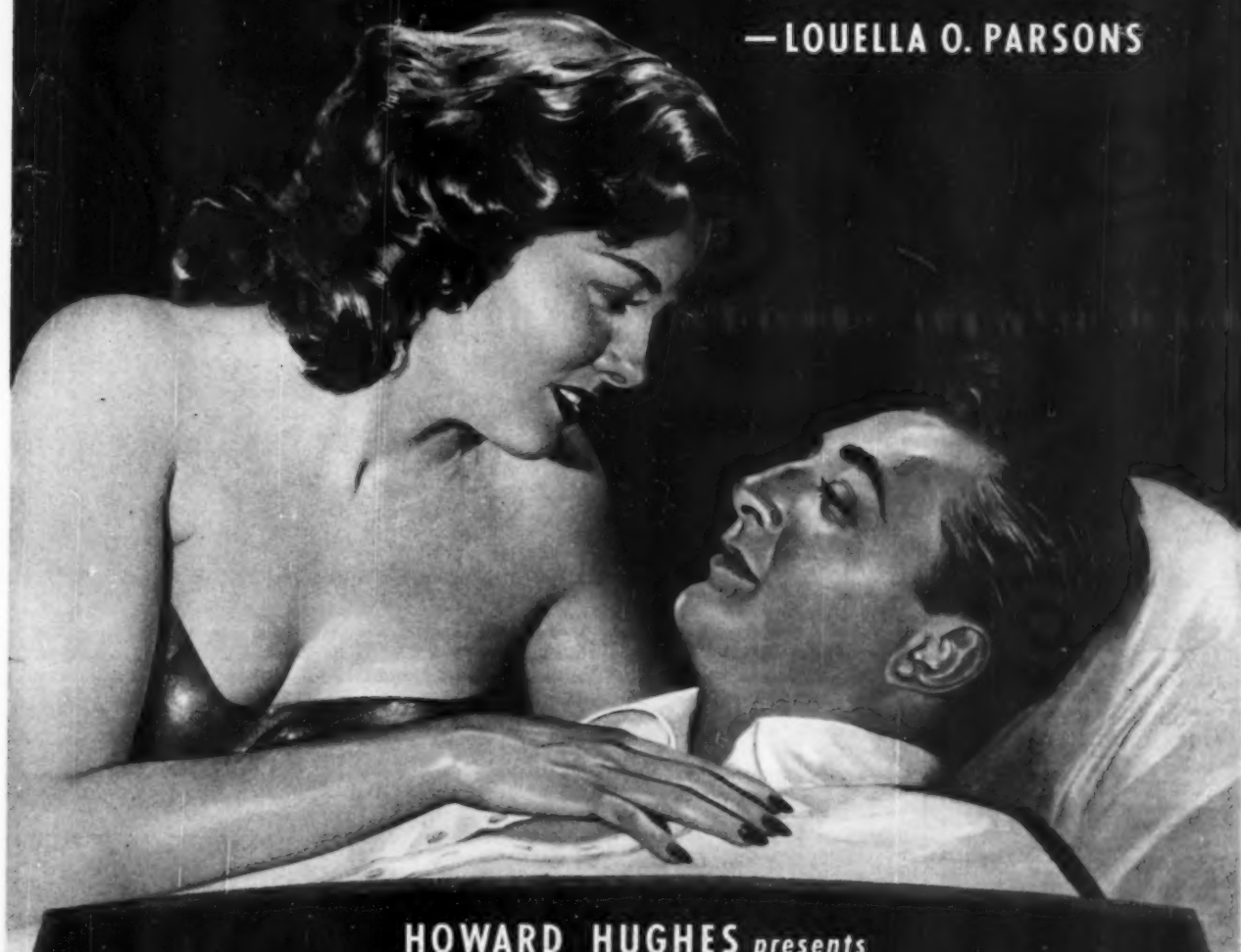
Mr. Carter, pulled every which way by a number of emotions, was conscious of a warm glow. For the first time since their arrival at Big Bar, Mr. Carter was glad to be there. He was wanted. They would go. They would all go.

"Well," he said carefully, preparing out of instinct to leave a loophole for retreat, "I'll look into it tomorrow."

This immediately was taken as unconditional surrender.

'The hottest combination  
that ever hit the screen!'

— LOUELLA O. PARSONS



HOWARD HUGHES presents  
**ROBERT MITCHUM • JANE RUSSELL**  
in  
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*What I Really  
Need is Date Bait!*



READER'S DIGEST\* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST**

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



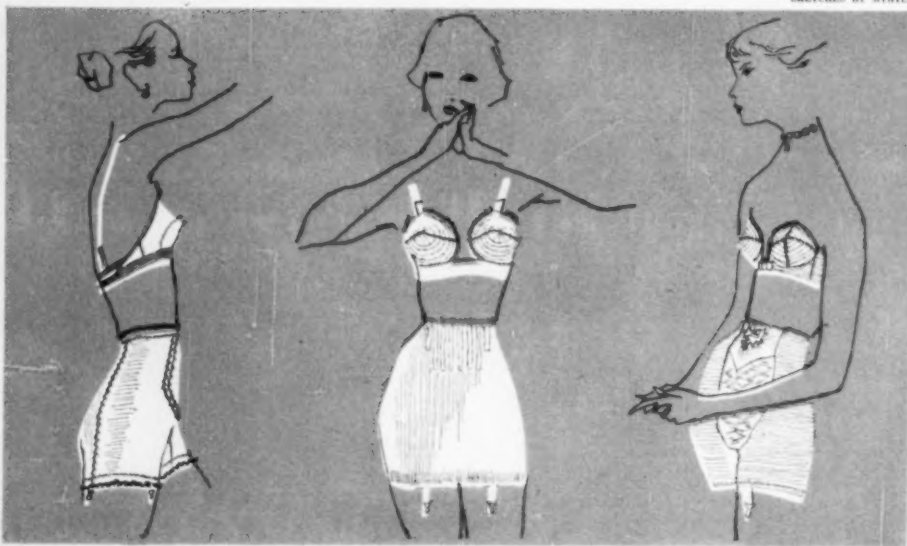
Use Colgate Dental Cream  
✓ To Clean Your Breath  
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—  
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



# These play **S**upporting roles

Bras to wear under this season's low-cut dresses . . . girdles that are light and easy to care for . . . these combine to give a smooth silhouette to the young figure

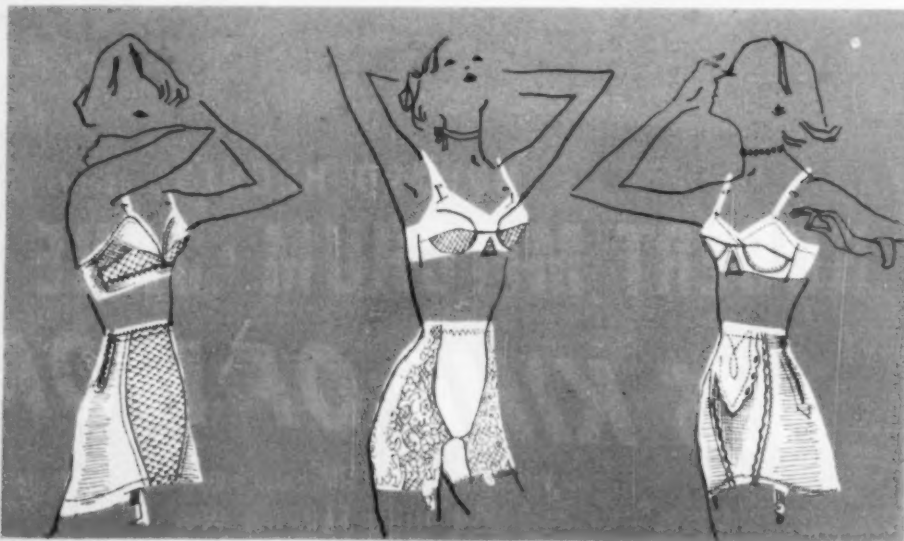
SKETCHES BY MYRTLE



For low-backed dresses . . . a bra of nylon tissue taffeta. About \$2. Nylon elastic girdle with tummy control. About \$6. By Warner Brothers

Deep-plunging satin bra, wired to hold its shape. About \$2.50. New in girdles . . . knit elastic stretches to fit. About \$8. By Maidenform

Strapless and padded . . . foam rubber stitched into a nylon bra. About \$6. By Peter Pan. Sheer nylon pantie girdle. About \$7.50. By Jantzen



Plunging neckline bra of nylon marquisette, decorated with cross-stitching. About \$3. Matching pull-on girdle. About \$8. By Flexees

Perfect under sweaters . . . rounded-neckline bra with stitched under-cup. In Dacron. About \$3.50. Pantie girdle in elastic lace. About \$6. By Formfit

For the smaller bust . . . a good basic bra in broadcloth. About \$2. Nylon girdle zips, has scalloped design. About \$10. By Perma-lift



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No matter where you buy your cottons, no matter what you pay . . .

They can't shrink out of fit—if they are trade-marked "Sanforized."

So in these times above all others, insist on seeing "Sanforized" on the label. Before you buy, make even your favorite sales clerk show you "Sanforized" on the label.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.



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a lady  
appreciates!



Another  
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It's EASY—It's FUN with  
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Simply fill out and mail the coupon below—now, Get the gorgeous "out-of-this-world" 21-Card "Feature" Assortment, America's most exciting value—and everything you need to start making money quick with our entire line. If you act promptly, we'll include absolutely FREE a large selection of actual samples of superb nature-imprinted personal Christmas Cards, offered at low popular prices. Mail the coupon this very day. Also available—Album of Deluxe Personal Custom-made Christmas Cards at higher prices.

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Here you see only a small part of the Wallace Brown line of more than 40 popular, low-priced Assortments of Greeting Cards for Christmas and everyday use, plus money fast selling Gift Items.

(Continued from page 98)  
 "Haw, haw! Not yet, Mr. Carter. I got a game back from falling off a buckin' bronc. Sometimes it kinda acts up."

"Serves him right, eh?" hissed Mr. Carter into one of Buster's ears.

Mrs. Carter was weakening in spite of the attentions of five males. Noticing that her husband was also failing fast, she tried to bolster his morale. At night she poked her head through his tent flaps to assess the day's damage and evaluate his chances of lasting out the next one. She told him he was wonderful; it was grand they could all go on a pack trip together; it was worth every bit of it to see the boys so happy, wasn't it?

Mr. Carter, looking like an enormous cocoon, murmured appropriate monosyllables from the depths of his bedroll and abandoned himself to the period of throbbing agony which preceded sleep.

The boys rode, ran and walked two miles for every one covered by their parents. They chattered incessantly, bombarding the cowboys and Mr. Carter with questions.

"Look at that!" "What's that?" "See that bird up there?" "Is that a bear?"

Mr. Carter looked, nodded, explained and groaned. He dangled hooks in brooks and rivers, not caring any more whether he caught a fish. Once, convinced he was alone, he sat down in the water intentionally to cool the trouble spot.

"Whatcher doin', Mr. Carter?" said a cheery voice from the bushes.

"Jackson!" he yelled. "Can't I get away from you for one minute?"

"You bet, Mr. Carter! Just check-in to see if there was anything I could do."

That evening, to put an end to the comments on his wet trousers, he snapped, "I fell in," and glared warringly at Jackson, who said nothing.

PERHAPS only Toby knew the torment through which Frank Carter was passing. When he announced at last one morning, "Well, today we'll hit Big Bar," he was not surprised to see Mr. Carter's face light up with a feeble smile.

As they reached the open space near the ranch where they had spotted the other pack trip returning the evening they had sat on the porch, Mr. Carter tried to recover some of his riding form.

The spirit was willing but the body was incapable. Buster, who had placed himself at the head of the line, appeared to be carrying a wounded hero who would hang on grimly until friendly hands helped him from the saddle.

Mr. Carter peered at Big Bar and thought it was probably a mirage. Then he heard the sound of rapidly advancing hoofbeats from the rear. Two horses galloped by on either side of him and he breathed in quantities of dust.

The wounded hero shook and tottered in the saddle, racked by a fit of coughing. At the same instant Buster lunged forward with youthful vigor at the sight of home. Mr. Carter lurched backward, then forward, and settled momentarily along one side of Buster's neck, grasping it in a loving embrace. Buster has failed me, he thought. He could feel himself slipping, slowly but surely.

"Buster! Stop! Whoa!" he yelled into the scraggly mane which was covering his face.

But Buster, breathing heavily, kept on and Mr. Carter continued to slip off him.

"Help!" shouted Mr. Carter in final desperation.

Help came thundering up from the rear in the form of Big Bar's best—but too late.

Mr. Carter felt his whole body shaken unmercifully as he hit the ground. Then a steam hammer hit him in the back, a tree fell on his head and he floated off into a land of golden stars.

WHEN Buster's rider opened his eyes, he thought, If this is death, I must have been a very wicked man. Mr. Carter was suffering agonies. On the other hand, if I am alive I wish I were dead, he decided. Very carefully he tried a few movements. All his limbs functioned and were free of encumbrances. He realized he was in bed, that his back seemed a bit numb and that his head ached. "Oh, Buster, how could you?" moaned Mr. Carter aloud.

The sound brought forth an answering babble of voices.

"Oh, Frank, dear, how do you feel? We've been so worried," quavered Mrs. Carter.

"Gosh, Dad, that sure was some spill you took. Buster stepped on your back and kicked you in the head," Don informed him.

"And then he kept right on going and galloped all the way home," added Mike.

"Oh, that awful horse!" put in Eleanor Carter.

Awful horse, my aching back, thought Mr. Carter, and tried a few more descriptive adjectives to himself. They were much better. Tired of looking at the pillow, he made an effort to turn onto his back. A number of shooting pains told him to stay where he was. "Owoooch," he said. His wife's hands held his shoulders gently.

"The doctor says you must remain on your stomach until he has examined you again."

"Oh," said Mr. Carter, shuddering beneath the sheets. He was thinking of doctors' bills and of driving for two days with a broken back and a splitting head; of just how far a thousand dollars could be stretched; of insurance and of being kidded by his friends; of Big Bar and of Buster, of Buster, of Buster—The whole thing was horribly complicated, just too complicated to figure out, at this point. He shut his eyes and tried to go to sleep.

After two days the doctor said that in three days Mr. Carter could travel by train. There was no concussion and no bones were broken, but Mr. Carter should take it easy for a little while longer.

"Take it easy!" shouted Mr. Carter afterward, alone with his wife. "What in the name of heaven does that idiot think I am? Take it easy! Why, I can't even walk! I can't move!"

Eleanor Carter flitted around the cabin. "Now, Frank, don't worry; we'll manage somehow," she kept saying.

During all this excitement a constant stream of visitors and well-wishers popped in and out of the room. Jackson, more solicitous than ever, called at least three times a day. As for the boys, Mr. Carter was considerably relieved to find that they thought of him more as a hero than an inefficient horseman. However, having no desire to be either horseman or hero, or broke from an indefinite stay at Big Bar, he made Pullman reservations to New York and arranged for the car to be shipped East by rail.

Having said goodbye to everyone except Buster, Frank Carter was pushed, encouraged and almost bodily lifted home by the three other Carters.



Back in New Rochelle the impact of her lie was doubly great on Mrs. Carter. The question of whether she should tell her husband the truth haunted her consciousness during the day and her subconscious at night. He would take it worse now than if she had told him before they left. And yet, if she had done that they might never have gone at all. The awful part about it is, she thought, unless some miracle happens he is bound to find out and then . . . and then . . . Oh, heavens above, what then, indeed! She groaned aloud.

While Eleanor Carter worried and procrastinated, Mr. Carter mended rapidly and was soon back at work. "Did you have a good vacation?" "Did you have fun?" he was asked. Now, looking back on it, Mr. Carter realized that he had enjoyed himself thoroughly. It was sad, in a way, because they would all want to go on another trip soon and it would take Eleanor a long time to save another thousand dollars. That was a fine way to be thinking! What was the matter with him? Why couldn't he get out there and . . .

Mr. Carter was musing along these lines as he purchased a paper one evening on his way home, about six weeks after their return from Wyoming. The news vendor stared at him with interest.

"Ain't you Frank Carter?" said the man.

"Why, yes, I am," replied the startled Mr. Carter with some dignity. "Well, here; compliments of the house," said the man, and thrust a magazine at him.

"Thank you," said Mr. Carter, and dashed off to his train.

Settling himself in his seat, he looked at the magazine. *Family Travel*, it was entitled. At the bottom he saw, "Special in this issue, 'West with the Carters—Mr. and Mrs. Average America.'"

"Good grief!" exploded Mr. Carter aloud, and feverishly turned the pages with trembling hands.

## TWO GIRLS AND A GUY

Continued from page 27

"And a darn good one," he insisted. Her lovely lips drew together coldly. "Don't be silly," she said.

Bill sank onto the orange crate and didn't answer right away. He'd known there would be opposition, plenty of it, but he still didn't quite know how to meet it. The trouble was that he was too much in love with Vivian Warren, and had been ever since she'd showed up at the hospital that first day and, with her smile and husky "Hello, soldier," brought to a happy ending the loneliest years of his life. She'd been on some sort of entertainment committee. She'd come back to see him. Nobody had ever done that before. Later he'd spent his first three months out of the hospital with her family, and Vivian had taken over the job as his nurse and director-in-chief of his life. It was a job in which she excelled, he'd discovered.

"I asked you in my telegram if you'd come down and live in Florida as the wife of a budding peanut and popcorn tycoon." He raised an eyebrow hopefully. "What do you say?"

Vivian regarded him steadily. "Father's always met you halfway, my darling. When you didn't like it in the bank he made you his contact man. He sent you on this trip to Florida."

"And I ran out on him, you mean." "And on me."

Suddenly there was Frank Carter beaming back at him, perched precariously on top of Buster. It was all there: the backless benches, the river, the pack trip and—oh no, not that, surely, he thought—a large man clinging desperately to the neck of a horse. "Trouble," said the caption curtly. It was indeed all there.

Mr. Carter simmered silently, eyes closed. So Eleanor had not had a savings account at all. The whole story had been a preposterous lie. She had sold the family. That was what it amounted to. They had been pushed across the counter and a thousand dollars had been pushed back. But who in the name of thunder was the spy who had taken the pictures? He opened his eyes again. "Bill Williams, our celebrated reporter-photographer, with his tiny belt camera . . ." said the text happily. It was not necessary to examine the features of this Bill Williams. Mr. Carter took them in at a glance. There, completely at ease on the glossy page, was his friend, his ally, his devoted servant, Jackson. Spy was the word, all right. Everything was finished now. He would never be able to live this down.

The moment he entered the house, Eleanor Carter knew that she had kept her secret too long.

"You know," she said stupidly, bracing herself against the banister.

"I thought I could trust you," said Mr. Carter quietly.

"But, Frank, I was so afraid . . ." began Mrs. Carter, then stopped in amazement, for her husband was laughing. The noise swelled and boomed through the front hall. He's gone mad, she thought. Oh, why did I do it!

"You know, this is the most terrific idea I've ever had," said Mr. Carter. "Next year I'm going to get those people to take us around the world. I can just see it—'Around the world with Mr. Frank (Average American) Carter.'"

There was a slight, rustling thud. Eleanor Carter had fainted. THE END

Bill leaned forward and rested his elbows on the counter. "No," he said softly. "Not on you."

"I don't know what you'd call it, then."

"It's pretty obvious."

"You're being silly again. Why shouldn't Father help you?"

"That's also pretty obvious."

"You'll have to have a better excuse than that, sweet."

"I have," Bill answered.

She waited for him to go on, but Bill's attention was drawn at that moment to an old blue roadster coming swiftly up the beach toward them. It was riding the thin strip of sand between the surf and the dunes. For a mile north and south the beach was comfortably crowded with sun bathers, and spaced every hundred yards or so were the other concessions: the float-boats and the bicycles, the rival peanut wagon and the picture men with their stuffed fishes and cardboard cutouts of Clark Gable and Dorothy Lamour.

With a rusty salute from its horn, the blue roadster swung past the trailer and stopped. The door opened and the driver jumped out. She had a cute little face with bright red lips and a turned-up nose and hair the color of sea oats. Her white, plaid-trimmed playsuit was in two pieces and in between she was a beautiful golden brown. It was the year-round kind of brown especially reserved for natives.

She came around the side of the trailer with a bundle in each arm, and when Bill opened the door she held

(Continued on page 104)

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SEATTLE—"PLANNING THE NEW RIG," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 58 in the series "Home Life in America."

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1951... This is the way Claudette Colbert wears her hair today in her newest picture, *Thunder on the Hill*. She waves it forward from the crown to the short bang, curls it back softly over her ears



1933... Bangs were slightly longer and hair was side-parted, waved up and back, when Miss Colbert starred with Fredric March in *Tonight Is Ours*

CULBERT



1924... Claudette Colbert wore her side hair longer and waved it becomingly over her ears when she and Clark Gable appeared in *It Happened One Night*

1941... In *Skylark*, with soft ringlets. "Smooth hairdos are good only for girls with oval faces and high, round foreheads... bangs make them look like poodles"



# Why I never change my hairdo

by Claudette Colbert

*The famous Hollywood star tells why her hairdo never goes out of fashion, is always becoming*

I NEVER realized I was doing all the wrong things to my face until I saw it, almost twenty years ago, in a black-and-white, larger-than-life picture on a movie screen. I went straight to my dressing table, sat down, skinned my hair back and analyzed my looks. What I found out about them then still applies.

I have large dark eyes, dark hair and a straight-across forehead. My cheekbones are broad, my chin pointed. Actually, I have a short, wide, triangular face... though I much prefer to call it heart-shaped! At that time I wore my hair parted on the side, brushed down smoothly.

Even in real life, it wasn't becoming... and on the screen I looked truly severe. I hate harsh-looking women, so I tried to make my face seem oval, to soften the contour. I started with bangs that concealed the uncompromising straightness of my hairline (I would give my eyeteeth for a widow's peak).

Then I discovered that hair coming forward on the sides accentuates my heavy cheekbones. So I waved my side hair up and back. This combination of top hair down on the forehead and side hair off the face added the height I need badly.

When I considered the back hair, I realized that my short neck looks best with short hair. Fortunately, I've got a good hairline on the neck, so I can wear a shingle if it's in style, and look well from all angles.

Naturally, every woman feels an urge to follow the latest fashion, and I'll admit I felt terribly old-fashioned when the long bob was so popular. I considered letting my hair grow... but luckily I tried on a series of long-haired wigs before deciding. I looked just like a sheep dog. It proved to me once and for all that women with short necks like mine should stay away from masses of hair on the neck.

Of course I can change my hairdo occasionally, though not very much. Sometimes from a center part to a side part, sometimes to no part at all, or I curl my bangs more, or show my ears.

But the general front view... the one that frames my face most prettily... that I never change. Why should I? When you find the way you look best from every angle, you should stick to it.

# "My hair must shine at every show... so I shampoo with Drene!"

SAYS JEANNE BAL,  
RISING STAR OF BROADWAY

**"MY HAIR SHINES ITS BRIGHTEST**  
when I shampoo with Drene!" says sparkling  
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Jeanne likes the natural silky softness of  
her hair when she uses today's wonderful  
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"and you'll shine too, tonight!"



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sive formula cleanses in a special way.  
It never dries out your hair—always  
leaves it naturally soft and shining!



**"MY HAIR IS SO SOFT,** so easy to man-  
age, I thank my lucky stars every night  
for Drene," says Jeanne. Your first  
Drene shampoo will show you how  
soft and shining Drene's famous Con-  
ditioning Action leaves your hair. Try  
Drene today!

You'll shine too...  
with **Drene-shine**  
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(Continued from page 104)

stopped and her face grew red. Handing him some brown paper bags she sampled a peanut, then turned off the roaster. Spilling the peanuts out on the counter she began to bag them. "Three-quarters full, fold the flap down twice," she instructed.

Bill was looking at her hair. It was like yellow silk and he had a hard time suppressing the desire to touch it—which was crazy. He had no business having such desires.

"If the price of peanuts should go up, fill two-thirds full and fold the flap down thrice," Peg was saying. "With popcorn cut an inch off the bags."

Bill laughed. "You've got to maintain your five-hundred-per-cent-profit margin," she said.

"Vivian's father should hire you instead of me for his bank."

"Cold drinks are ten cents," Peg continued solemnly. "And don't forget to charge a five-cent deposit for bottles taken twenty feet or more from the trailer. Most people leave them lying around anyway and you can scavenge the beach before going home."

"I know," Bill nodded. "To maintain our five-hundred-per-cent-profit margin."

"Now let me hear your spiel." "Peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum, cigarettes, cigars, suntan oil."

Peg clapped her hands delightedly. "And now the drinks."

"All brands of colas," Bill sang-songed. "Orange, grape, root beer, lemonade, papaya juice, ice cream, madam? We only have cones, madam; the little white pushcart sells the sticks."

"Very good," Peg applauded. "Fill three-quarters full and fold down twice," Bill repeated the directions. Peg's fingers were flying and he decided she was as capable as she was cute.

When the last peanut had been sealed away, she put her head out of the trailer and breathed the fresh salt air. "Let's lock up and go for a dip before the noon rush begins," she suggested.

Bill put his head out too and took a deep breath. "Last one in is a sour gherkin." He vaulted over the counter as Peg made a dash for the door.

They changed in the bathhouse built in the dunes and five minutes later entered the surf together. Bill was carrying an inner tube. "I can't swim," he apologized.

Peg in her playsuit had really been something, but Peg in a bright red bathing suit was queen of all the goddesses. "I didn't think there was anybody over the age of six months who couldn't," she marveled.

"I come from a part of Texas that never saw more than a glassful of water at a time."

She was looking at him curiously. "Your family lives in Texas?"

"An uncle," Bill answered. "My parents were killed in a tornado when I was a kid."

"Oh," Peg said. Then she added, "My mother died when I was born."

When they were beyond the breakers, Bill squeezed into his inner tube. He sat in it, doubled up into a tight V. Peg floated easily beside him.

"I've been thinking," she said. "You know, you don't really need me on the trailer any more."

"Oh, yes I do," Bill had spoken loudly, and he lowered his voice hastily. "It needs two people on weekends and holidays, and the rest of the time we can take turns."

She hesitated. "Through the busy season, then," she agreed. "And

thanks," she added softly. "With Pops sick, every little bit helps."

A wave broke over Bill's head and he came up sputtering. Peg towed him into calmer water. "That means you're going to stay here, doesn't it?" she asked.

"Yes," Bill said. "Definitely?"

He nodded. They floated over two waves in silence; then Bill asked, "If you loved a guy you'd have faith in him, wouldn't you, Peg? You'd have confidence in him?"

"I don't see how I could be in love with him if I didn't," she answered slowly.

"That's what I was thinking too," he reasoned. "On the other hand, Florida and the trailer and a balking fiancée are a pretty big pill for anyone to have to swallow all at once."

"It depends on who the 'anyone' is."

"I should have had some sort of plan prepared to win Vivian over."

"You don't plan love," Peg murmured. "It just happens. A guy comes along—"

**Want to reduce?**

The approved and practical way to lose weight (and remember, you must get your doctor's OK if you are going to reduce) is to cut down on foods, *not* cut out foods.

To diet by the sensible "cutting-down" method, you must count your calories every day. This is very easy to do with . . .

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"As a matter of fact, I have got a plan," Bill said when she paused. "I had it before I bought the trailer from your father, but wasn't sure I could swing it. Now I've got to."

"Oh," Peg said.

"In spite of what Vivian believes, I've done a lot of thinking in my office," Bill went on. "And later on there'll be enough bookkeeping to keep one person busy all the time."

Peg was silent. "I've talked to Mike the Greek about buying his wagon, and I think we can make a deal. The bicycle stand would come next, then the floats. It'll take time, but eventually I want to own every concession on the beach."

Peg's features relaxed. "Don't you think that'll make a difference?" he asked anxiously.

"Vivian Dickson, wife of William Dickson, nick just peanut vendor but bicycle man, float-boater—Concession King!" Peg was smiling suddenly. "I don't know Vivian well enough to say positively, but you'll find out for yourself at dinner tonight. What's her mother like?"

"A senior edition of Vivian," Bill said.

Peg's smile broadened. She rose half out of the water and threw her arms around his neck. She gave him a big hug, then her mouth was pressing down on his. Her lips were salty

and sweet, and soft and tantalizing—and then as abruptly as in awakening from a dream. Bill felt them draw away.

He came out of shock to find Peg just falling back into the water. "What was that for?" he gasped.

She swam backward away from him and her face was redder than her bathing suit. "I always go around kissing people with plans," she choked. Rolling over in the water, she started for shore.

Bill watched her go. Peg had begun the kiss, but it had developed into a two-way affair. He hadn't been able to help it. He opened his mouth to call her back, but no sound came. There were too many voices inside his head.

They belonged to his conscience, which was telling him in no uncertain terms that the days when he could go around noticing figures and faces and kissing beautiful blond goddesses were over. They were reminding him sternly that he was an engaged man, that in maybe a few days he and Vivian would be Mr. and Mrs. Concession King.

Bill started paddling toward the beach. Peg was headed for the bathhouse, but when she saw the customers waiting impatiently at the trailer she changed her course. Bill stepped into the trailer a few minutes later. It was like stepping into a room with a stranger.

"Two with pickle relish! Mustard only! Go heavy on the sauerkraut!" Those were the only words that passed between them throughout the sale of eight dozen hot dogs and five cases of colas and thirty or more bags of peanuts and popcorn and Kandy-Krisp.

Peg left at two. It was her afternoon off. She didn't come back until five o'clock, when it was time to hitch the blue roadster to the trailer and haul it to her father's back yard for overnight parking.

"See you in the morning as usual," she said.

"Right," he said. They were polite toward each other. And cool.

AT SEVEN o'clock that evening Bill stood before the Surfview Hotel. He drew a deep breath and walked inside. The next sixty minutes would decide everything, and all the way from his boardinghouse he'd practiced what he was going to say.

Vivian and her mother were waiting in the lobby. Mrs. Warren was beautiful too—tall and slim, with a half-inch streak of white running through her black hair.

They ordered dinner and then Mrs. Warren said, "Vivian tells me that you have a wagon in which you sell peanuts. That could hardly be called a business, could it, Bill? Certainly not one with a future?"

Bill sat forward quickly in his chair. She had given him his cue, and over the soup he unfolded his plan.

"I can't see that having two peanut wagons instead of one alters the situation in the least," she said when he was finished.

"It would make twice as much money for me."

"And just what is a float-boat?"

"It's a canvas mattress filled with air."

"You sell mattresses on the beach?"

"Rent them," Bill explained. "People take them in the ocean, use them like surfboards to float around on."

Mrs. Warren's eyebrows lifted. "And bicycles are things that you pedal with your feet." Bill's voice rose slightly.

(Continued on page 110)



PORTRAIT BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

"...and Avon solves the summer make-up problem beautifully!  
Gratefully, Teresa Wright"



Miss Teresa Wright enjoys choosing her cosmetics at home, with the aid of Mrs. Virginia Stevens, her Avon Representative.

"Hot-weather makeup difficulties have vanished," says lovely young Teresa Wright, Academy Award winner for her fine dramatic acting. "With the wonderful ability of Avon's cake makeup to withstand perspiration, you'll have a satin-smooth, even texture all day long."

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Peg's white face a few feet from his. She remained just beyond reach, hovering, watching, but never saying a word, not helping him.

With the last ten paddles he knew he was nearing the gates of heaven. He wasn't tired or waterlogged any more. And there were angels all around him. They were wearing red bathing suits and they had blue eyes and turned-up noses and hair the color of sea oats. He asked them to go away. He tried to drive them away. But they wouldn't leave.

His feet touched bottom. He walked. The water grew shallower and he stood unsteadily. With his breath, his strength returned. Enough, at least. He walked up the beach and flopped down beside Peg where she was sitting and waiting for him.

"What," Bill asked, panting, "was the great idea?"

She was sitting cross-legged, sifting sand through her fingers. "I just wanted to see if you were really a quitter," she answered.

"And am I?"

"Yes—and no."

"And to reach that profound discovery you nearly drowned me?"

Peg was silent.

"Would you like to know," Bill inquired politely, "exactly what kept me from quitting and drowning?"

Peg nodded.

"Planning—" Bill rose slowly to his hands and knees—"what I was going to do to you."

Peg scrambled away from him but Bill caught her. He pushed her flat onto her back and held her there.

Then he kissed her—her eyes, her hair, her lips. And she put her arms around his neck and returned his kiss.

"I'm sorry I nearly drowned you," she whispered finally.

"I deserved to be nearly drowned," he whispered back.

"I couldn't bear to see you hypnotized and dragged away to a cold bank."

"And I couldn't bear to be; but I had to swallow a gallon of water and see angels before I realized it." His arms tightened about her. "I tried to change those angels, make them tall, dark and beautiful, but they insisted on staying pug-nosed and blue-eyed."

Peg was solemn. "What about Vivian?" she asked.

Bill thought a second, then he stood up. With his foot he drew a square six feet across in the sand and sat down in the middle of it. "Miss Miller," he called. "Would you step into my office?"

Peg rose to her feet with alacrity. She opened an imaginary door, stepped across the line he had drawn, and sat down again, facing him.

"Take a letter, please," Bill stretched his long legs in the warm moonlight. "To Mr. Webster Warren—Dear Sir: It gives me the greatest pleasure to inform you that because of interests here in Florida I must decline your offer of a job as Vice-President in Charge of Useless Sons-In-Laws-To-Be. P.S.: I will inform your daughter of the above change in plans and, though it may be a slight inconvenience to her, I think that under the circumstances she will approve. I also feel certain that she and Mrs. Warren will find someone more suitable and more—pliable, shall we say?"

"Will that be all?" Peg asked.

"Not quite," Bill said. "Please take another letter. To Miss Margaret Miller. 'Dear Miss Miller. I love you. Sincerely...'"

"Will that be all?" Peg asked.

"One more thing," Bill said.

Peg waited expectantly.

"P.S.," Bill said softly. "Dear Miss Miller, please come here and kiss me."

THE END

## MARTHA ROUNTREE

Continued from page 39

Martha has described the "Meet the Press" program that followed as "the most exciting event in my life." Bilbo turned up for the show with a bodyguard of thirteen armed men. Outside the studio 1,000 pickets protested. Inside, the studio swarmed with reporters, photographers, policemen and the FBI. During the show Bilbo was infuriated into admitting his membership in the Ku Klux Klan—which resulted in black headlines the following day, and in the Senate investigation of Bilbo's rotten political activities in his home state. Thanks to "Meet the Press," Bilbo's power was broken forever.

Although Martha once sprained her thumb while intervening in an after-show fight between Fulton Lewis, Jr. and Elliott Roosevelt, her activities are usually not so dramatic. "Everyone is eager to come on our show," says Martha. "The only man who's refused repeatedly is Secretary of State Dean Acheson." Because top political figures appear on the show (among them Joe McCarthy, Robert Taft, John L. Lewis, Earl Browder, Eleanor Roosevelt and Harold Stassen), President Truman is a steady "Meet the Press" fan.

When Martha isn't tracking down guests for "Meet the Press" she is working out plans for three more TV shows and a syndicated column of advice to the lovelorn, which she hopes to launch next year. In addition, she is one of the busiest members of the Washington social list. "In Washington you can't separate

your social and business life," she says. "The people I entertain at dinner are the people running the country—and the same people who appear on 'Meet the Press.'"

Martha's average Washington day is breathless. Since she goes to sleep around 3:00 A.M. ("My friends say I only perk up around eleven at night," she says), she sleeps until 10:00 in the morning. Then she sits up in bed and eats an enormous breakfast brought her by her personal maid: fruit, bacon, eggs, toast, jam, coffee—and a big plate of hominy grits with melted butter. At the same time she reads six newspapers and talks steadily on the ever-ringing telephone. She has two telephone numbers, nine telephone extensions. All of them can be cut off at will. She stays in bed until noon talking by telephone to her New York office, to friends and to her partner, Lawrence Spivak, a small, bespectacled man in his early 50s who is also the owner-publisher of a string of magazines and is a permanent member of the "Meet the Press" panel.

"In eight minutes I can take a shower, brush my teeth, gargle and completely dress," she boasts. Since she refuses to wear a girdle, and since her only make-up is powder and lipstick, within ten minutes of rising she is seated in her 1951 Cadillac and driving either to the Senate dining room in the Capitol or to the Mayflower Hotel Lounge for lunch with friends.

These friends may be the wives of Senators Bridges, Brewster and Ferguson, or Ruth ("Bazy") McCormick Miller, the 29-year-old former publisher of the Washington Times-Herald. After lunch (consisting of

(Continued on page 114)



## LADY PEPPERELL... FIRST FOR COLOR!

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... FIRST FOR LUXURY!

Exquisite pastels to make your most beautiful dreams come true!

Close your eyes and dream . . . of the gentlest, subtlest of colors. It's of such lovely shades that Lady Pepperell Sheets are made. Their texture, too, is soft as a caress, an invitation to sweet sleeping. For these are Lady Pepperell *Combed* Percals, and combing is the beauty treatment that leaves cotton finer, smoother, sleeker, to be woven into sheets cool and lovely to the touch.

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PAT McCalls



8589

*The oval silhouette emphasized here by the curved, notched neckline and pockets of a slimly fitted jumper made of rayon gabardine in a warm taupe. Blouse is a cotton broadcloth in the gay MacTavish plaid. Cloche, No. 1538; bag, No. 1626*

*The importance of stripes, with the importance of contrast on a long- or short-sleeved blouse.*

*It makes a costume with a color-coordinated skirt, or wear it with your suits, either tailored or dressy*



8623



*The little waist, stressed by a snug fitted weskit and a peg-top skirt with built-in pockets. The notched collar of the weskit is cut in one piece with the fronts, and faced*



*The tiny collar, and narrow cuffs on the billowing sleeves of a tailored blouse. Make this of fine crepe or a light cotton like batiste, or of handkerchief linen*



*The big side pocket on a skirt that's made in just one piece, with a seam at center back. Fitting is done with long side darts and with hip-rounding folds at the side, front and back*

Back views on last page.  
More McCall's patterns on page 116

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEONBERG-BROS  
DRAWINGS BY SILVE WALL

*The full skirt of eight flared panels, with waist emphasis in the high-rising, notched top. Make it of a patterned wool or rayon fabric with an interesting texture*



*Strong texture in luxurious great-wale corduroy. Try one of the brilliant reds of the new fall season for this bloused jacket and slim, peg-top skirt. Hat, No. 1604*

Buy McCall's patterns at your local store, or order them by mail, prepaid, from McCall Corporation, Dayton 1, Ohio. Prices and sizes of patterns are listed on the last page

# To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write, but fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the former editor of Liberty said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."



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But the first step is to take the Writing Aptitude Test. It requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. So mail the coupon now. Make the first move towards the most enjoyable and profitable occupation—writing for publication! Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925)

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MAKE A "HOBBY" OF MAKING MONEY!

It's Easy! It's Fun! With MIDWEST CHRISTMAS CARDS!

Here's a spare-time "hobby" that pays big! Show how money-making Christmas Cards, 50 for \$1.25 and 100 Christmas Duplicates with names in GOLD pay \$50 on 100 (names)!

50 Cards  
With \$ 25  
Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
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NEW SELF-SELLING IDEAS  
EXCLUSIVE BUREAU PAL, BATTERED FLAN have best earnings.  
See Assortments per up in file on last 61 pages, largest line. National Price, 10¢ per doz. Money Maker Pop-Up in \$1.00, 10¢ per doz. Christmas Cards, 50 for \$1.25, 100 for \$2.50. Plus for organization, see card for FREE limited Samples, Assortment on request.

MIDWEST CARD CO., Dept. M-1  
1114 Washington Ave., St. Louis 1, Mo.

(Continued from page 111)  
soup for Martha, because of her big breakfast) she talks to countless friends at other tables. Then, meeting Spivak by arrangement, she goes to the Senate Waiting Room to pick up rumors of coming events and to talk to Senators, with 80 per cent of whom she is on a first-name basis.

By 5:00 p.m. she is home again, to receive an average of 25 telephone messages from her girl Friday and close friend, Helen Keller. By 6:00, glitteringly dressed in cocktail clothes, she may attend an embassy reception or a party at Gwen Cafritz'. By 7:30, if she is not going out to a dinner or giving a formal one herself, her "family" arrives for the evening meal.

"The 'family' consists of assorted close friends. It includes Austinie ("Bootsie") and William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Helen Keller and her husband Cash (who is NBC's Washington news director), society columnist Hope Readings Miller, Senator George W. Malone and his wife "Katie," public-relations expert Bab Lincoln, New York Daily News correspondent Ruth Montgomery and her husband Robert, Larry Spivak and his wife Charlotte, and various bachelors in pursuit of Martha.

Martha bewilders her new beaux by flatly refusing to go to night clubs or restaurants—excepting occasionally Harvey's restaurant, where she has a special table and a special chair. When a new swain invites her out on the usual dinner-dancing date she says, "Let's not go out. You come to dinner at my house instead." At dinner he finds himself surrounded by her "family" while he downs a Southern meal complete with hot biscuits, mashed potatoes, gravy and homemade ice cream prepared to perfection by her Negro cook.

Frank ImMasche, one of Washington's popular bachelors, says, "I've known Martha three years, and I've never seen her alone—although God knows I've asked her out enough times!"

All her "family" are aware of her personal quirks. They know that, hating to be alone, she likes to sit up talking until the small hours, making hot chocolate for everyone at 1:00 a.m. Because of her late hours, members of the "family" think nothing of telephoning or dropping in at 2:00.

Everyone knows of her mania for cleanliness. She always washes her hands the instant she gets home "because you never know what germs you've been picking up."

They are well aware of her Cadillac-nursing complex. Every time anyone enters or leaves her car she protests plaintively, "Don't slam the door. You'll break the springs!" She is one of the few women alive who knows her own automobile license number: 9-6535.

Martha's escorts are trained never to take her arm while she is wearing her three-year-old mink coat. She cautions them, "I don't want the fur to wear out. The reason this coat looks so well is that I've never sat on it or held a handbag against it."

The last members of the "family" to leave at night always accompany her on a careful round of locking doors and windows. Because she has been burglarized twice, she has a home burglar-alarm system.

Yet Martha's passion for perfection doesn't keep her from being understanding in a domestic crisis. A few months ago she calmly supervised a dinner party that would have sent the average hostess into hysterics. She had asked fourteen of Washington's greats to seven o'clock cocktails and dinner. After waiting 45 minutes

**CALLING ALL WHIPPED CREAM FANS!**  
A sprinkling of cinnamon mixed with the cream works wonders

for her brand-new butler, Medley, to bring in the cocktails, she sought him out in the pantry, where he stood firmly idle.

"I don't approve of drinking, so I can't conscientiously serve liquor," he announced.

Readjusting to the situation rapidly, Martha told her men guests to mix the drinks.

Then a worse crisis developed. Dinner, due at 8:40, showed no signs of materializing an hour later. This mystery was explained when the cook, obviously staggering under a heavy load of what the butler refused to serve, appeared in the drawing room to ask thickly, "You-all want roast beef for dinner tonight? If so, I'll set it to cookin'."

Martha laughs now. "There was nothing to do but relax—so we all did." Dinner was served at midnight. Yet her guests agreed it was one of the funniest and most informal evenings Washington had ever seen, a highly successful party.

Meanwhile, instead of firing the sober butler and the bibulous cook, Martha worked with the materials at hand. She hid the liquor from the cook, and taught Medley to mix drinks whether he approves or not.

She uses the same realistic wisdom in dealing with emotional problems

that arise among the glamour girls she hires for her New York TV show, "Leave It to the Girls." This show, the direct opposite of "Meet the Press" in content, is a wisecracking battle-of-the-sexes carried on between a panel of pretty girls and a lone male—the topic always being Love or the lack of it. The regular girls on the show are Manhattan glamour figures: Maggi McNellis, Florence Pritchett, Dorothy Kilgallen, Eloise McElhone. Occasionally, in the six years that Martha and the girls have been working together; typically feminine problems have arisen.

"One of the girls refused three different times to be on the show because she'd had fights with the men guests I'd invited to appear," says Martha. "Finally, the third time this happened, I told her, 'Suppose you take a long leave of absence from the show. We'll miss you, but I really think you need a rest.'"

This method of proving Martha's authority without insulting the temperamental glamour girl worked like a charm. In two months the girl asked to be back on the show. She has never since complained of anything.

In order to supervise "Leave It to the Girls," Martha spends Monday afternoon through part of Wednesday in New York, preparing for the following Sunday's show. Often she stays holed up in her air-conditioned Park Avenue apartment during her whole New York stay. "My social life is really in Washington. In New York I'm mostly on business," she says. She can conduct her work without leaving her apartment because she has an office there, a personal secretary and her customary two telephones (with five extensions). The six employees in her Rountree Productions offices, four blocks away, send all pressing problems to Martha at her apartment.

Her New York working hours extend from 10:00 a.m., when she awakens, until 3:00 a.m., when she goes to bed. She works best at night, so many of the business people she sees come in for evening conferences, including the agency men who represent the two shows' sponsors—Revere Copper and Brass and Regent cigarettes. Her New York secretary, Pauline Westwood, takes dictation at midnight while Martha is having a massage.

ONE of Martha's favorite sayings is: "Ninety per cent of the brains and talent in the North come from the South and West." She herself was born in 1916 in Gainesville, Florida, and grew up with her four brothers and sisters in Columbia, South Carolina. "My father worked in real estate and had automobile agencies in both Carolinas," says Martha, "but in 1932, when he died, he left us absolutely nothing."

As a result, the Rountrees were relentless job hunters. Martha worked nights while attending the University of South Carolina. In 1938, after brief reporting jobs on three Southern newspapers, she became an advertising copywriter in New York. By 1939 she and her sister Ann had started Radio House, a radio production firm. "We recorded singing commercials and jingles we wrote ourselves and sold," says Martha.

But in 1941 she dropped out of Manhattan's radio world for three years. She married Albert N. Williams, Jr., a magazine and radio writer. "For the years of my marriage I devoted all my energies to my husband and his career," she says. Nevertheless, in 1944 they separated, to be divorced in 1948.

(Continued on page 117)

**QUICKEST SUNDAE THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN!**  
Spoon lovely honey over vanilla ice cream. Tastes great!

*If they love clothes—and you love to save...*

**GET A NEW SINGER SEWING MACHINE**



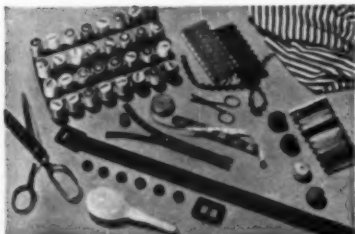
• **Discover how easy it is** to make pretty clothes at half of store prices with one of the new SINGER® Sewing Machines. Finest machines of 100 years! New models sew forward and back, even baste over pins.



• **Choose your favorite style**—traditional or modern, cabinet or portable. Every SINGER is built to last a lifetime. Service available from any SINGER SEWING CENTER. Above: Queen Anne model.



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• **Just-the-right notions**—everything you need at your SINGER SEWING CENTER. Everything from pinking shears to braid. And SINGER will make buttonholes, cover buttons, make belts at tiny prices.



These back-to-school sister outfits—pretty, practical little jumpers and blouses—are made from Simplicity Patterns 3649 and 3647.

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LIBERAL TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE



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100th ANNIVERSARY

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8616

**Bark gray** worsted flannel, the jacket cut on princess lines, with pockets slanting from the seams at a graceful angle. Wear the collar buttoned high or opened to show your scarf or blouse

**Sumac red** worsted gabardine, the short jacket closed high with pyramid buttoning, accented with half-moon pockets. The slender skirt has seam-line pockets and folds in front to give a peg-top effect

SCALE FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:  
 MADE BY MR. JAMES  
 PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANDSHOOT

Back views on last page. More McCall's patterns on page 118

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McCall's

## *the news in Suits*

*is subtle detail . . . perfectly tailored  
in beautiful woolens . . .  
in colors varied as a fall landscape*

8643



(Continued from page 114)

No sooner had they separated than Martha re-entered the business world—but without much success. She had a brief flurry of inconsequential jobs, as a reporter on *Billboard*, as director of a serious discussion program, "Listen, the Women," and as a pulp-magazine writer.

Then disaster struck Martha. Late in 1944 she ran out of money. On top of that, her brother telephoned from Atlanta that Mrs. Rountree was in advanced stages of cancer.

"Mother had to come up to New York for immediate treatment from specialists, money or no money," Martha says now. "I got her a room at my hotel and began receiving her sky-high medical bills—and I became a young lady in a desperate hurry. I had to make money—big money, not a salaried job. And I had to do it right away."

She did it, and in a matter of weeks, in early 1945. She conceived the idea for "Leave It to the Girls" and got it on the air. A few months later "Meet the Press" went on the air as well, the combined brain child of Martha and Larry Spivak. She had met him when he was publisher of the *American Mercury*.

It was Martha who talked the Mutual Broadcasting Company into producing "Press." After Spivak had been turned down by every network when he asked, "How would you like a show where four reporters ask a politician questions?" Martha retraced his footsteps to Mutual's big shots. "Let's do a show where four of America's top-notch newsmen grill Roosevelt, Hitler, Stalin, Wallace!" she told them. Her sales talk succeeded where Spivak's gentler method had failed. "Meet the Press" became a show four days later.

Mrs. Rountree lived four more years. In 1949 she died of cancer. For the last two years of Mrs. Rountree's illness, Martha slept on a cot in her mother's room. "We were the closest friends. I told her everything, listened to her advice and never missed talking to her by telephone at least once a day," says Martha.

The same thoughtfulness and consideration that Martha gave her mother is still an important part of her. She is continually buying an assembly line of gifts for her friends. Washington social leader Mrs. Marcella Miller du Pont says, "Martha knows I'm always waking up at night to jot down ideas—so she gave me a notebook with a tiny light attached, tinted the same pale blue as my bedroom walls." Mrs. Homer Ferguson, a confirmed taxi rider, received a gold taxi whistle from Martha.

A great believer in the personal touch (Martha once said, "If people like you they'll do anything for you; otherwise they act natural"), she never forgets the "little people" in her life. She inquires after the family of the porter who always carries her bags into Washington's Union Station. She once wrote a note of thanks to a boy who delivered a dress to her after hours.

**SUNDAY**, the most important day of the week to Martha, is scheduled in her own fashion. Often she washes and sets her hair before a noon breakfast. At noon, clad in the satin pedal-pushers and flat shoes she likes to wear for lounging, she welcomes several friends to a waffles-eggs-ham-hotcakes-hominy-grits breakfast. She attempts to keep her friends with her until 3:00 in the afternoon, so she won't worry ahead of time about "Meet the Press."

At 3:10 she prepares for what her friends call "Flight 3:29." She streaks

upstairs, does one of her express-train jobs of dressing, plunges downstairs and rushes out to her car.

She reaches the Wardman-Park Hotel, which houses the NBC-TV studios, at exactly 3:29. One minute later she arrives on the set of "Meet the Press." For the next half-hour she greets Spivak, their guest and the reporters on the program (they are paid \$125 apiece per show) and gets settled in her moderator's chair. At precisely 4:00 she begins moderating "Meet the Press" for its half-hour audience of millions.

Martha generally spends the next two hours revolving rapidly through embassy cocktail parties. She seldom drinks at these parties, because, she says, "If you drink you stay longer, thinking you're having more fun than you really are."

At 7:00 p.m. sharp she is back home, seated in her basement rumpus room gazing fixedly at her television set. She is watching her New York-originated show "Leave It to the Girls." While she watches she holds a telephone in one hand, ready to call the NBC tie-line connecting with the New York studios in case of any emergency.

"Once one of the girls wore a heavy bracelet which kept banging against the table every time she moved," says

## WANTED: A HUSBAND

A dramatic and true  
picture story of the  
Number 1 problem of  
today's young woman

In your  
SEPTEMBER McCALL'S

Martha. "It made a horrible distracting noise, so I called up NBC in New York and had a note handed to the offending girl. Six minutes after I first noticed the bracelet, the girl had removed it."

By 7:30, when the show ends, Martha is ready to relax for the remainder of Sunday evening.

**ALL** of her friends have become affectionate Rountree analysts. Says her partner Larry Spivak, "She is a woman who thinks like a man and is too much of a woman to admit it." Says a business acquaintance, "She insists on living in complete disorder. She likes it that way. Yet she's one of the few people in the world who actually gets things done." Says her good friend, radio critic Harriet Van Horne, "I adore and admire Martha, and I want her to marry a wonderful man. Right now all she's got is success, and she deserves more than that."

Says Martha herself, "I get infuriated when I'm called a 'career girl,' because I only work out of necessity. Do you know what I really want? I want to be happily married, with four children, and not working at all."

Her friends chorus derisively: "She'll get married. She'll have those children—but cross out that 'not working.' She'll be running a dozen TV shows and she'll probably wind up a Senator!"

THE END

## Are you in the know?



At this theatre party, should one of the girls be seated —

- Beside the other  On the aisle  Farthest from the aisle

Getting into a hassle over who's to sit where — won't get you an early dating encore. Even-numbered groups should start and end with a man; so here, one lad should take the farthest seat, followed by you two gals — then your squire. You can travel the play-going circuit smoothly, even at trying times.

That magic word "Kotex" props your poise — because you know those flat pressed ends mean "curtains" for telltale outlines. And with a special safety center, and soft, moisture-resistant edges — Kotex gives extra protection. What's more, this napkin can be worn on either side, safely!



Which helps slim down  
"jumbo" stems?

- Exer-circling  Hoofing  
 Flat Footwear

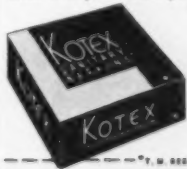
Don't expect mere mileage to unfatten ankles. Do this exercise: Lying on floor, hold leg up straight (and still) as you circle foot outward 20 times; then inward. Repeat with other leg. Foot circling's fine for slender ankles, as well. Helps keep their shape. Just as on calendar-circling days — the softness of Kotex keeps its shape; keeps you oh-so-comfortable. After all, isn't Kotex made to stay soft while you wear it?



Three guesses what's in  
this refrigerator?

- Apple pan dewdy  A sweet frost  
 An angora sweater

Think she's searching for a snack? Guess again! She's retrieving her best angora sweater. If your sweater's a fuzz shedder, wrap in a hand towel and pop it into the "cooler" overnight. Makes angora fuzz stay put. At certain times, you needn't be befuzzed as to which Kotex absorbency to choose. Just try all 3 (different sizes, for different days) — instead of guessing whether Regular, Junior or Super is the one for you!



More women choose **KOTEX**<sup>®</sup>  
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

How to prepare for certain days?

- Circle your calendar  Park up your wardrobe  Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic — this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries pronto! So don't wait till the last minute, buy a new Kotex belt now.



**Kotex Sanitary Belt . . . Buy two — for a change!**

P.S.

Have you tried **Delsey**?<sup>®</sup> Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.<sup>®</sup> (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.) Won't you try Delsey, next time?

PAT McCall's

*the news in*  
**Tailored dresses**



8609

**The side-wrapped coat dress** with a long notched collar and revers and built-in pockets, flapped to give an arched hipline. We made it up in a smooth black-and-rust checked material that's sixty per cent wool, forty per cent rayon



8608

**The soft shirtwaist dress**, with raglan sleeves and an unusual collar . . . under the bow, the neckline is squared off in the center. Make it in lightweight wool or in a mixture like this blend of wool, nylon and rabbit's hair

8613



**The dress with a yoke** and sleeves of a solid color that matches the background of a bold plaid. The flared skirt is made in six panels that join the plaid in an interesting design. Add a bright leather belt for accent

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOMBARDINO-BODI  
HAIR BY MAJCAFS  
BELTS AND GLOVES FROM LENTHERI

Back views on last page. More McCall's patterns on page 120

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## FAIRY GODMOTHER

Continued from page 24

show Mrs. Cossart the prettily fashioned hand. Poor James, Mrs. Cossart thought indignantly, looking at her. But perhaps not "poor" James. He had the child.

She went to the Women's Exchange and bought some handmade baby dresses and sweaters and a feather-stitched flannel coat. It no longer gave her a pang to buy such things.

When she first married it hadn't seemed convenient to have children. Her husband had factories abroad, and he liked her to accompany him on his trips. She enjoyed traveling luxuriously and being hostess to his associates. Before her marriage she had led the arduous and competitive life of a poverty-stricken belle, dependent on invitations for her pleasures. It was delightful to be free to go wherever she liked and bring home whatever caught her eye.

During the years they traveled so much, their friends were having children; their talk was all of the schools and social activities and escapades of their progeny. Mr. and Mrs. Cossart didn't feel the gap in their lives until he started delegating his business trips to others. There was still time then for them to have a family, but for a reason no one could discover they remained childless. Mrs. Cossart occupied herself with houses and parties and cruises and cards; her husband continued to be immersed in his business.

By the time their friends' children were grown and not so much in evidence, the Cossarts no longer thought much of their disappointment and never spoke of it.

SHORTLY after Rose's baby was born the Cossarts went abroad. They came home the day before Christmas. On Christmas Day Mrs. Cossart always invited the young executives from Sam's office with their wives for dinner, and this year James already had made the arrangements for the party. There were presents for everyone, drifts of packages under the tall spruce tree at one end of the long, two-story-high room. The twenty Christmas guests were youngish and lively; their voices were gay and loud over the excitement of opening the gifts. Soon the tables were heaped with wrappings and ribbon, silks, laces and brocades, perfume and boxes of candy and cigars. The room seemed full of life.

But after dinner the group, drowsy with rich food and wine, seemed disunited, lost and overpowered. Mrs. Cossart suddenly felt tired of her party. In a pause she said, "James, Rosamund should see the tree. Please bring her over."

"Now, Mrs. Cossart?" he asked hesitantly.

"Now. It's beginning to get dark, and I want her to see the tree lighted."

Presently he came in with the baby in his arms. She had on one of the little white dresses Mrs. Cossart had given her. She was not actually a pretty baby. She was very tiny and rather pale, with straight, soft brown hair and dark blue eyes. Her small features were clear-cut, with none of the lack of definition of fat and dimpled infancy. But she was more alive than the Christmas tree all lighted up and the twenty grown people, firmly rooted in life, who made the room seem empty. They put her on the floor on a fur robe where she sat unsteadily, making pleased sounds to the tree.

"James, I have never seen such a wonderful baby," Mrs. Cossart said. "The doctor said she was the prize of any baby he ever brought," James said. "Let me show you what she can do."

He took the infant's hands and drew her up. She stood on tiptoe and made a few prancing steps.

"Fifteen weeks old," James said proudly.

After that Mrs. Cossart had the baby brought to the house often. By the time Rosamund had contrived some words for "Mother," "Father" and other familiar objects, she was also saying a variation of "Aunt Jean" which Mrs. Cossart taught her. Mrs. Cossart had an upstairs room done over as a nursery and sometimes played with Rosamund there.

She was prettier as a little girl, but the remarkable thing about her was her happy, confident nature. Mrs. Cossart's friends spoke of it when she brought the child in to show them. But they agreed, after they left, that Jean was making a serious mistake with the child. "She treats her like a doll," one of the women said. "Something to dress up and play with, then put away when she gets tired of it."

Rosamund did lead a freakish, fairy-tale sort of life, from cottage to palace

In the next issue . . .

Who's Trying To  
Ruin Our Schools?

An article certain to

disturb . . .

fascinate . . .

and arouse you

and back again, but she seemed to take it for granted. A good part of the year the big house was closed, the blinds drawn, dust sheets over the furniture. Aunt Jean was gone and so were her fat, cream-colored pug dogs. Then her mother didn't bother to dress her in a clean dress every day, and she played contentedly in the cluttered cottage.

But when the Cossarts returned, Rosamund would wear a different dress every day and play in the nursery and go for rides with Mrs. Cossart in the car and eat little frosted cakes with cambric tea and be petted and spoiled. Things were nicer in the big house in other ways, too: there were no angry or complaining voices, no uncomfortable atmosphere of disapproval and contention.

For after the second baby was born, Rose felt tired all the time. Her slatternly ways became increasingly annoying to James. He attended to the new baby's early feeding before he served Mr. Cossart's breakfast; and when he had finished his duties at the big house, sometimes late at night, he had to do what he could to straighten up the cottage. The new baby was a husky, stolid boy with none of his sister's precocity nor her golden gift of joy. Mr. Cossart started a savings account for little Herbert and Mrs. Cossart bought him presents, but the interest she took in him was perfunctory.

Mr. Cossart put his foot down about Rosamund only once. That was the winter James had signified his willingness to go with them to Florida.

"Let's take Rosamund too," Mrs. Cossart said to her husband. "It would be good for her."

"We have no right to take the child away from her mother," he said. "She has her own family, Jean—we can't adopt her, you know. You're getting in too deep with this thing."

Mrs. Cossart said nothing more. Her husband rarely opposed her wishes and whenever he did she accepted his decision, though in this case she certainly didn't understand his point. Of course it was out of the question to adopt Rosamund; she couldn't be brought up as the Cossarts' daughter with her parents and brother living in a servants' cottage on the place. But when it was within her power to enlarge the child's life, Mrs. Cossart saw no reason why she shouldn't do so.

ROSAMUND and Herbie went to a rural school. The pupils were mostly the children of truck farmers and nurserymen in the neighborhood. There was a sprinkling of the children of the owners of the big country places, but they attended school intermittently and left to go to other schools before they reached their teens.

It was at this school that Rosamund learned to be shy. She learned it from her contemporaries. They knew before she did that she was different from them. She had spent so much time with adults that she seemed old for her age. She looked different too—more like the children who arrived in their families' cars instead of the school bus.

Herbie was absorbed into a group of boys who played ball after school, coasted on the hills or skated on the river. Rosamund was never really assimilated, though she made a few friends. There was Stella Corsak, who took Rosamund into her parents' bedroom to show her a flat box full of baby chicks, brought in to keep warm. There was Chrissie Schmidt, one of ten children. They slept two and three in a bed and the whole family ate in the kitchen with cans of condensed milk and bread in its paper wrapping on the table. But there was always something doing at Chrissie's house. She was a big, motherly girl and she taught Rosamund to swim a sort of lolling dog paddle. Rosamund found out the day she went to Susie Dermott's house that it wasn't the right way to swim.

Susie's father was a newspaper publisher who took an interest in the rural school. He gave the athletic field and equipment and the boys' baseball uniforms. The year Rosamund went to the annual school picnic was at Susie's place, which had tennis courts and a swimming pool. Before lunch the children swam in the pool with Susie's brother's tutor to keep an eye on them. Most of the children jumped off the diving board and swam the way they had taught themselves; the Dermott children dived expertly and swam the four-beat crawl. After a while the tutor lined up some of the children at the side of the pool and showed them how to flutter kick and breathe on the count of four.

Susie and Rosamund struck up a friendship and she was invited nearly every day to play tennis. She hit the ball all wrong, but she usually got it back. Several times she stayed for supper with Susie and her governess. At the end of June the Dermott family went to a ranch in the West. Susie said she would write.

Rosamund had come to dread the long, hot, empty summers. Herbie was rarely at home; he kept up his school friendships in vacation, when Rosamund lost track of hers. James

(Continued on page 121)



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Back views on last page.  
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went to the North Shore with the Cossarts, but the big house was kept open because Mr. Cossart expected to return off and on. Ana, the Austrian cook, and her husband Rudi kept busy putting up fruit and vegetables from the garden. Rosamund daydreamed.

Most of the material of her daydreams came from movies. Almost every evening she and her mother went to the theater in the village a few miles away or the mill town further down the river. In the chilly dark she nourished her fancies on the oldest folk tale—some up-to-date version of Cinderella or the Goose Girl—the poor girl who is finally recognized as a princess.

One day in August a letter addressed in Mrs. Cossart's angular script came for Rose. She was still in bed and Rosamund hung around the hot little cottage in a state of wild impatience until Rose finally emerged and flopped into her place at the table.

"Another scorching," she groaned. "Here's a letter for you," Rosamund said.

Rose examined it. "From her highness," she remarked.

"Read it," Rosamund implored.

Rose poured cream into her coffee and then read the letter through slowly. "Well, you're invited for a visit," she said. "The Mister is coming home for a while and she'll be all alone. But she wouldn't want to take you away from me if I need you, she says."

"You will let me go, won't you?" Rosamund begged.

"Sure you can go. You have to take what you can get in this world. But don't you get to counting on anything."

"What do you mean?"

"People like the Cossarts," Rose said, "anything they do for you is for their own pleasure. It's 'Aunt Jean' now and buying you clothes and asking you for visits. But it doesn't mean a thing."

But Rosamund was so accustomed to her mother's disparagement of the Cossarts that she paid no attention.

THE house of weather-silvered shingle on a bluff above the ocean was smaller and simpler than she had imagined it would be. low-ceilinged with steep narrow stairs. Later she heard people say it was a gem and had to revise her criterion of splendor, which before had included size.

Aunt Jean said they'd better attend to her clothes first thing. The resort town near by had a street lined with New York and Boston stores, where they selected bathing suits and a beach robe, sweaters and gingham dresses and denim overalls and sneakers, sprigged voile dresses and low-heeled slippers.

Noon was the time to go to the beach club. While Rosamund swam, Aunt Jean sat with her friends in beach chairs under big umbrellas. She met few boys and girls her own age. They were a closely knit group, absorbed in their own concerns. They were polite to her but indifferent. She was too shy to make friends easily.

She had been invited to the North Shore as a companion for Aunt Jean and she saw many wonderful things. They drove to Duxbury and Marblehead and Newburyport and Salem. They had lunch in old houses converted into inns or tearooms. They spent hours in antique shops while Aunt Jean bought things she couldn't resist though she didn't know where on earth she'd put them. They went to summer theaters.

These things seemed more exciting when she wrote to Susie Dermott about them than they did while they were actually taking place. Sometimes dur-

ing this visit she had a queer restless feeling, as if she were watching a party to which she hadn't been invited.

One evening as she and Aunt Jean were finishing dinner, some people dropped in. Rosamund excused herself when Mrs. Cossart took her friends into the living room for coffee. After James had brought in the tray and withdrawn, one of the women said, "Jean, isn't it a little awkward having the child at the table with you? I mean—being waited on by her father. It's a queer situation."

"I don't see anything queer about it," Mrs. Cossart said. "Rosamund has very nice manners. And James is delighted to have her here."

"That's not what I mean," the woman persisted. "I just don't think it's fair. You're bringing her up to be different from her family."

"I'm not bringing her up," Mrs. Cossart said repressively. "I'm simply giving her a pleasant vacation." She wasn't accustomed to having her conduct questioned and she didn't like it.

This woman was hard to quell. "Well, I think you're getting her all mixed up," she said. "Pretty soon she'll be a case for a psychiatrist."

"I see no reason why a few weeks at the seashore should give a child complexes or phobias or whatever they are. Rosamund is happy as a lark. . . . Have you heard the joke about the two psychiatrists?"

In September Mr. Cossart flew to the North Shore to drive home with his wife. There was too much luggage in the car for Rosamund to accompany them, so she returned on the train with her father. They took a box supper to avoid going to the diner, which embarrassed Rosamund acutely.

SHE had already missed a week of school and was glad to be home. But it was a shock—the cottage seemed to have shrunk and grown shabbier. And the bathroom, with tooth powder spilled on the washstand, stockings drying on the towel rack, Herbie's towels on the floor. . . . For a while she tried to keep it straightened up, and put out fresh towels every day, until her mother told her it made too much laundry.

That year she went to the high school in the village, which was a residential suburb of the city. The village people lived on a smaller scale than the Cossarts and revolved more slowly in the same orbit. They sent their children to private schools. The public school was attended by the children of the tradespeople and the millworkers, who lived in rows of identical houses below the railroad tracks. Rosamund and Stella Corsak and Chrissie were in the same class. Chrissie was elected president of it and Stella, whose figure had developed, started having dates with boys. Again Rosamund was the odd one. Starting in late because she had been to the North Shore made her different, she dressed differently, and worst of all she told about having been on a yacht and watched sailing races and seen plays with real movie stars in them. Everybody thought she was boasting—as she was, in a frantic effort to establish herself.

One day she saw Susie Dermott getting out of a station wagon in the village. She was taking her dog to the vet to be plucked. She told Rosamund she was going to Miss Porter's School in Connecticut next day. "See you in Christmas vacation," she said.

Rosamund was duly invited to the Dermotts' Christmas party for the children from the rural school. Later she read in the paper about a dance Mrs. Dermott was giving for Susie and her brothers.

(Continued on page 122)

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(Continued from page 121)

She went to Mrs. Cossart's Christmas party. Several of the children of the company executives were there. She sat next to Robert McIntyre, a handsome boy of seventeen. He told her about St. Paul's, where he went to school. After lunch he stayed by her side and the other young people gathered around them. He was the sort of boy who could make any girl the center of things. At fifteen Rosamund was a slender, deceptively fragile-looking girl. Her features were small and her straight fine hair had reddish lights. She was not conventionally pretty, but there were people who noticed her more than the obvious beauties, and Robert was one of these. He asked her to come to town for a party one evening during vacation; he said he would telephone her about it. He shook hands with her twice when he was leaving, lingeringly, until his mother called, "Come along, Robbie."

In the car she said to her husband, "Don't you think it's funny she had Rosamund at the party? She's the butler's child."

He laughed. "To Mrs. Cossart, we're all just employees," he said.

The other party Rosamund went to that vacation was at Chrissie Schmidt's. They skated on a pond, lighted by a big bonfire on the shore; later they went into the farmhouse for hot cocoa and sandwiches and danced to the radio. Stella was the belle of this party and Rosamund was the wallflower. Nobody asked to take her home so she left when her father came for Herbie. She didn't care. She was warm in the afterglow of Robert's evident attraction to her. She stayed near the telephone as much as possible, but after New Year's Day she gave up because she knew he would be returning to school.

Just after Christmas Mr. Cossart got sick and Aunt Jean took him to the Mayo Clinic. He spent the summer at the shore recuperating from an operation. The climate at home wasn't good for him and they were there very little during the next few years. Rosamund's queer divided life seemed at an end.

**I**N SCHOOL she was more interested in her art class than anything else. Her teacher told her she had talent. At home in the evenings she copied fashion photographs in magazines. She decided she was going to be a fashion artist and her father, who was sympathetic with all her interests, said she could take the commercial art course at the technological institute in the city when she graduated from high school.

In the spring of Rosamund's senior year, the year she was eighteen, something wonderful happened. On Memorial Day the schoolgirls whose fathers or brothers were veterans were to march in the parade, wearing white dresses and carrying red roses. There was to be a picnic supper at the YMCA afterward. Rosamund was not related to a veteran but Stella said, "Come on, march with me; no one will know the diff." So they drove to the village with Stella's married brother in his sergeant's uniform, formed their ranks and started marching up the main street. It was a warm bright day, magical and exhilarating. There were flags in front of the houses, and everyone was out on the sidewalk to watch the parade go by.

The girls marched behind a column of young Army veterans, and when the parade slowed down to climb the winding road to the cemetery, Rosamund recognized a red-haired youth in a private's uniform in the row ahead. He was Ralph Dermott, Susie's eldest brother. After a while he fell

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out of line and walked beside her. "Haven't I met you somewhere?" he asked.

"I used to play tennis with Susie," she said.

"I remember now—you always made a sort of curtsy when you hit a low ball."

"I was never any good," she admitted.

"At least you hit it. You've turned out just as I expected," he said with a grin.

"How do you mean?"

"Cute," he explained.

"Watch out for yourself with him," another young man said to her. He and Stella were walking arm in arm.

Rosamund looked flustered. Stella filled the gap readily. "She knows how to take care of herself. Who's your friend, Rosie?"

Rosamund introduced Ralph and he introduced the other young man—Bob Griswold—and she remembered him too. She had seen him ride in the horse show.

They climbed the hill together, offering and parrying the challenges of early acquaintance, until the word was passed down the line to form ranks to march into the cemetery for the memorial service. The band struck up again. "What are you doing afterward, Rosie?" Ralph asked.

She hesitated. She didn't want to tell him she was going to the YMCA picnic, where anyone could go who had fifty cents.

Stella answered for her. "We're going to the YM. Unless you have a better idea."

"I certainly have. We'll probably get separated during the service. Wait for us at the gates afterward."

After the ceremony they drove to an inn in the country where they had big steaks for dinner. Afterward they went to an amusement park. Rosamund liked the Ferris wheel; it paused when they were near the top and they swayed peacefully above the colored lights of the park, hearing the distant music of the merry-go-round, the crack of air rifles, the far-off hum of the crowd. Ralph held her hand; it did not make her shy or uneasy as she had felt with boys who were less assured and more importunate. In fact, it was delightful to be suspended in air, her fingers interlocked with his.

Later when he took her to her door all he said was, "I'll be seeing you," and she felt content. It had been a heavenly day.

A few nights later he took her to the movies and she never did know what the picture was about. He apologized for taking her home right afterward; he told her he had been up very late the past few nights. June was a season of coming-out parties and Susie was making her debut. He had promised his mother to look out for her and see that she didn't get stuck at the dances. "They'll be going to New Mexico at the end of the month," he said. "Then you and I can catch up, Rosie."

She didn't mind waiting when she knew he was still thinking about her. The graduation plans of her class, which before had seemed exciting, were now merely a routine to get through. The rest of June she lived in a sort of trance, fixing her fingernails, fussing with her hair and making sporadic efforts to improve the appearance of the cottage.

The only party she went to was a kitchen shower for Chrissie Schmidt, who was soon to be married.

**O**N the first of July Rosamund's mood changed abruptly from one of dreamy anticipation to one of apprehension and irritability, which was equally puzzling to her mother and even more trying.

Stella asked her to a Fourth-of-July picnic but she refused, in case . . . In the evening her mother tried to persuade her to come with her and Rudi and Ana to watch the fireworks at the YMCA. This invitation was the last straw, but she managed not to burst into tears until they left without her.

**N**EXT morning Ralph telephoned. "I've been thinking about you a lot," he said. "Have you been thinking about me?"

"I thought you'd gone to New Mexico," she said.

"I'm a slave," he told her. "Two weeks' vacation is all I have to look forward to. Except seeing a lot of you, if you'll let me."

"What have you got to offer?" she asked, borrowing one of Stella's lines.

"Right now, nothing but a shattered nervous system. I have a hangover. Tomorrow night I thought we might go some place and dance. Bob is going to ask Stella. Would you like that?"

"I'd love it. Shall we dress?" she added, as she had heard Aunt Jean say.

"Lord, no. I've had enough of that to last me a long time. I'll pick you up around seven."

Her mother was sitting at the breakfast table in a cotton wrapper, her feet thrust into run-over moccasins.

"Want some more coffee?" Rosamund asked as she passed through the dining room.

Rose held out her cup. "Who was that?"

"Ralph Dermott." She poured the coffee and went to the kitchen.

"What did he want?" her mother called after her.

"We're going dancing tomorrow night." She turned on the water in the sink full blast and started to wash last night's dinner dishes. When she returned to the dining room to put away the silver her mother said, "What's come over you?"

"Nothing," Rosamund said distantly.

"Is anybody going with you and the Dermott fellow?"

"Stella and Bob Griswold."

"Listen, Rosie, I don't want to spoil your fun," her mother said seriously.

"It's natural for you to want a good time and it's all right if you know the score. When those rich boys take you and Stella out it isn't like when they go with girls in their own set."

"I don't know what you mean," Rosamund said coldly.

"Now don't get all upset. I just don't want you to start getting ideas about him. He's marking time until he finds the right girl, and it will turn out her old man has a million too. Money marries money," Rose said. "I don't want you to get hurt."

That was the way her mother always was, taking the edge off her enjoyment. Rosamund knew Ralph really liked her—there was no mistaking the warm, eager sound of his voice and the way he looked at her sometimes. And it wasn't true that people with money always married each other. Aunt Jean had often told her how little she had before her marriage.

She saw Ralph often during the next few weeks. Once or twice they went out alone, but usually it was with Stella and Bob. On Sundays they had picnic lunches beside Ralph's pool. One day after they had lunched and were sunning themselves and listening to the radio, two girls who were friends of Susie arrived. They looked surprised. "Susie said to use the pool while she was away," one of the girls told Ralph. "But we don't want to barge in on your party."

They weren't barging in, he told them, and introduced them to the



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other girls. "Coke?" he asked. "Have a sandwich."

They said they had time for just a quick dip. After swimming the length of the pool a few times they climbed out and chatted for a few minutes. Then one of them said, "We're due at the club for lunch ten minutes ago." As they waved goodbye, Rosamund noticed a thermos bottle sticking out of one of their bathing bags. They evidently had planned to have lunch at the pool. She saw Ralph and Bob exchange glances, but no one said anything.

When Ralph called for her in the evenings he sometimes came in and talked to her mother and Herbie for a few minutes. This made her uneasy; the inadequacies of her family seemed more than usually glaring. But Ralph got along fine with Rose and Herbie, and Rose herself admitted grudgingly that Ralph was attractive. But she said, "I wish Mrs. Cossart would ask you this summer."

Of course he made love to her, but when she protested he let her go after a few quick kisses. His willingness to be guided by her wishes made her feel he really cared about her, though he never said anything serious. They never even made engagements ahead of time.

So when he called her one morning to tell her he was flying to New Mexico the next day, she wasn't prepared and her heart dropped like a stone.

"Let's have an early dinner and a movie," he said. "Then I'll have to pack; I'm leaving at the crack of dawn."

That was the night of Chrissie's wedding, so of course she didn't go to it, though she knew Chrissie would be hurt . . .

They had dinner at a rather grubby little restaurant in the village and went to the early show. When he took her home he held her in his arms for a minute and said, "Will you miss me?" and kissed her before she could answer. Then he was gone.

She missed him dreadfully. About a week after he left, Aunt Jean telephoned from the North Shore. She said Mr. Cossart was going to the Clinic again—nothing serious, just a check-up—and she would be all alone. She wanted Rosamund for a visit. Rosamund was torn; she wanted to go if she didn't have to stay long. It would be something to tell Ralph about. But if Aunt Jean wanted her for several weeks she didn't see how she could bear it. She was so indefinite in her answers that Aunt Jean said, "You sound half-asleep. Let me talk to your mother."

Rose said, "Why yes, Mrs. Cossart, sure I can spare her . . . Thank you very much, Mrs. Cossart; we'll put her on the train." When she hung up and told Rudi to get your reservations—and for Pete's sake, cheer up. You're going to have a nice trip."

**M**RS. DERMOTT in New Mexico and Mrs. Cossart in Massachusetts knew about Rosamund and Ralph.

Mrs. Dermott, riding with Ralph some yards behind Susie and her younger brother and her roommate from school, said, "Susie tells me you've been seeing little Rosamund O'Neill."

"It's a small world," he said rather cantankerously.

"Well—Jane wrote about seeing you with her. I remember her when she used to play tennis with Susie. She was a pretty little thing."

"She's even prettier now."

"Some vibration in his voice gave her pause. "You aren't serious about her, are you, Ralph?"

(Continued on page 124)

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(Continued from page 123)

He hadn't given this matter much thought. "I have to get married sometime," he remarked.

"Ralph, marriage is difficult enough," she said earnestly, "without imposing any extra burdens on it. Difference in background and habits and—well, her mother and father. They'd be the grandparents of your children."

He grinned. "You're several jumps ahead of me. I hadn't planned that far."

"I think you've just been teasing me," she said hopefully.

"I've known a lot of girls," he said thoughtfully, "but I've never felt about any of them the way I do about Rosie. Maybe I'd better do something about it."

"She's too young to marry," Mrs. Dermott said firmly. "And you're only twenty-four."

He laughed. "If I felt this way about the little Boston bean up there with Susie you wouldn't be worrying."

This was incontestable. "I'd be pleased," she admitted. "Henrietta certainly likes you. I'm going to ask your father to let you stay three weeks—lots of men from the office take an extra week without pay. And I hope proximity will do its work."

Mrs. COSSART approached the subject more meanderingly.

"I have tickets for a concert tomorrow night," she said to Rosamund. "It's for the Hospital Fund. Did you bring an evening dress?"

Rosamund showed her the dress she had bought for the school dance. It was net with sequins.

"It's very pretty," Aunt Jean said, "but the girls here wear simple cotton dinner dresses. We'll find you something like that. Where do you shop for clothes now?"

"Sometimes in Wellsvale. But Stella and I got our formals at Hammond's."

"Don't use that dreadful word, dear," Aunt Jean requested. "Who is Stella?"

"She's the pretty one, blond. She was the most popular girl in my class."

"I remember—very blond. Whom else do you see now, Rosamund?"

She was dying to talk about Ralph. "Ralph Dermott takes me out quite a lot. He's terribly nice."

"I'm sure he is. I'm devoted to his mother. Well—I wouldn't take him too seriously, dear. These little summer flirtations . . . Now, let's make a list. You have such a slender little figure, it won't take any time at all to outfit you. The hours I have to stand up to be fitted!" Aunt Jean groaned.

This visit was much like the last one. Aunt Jean was as kind as ever, though she complained once or twice that Rosamund was awfully quiet. Rosamund was absorbed in remembering and imagining. Nothing had been said about how long she was to stay. Mr. Cossart had received a good report from the Clinic and had gone home to attend to business matters.

Mrs. Cossart was somewhat worried about Rosamund. Not because of Ralph—she felt she had dealt with that problem. She could settle most difficulties by merely expressing an opinion, and it didn't occur to her that this time she might not have succeeded.

At the beach club she mentioned her worry to a friend from Baltimore. "If Rosamund lived in one of the New England towns where all the children go to public school," Mrs. Cossart explained, "she'd have a chance to know the right kind of boys and girls. But where we live none of the nice people go to the public school."

"Why don't you send her to Magnolia?" Mrs. Townsend suggested.

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"Lyman's a trustee. I'm sure he could get her in there."

"Is it a finishing school?"

"Sort of a junior college. It's small and not as serious-minded as Bryn Mawr and Vassar and some of those, but it has a delightful atmosphere and lovely girls."

"That's exactly what I'll do," Mrs. Cossart said. "You and Lyman come to dinner tonight and we'll get it settled."

When Mrs. Cossart spoke to James, he told her he had planned to send Rosamund to the art school at Tech.

"I'm sure there are excellent art courses at Magnolia," she said. "It's a perfectly beautiful place; the main building is one of the old Southern mansions."

He agreed it would be a wonderful opportunity for Rosamund and of course he was grateful.

Rosamund was down on the rocks-making a watercolor of the Point. She had decided she would tell Aunt Jean she simply had to go home to get ready for Tech. But when she came in Aunt Jean said, "Put on one of your pretty dresses. The Townsends are coming for dinner and I have a marvelous surprise for you."

The Townsends were already there when she came downstairs. Before she knew what it was all about Mr. Townsend was asking about her school credits. Then he came on the telephone talking to the president of Magnolia. It was as easy as that.

"Lyman, I don't know how to thank you," Aunt Jean said. "Isn't it exciting, Rosamund?"

"Wonderful," Rosamund said in a daze.

After dinner she went upstairs to write a letter. All she could think of to say was, "Oh, Ralph, they're taking me away from you." Finally she wrote a stiff little note saying she was going to Magnolia and she hoped to be home soon because she was dying to hear about the pack trip. She changed that to, "Was the pack trip fun?" which might bring an answer. Then there was the problem of how to sign it; "love" was how she felt, but she didn't dare say it. While she was puzzling over this, Aunt Jean came in and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Writing to your mother?" she said. "I wish I were going to Magnolia myself. I want you to take riding lessons. We'll go to Boston and see about your riding clothes."

"That would be wonderful. You know, Aunt Jean, I ought to go home pretty soon, if I'm going away to school."

"Of course you should, dear. Mr. Cossart is coming next week and I'll send you home on the train then."

So that was the way it was.

WHEN she got home the first thing she asked her mother was, "Did anyone call me up?"

"Stella's been calling. And Ralph phoned once—but that was a couple of weeks ago."

She wouldn't have minded calling Ralph if he had answered her letter. But he probably hadn't thought it was worth while when she was coming home so soon. She agonized for a while and finally called his office. Someone on his extension said he was out and asked for her name.

He didn't call back until next morning. "Hello, baby," he said, and his voice was so welcoming she felt better at once. "Why did you want to hang around that dull place so long?"

"Oh, I didn't want to . . ."

"I missed you when I got back. Now I'm all cluttered up with females. Susie's roommate from Boston is here . . . I think it's fine you're going to Magnolia."

"I'm leaving on the twenty-third," she said dolefully.

"I want to see you before you go. Let's see—how about next Wednesday?" That was the twenty-second. "I'll get Stella and Bob and we'll give you a big send-off."

"That would be divine." But her voice sagged disconsolately.

"If only I didn't have to trundle these women around," he lamented. "I'm going to ask for an assignment behind the Iron Curtain to get a little rest. If you're coming in town Monday, I'll take you to lunch."

"I probably will be coming in to shop," she said. And on Monday she caught the train for the city in a downpour. It was ghastly to be wearing an unglamorous raincoat and glumly carrying an umbrella. But when Ralph met her in the lobby of the hotel he said, "You look good enough to eat."

It was as if they had never been separated, and she stopped worrying about Susie's roommate. Part of the time he held her hand under the table. They looked so young and happy, people watched them. After lunch he said, "Shall I drop you at one of the emporiums?" She had no shopping to do but she asked him to drop her at Hammond's. He gave her a quick kiss before helping her out of the cab. "Don't forget Wednesday," he said with the warm sound in his voice. She wandered around the main floor of the department store for a few minutes, glancing into mirrors to see if she had really looked all right. Then she ran through the rain to the station.

WHEN the phone rang Wednesday she got to it before Herbie, who was also waiting for a call.

"Rosie, something grim has happened," Ralph said.

"What's the matter?" she asked anxiously.

"Henrietta was to go home yesterday, but she stayed over a day and I have to put her on the train tonight. I'm terribly disappointed."

"Oh—well, could we have dinner?"

"Susie asked some characters to dinner, to see her off. I'm afraid I can't get out of it. I'm terribly sorry," he repeated.

"I'm disappointed too." She tried to keep her voice even. "Well, drop me a postcard when you go behind the Iron Curtain."

He laughed. "You bet. Don't get mixed up with those University of Virginia boys, Rosie. I'll see you at Christmas."

Herbie was sprawled on the couch. "Get stood up?" he inquired.

"Shut up, Herbie," his mother said with unwonted sharpness. "And before you go anywhere I want you to do some errands. Get a nice sirloin steak and a pie from the bakery. We're going to have a good dinner because it's Rosie's last night. Or would you rather have a coconut cake, Rosie?"

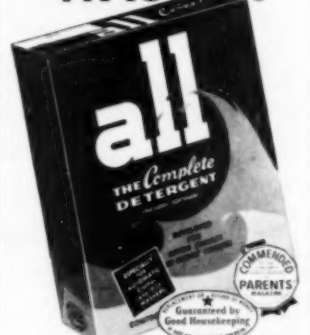
"I don't want either," she said with the wounded impulse to hurt. "I'd rather have ice cream," she added more quietly, seeing her mother's blank look.

"Have what you want; it's for you. And Rosie, call Chrissie. You haven't been a bit nice to her."

Chrissie was cool at first but she was too happy to hold a grudge and started talking about her house. "You'll see it at Christmas," she promised. "We're going to have a big party."

Rose and Herbie and Rudi and Ana saw her off on the train. She was wearing a pink camellia on her lapel; Aunt Jean had telephoned long-distance to her gardener. This thoughtfulness—anything anyone did for her—was painful. Why wasn't it Ralph?

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At school Rosamund wasn't different from the other girls. She was attractive-looking and nicely dressed, rather shy and quiet but responsive. There was a small, select group who looked her over warily and remained aloof, but she made friends. She loved Magnolia. It was a perfectly beautiful place—old trees and grassy lawns, and the fine 18th-Century house of ocher-washed brick where the administrative offices were and the parties were held. She had an art class which was much the same as the one she had in high school and she loved her riding lessons.

Of course there was the "do you know?" game when they tried to place one another through mutual acquaintances. "We live way out in the country," Rosamund said when they asked about people at home. "I hardly know anyone in town." They talked about what their fathers did and where they went for the summer. "Father works for Mr. Cossart," Rosamund said. "I usually visit them in the summer. Aunt Jean's sending me to Magnolia."

"Why do you call her 'Aunt Jean' and him 'Mister'?" a girl asked.

"She isn't really my aunt."

"I have lots of so-called aunts who never to school with Mother, but they never lift a finger for me."

"Aunt Jean hasn't any children," Rosamund explained.

She tried not to think about Ralph. She had sent him a postcard with a picture of the main building; after several weeks she received a type-written note which sounded as if it had been dictated hurriedly while he was clearing up an accumulation of back correspondence.

MOST of the girls were going to football games or to their families for Thanksgiving weekend, and Rosamund expected to be left with a few other waifs and the faculty. At the last minute Catherine Nesbitt, a tall, untidy girl who wrote poetry, asked Rosamund to come home with her. Rosamund hesitated. Catherine was a misfit at the school; neither girls nor faculty knew what to make of her. But Rosamund found Catherine surprisingly congenial.

"You'll probably be bored stiff," Catherine told her unhappily. "My brother's coming home from Princeton, but he'll be hunting most of the time. Bill's a permanent adolescent," she said darkly.

"I can't jump yet, but could we follow the hunt?" Rosamund asked eagerly.

"You can if you want. I hate horses."

Rosamund didn't meet the permanent adolescent until Thanksgiving night, when she sat next to him at dinner. He was a big, high-spirited young man who reminded her of Herbie. "You're the only one of Catherine's friends who looks human," he said, inspecting her with approval.

"Catherine's a lot more intelligent than I am," she said. "I guess she took pity on me because I had nowhere to go."

"I'm glad it was you who had nowhere to go and not one of the squares she usually picks out," he said. "Do you ride?"

He told her he would take her riding next afternoon. He left after dinner to go to a party.

He didn't come downstairs next day until nearly three, and by that time it was raining hard. Rosamund sat with him while he had coffee and a platter of ham and eggs. She wasn't particularly attracted to him but he had seemed to like her the evening before and she needed a new beau to restore her confidence. The conversation lan-

(Continued on page 126)

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By-the-yard at stores on page 130



(Continued from page 125)

showed. He took her to the stables to show her the hunters and then disappeared.

Next day Rosamund and Mrs. Nesbitt rode out to see the hunt. "I'm so glad you came this weekend," she said to Rosamund. "Catherine seems so much happier when you're here. I'm afraid she hasn't many friends at school. Do try to make her join in things more."

It had never before occurred to Rosamund that she could do anything for anyone; it had always been the other way round.

When Bill left the next morning he kissed his mother and sister and Rosamund with equal exuberance and lack of fervor. "Sorry not to see more of you, Rosie," he said, "but I'll see you in Christmas vacation. I'm going out there with the Triangle Show."

A cold chill ran down her spine at the thought of his asking people at home about her.

EARLY in December the girls began receiving engraved invitations to Christmas parties, and Rosamund began to dread the holidays. She wanted to see her family, of course, but what would she have to tell about when she got back to school? Aunt Jean was going to Hot Springs for Christmas, so there wouldn't even be that party.

The first night at home had the warmth of reunion. Her family wanted to hear all about school. Her father was delighted with the experiences she was having. She noticed with a slight shock of surprise that he looked quite old.

The next morning the cottage seemed small and shabby, as it always did when she returned to it from places where time and thought and work and money had been spent to achieve comfort and order, the places in which she couldn't help feeling as if she belonged.

She met Stella in town to shop for presents. Now she saw her through the eyes of the girls at school. She was blonder than ever. Her mouth was the color of coxcomb and her eyelashes were heavily mascaraed. Rosamund decided she had outgrown Stella and then felt miserable when Stella exclaimed over her matching suit and topcoat with unenvious admiration.

In the department store carols bellowed and crowds determined to buy something, anything, jammed the aisles. Pushing their way to the elevators, they met Mrs. Dermott followed by Ralph, who was carrying some large packages. Rosamund thought wildly. Oh, why did I come with Stella?

Mrs. Dermott said, "Rosamund! I haven't seen you for a long time." Ralph, shifting packages while trying to raise his hat, looked awkward. "Rosie, you look perfectly wonderful." One of his packages slipped as they shook hands.

"You must come and see Susie," Mrs. Dermott said. "We're having our usual Christmas party. You must come too . . ." She glanced inquiringly at Stella.

"Stella," Ralph supplied, steadying his mother as the crowd buffeted them. "Merry Christmas," Mrs. Dermott said, nodding and moving on.

The girls didn't say anything on their way up in the elevator. While they waited their turn at the lingerie counter Stella said, "It was in the paper that he's going to Boston for Christmas to visit the Sayre girl." Rosamund didn't answer; she couldn't.

"Don't take it so hard, Rosie," Stella said. "I don't see Bob any more but I'm not losing any sleep over him. I've met a lot of nice fellows in town. There's one I bet you'd go for—Pete

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Scoville. He's at law school. I'm going to ask him down to Chrissie's party for you."

Rosamund didn't want to go to Chrissie's party; she knew what it would be like and besides she had a cold. There was a family argument about it. Her mother said she ought to go and her father said, "She hasn't anything in common with Chrissie any more." Both expressed the thoughts warring in her mind and irritated her equally. Finally Herbie said, "Well, if you're coming with me, get a move on." So she put on her green velvet dress and went to the party.

Chrissie's little house was jammed with her big family and her husband's and their friends. Stella brought over Pete Scoville, a pleasant-looking, dark-haired young man who talked to her for a while. She answered him mechanically. The loud merry voices and blaring radio made her head ache and the wine made her feel dizzy. After a while everybody started singing and the older Schmidts got up to go. She asked if they would take her home. Mrs. Schmidt said, "Sure, come along with us, Rosie; you ought to take care of that cold."

She spent the next week in bed. One morning her mother silently handed her the paper turned to the society page. It contained the announcement of Henrietta Sayre's engagement to Ralph.

SHE was still rather pale and listless when she returned to school. Her friends were sympathetic when they learned she had had flu and missed the Christmas gaiety. At dinner one night Mary Mason, who was of the elite group, asked her if she had seen the Triangle Show when it played in her city. "I had to miss it, of course," Rosamund said regretfully. "I was in bed absorbing fruit juice."

She saw a rather odd expression on Catherine's face. Catherine said uncompromisingly, "I saw it in New York. It was painful."

"Oh, Catherine, don't be such a sourpuss," Mary said. "It was divine. Those boys dressed up like ballet dancers—I nearly died. Bill was marvelous."

"He's naturally a clown," Catherine said.

"Well, I think he's divine. He asked me to Princeton in June and I couldn't be more excited."

Rosamund had forgot all about Bill. After dinner she walked with Catherine to the library. "Did Bill have a good time at the party at home?" she asked.

"Oh, stop beating about the bush, Rosamund. He asked a girl about you and she said your father is the Co-sart's butler. What of it?"

Rosamund stared at her.

"Don't look as if you'd been caught stealing from the collection plate. Why shouldn't he be a butler? It's a perfectly good way to make a living."

Rosamund said faintly, "I guess you think I should have told people."

Catherine considered this seriously. "If it were me, I couldn't have waited. But of course I love to say things that make people uncomfortable. It's different with you. Everybody likes you; they'll take you into one of their revolving clubs, and you enjoy that sort of thing . . ."

"What did your mother say?" Rosamund asked.

"Mother has her lucid moments. She told me to ask you to Watch Hill this summer. It's a sinkhole," Catherine said gloomily, "but I hope you'll come."

"You're awfully nice, Catherine," Rosamund said.

"Don't make me throw up," Catherine requested moodily.



Two things happened that spring to take Rosamund's mind off herself. During spring vacation Mr. Cossart died. Aunt Jean collapsed. Rosamund saw her for only a few minutes before she returned to school. She was in bed, looking white and frail and old. She tried to control herself while the girl was in the room, asked about her riding in a pitifully weak voice, and then started to weep. The nurse signaled to Rosamund to leave.

Then, just before commencement, Rosamund's father died suddenly. The doctor said it was his heart.

There was the dazed aimlessness and confusion that follows the shock of sudden death. It had a very bad effect on Mrs. Cossart too. Her husband and now James—the two men on whom she had relied for everything. The lawyers kept asking her for decisions only of Sam could make. She was panicky about money and suspicious of their reassurances. She had heard of widows being ruined by the trustees of an estate. Her doctors persuaded her to go to a sanitarium where she would be helped to recover her balance and her grip on life.

James had been provident and Rose and her children were left enough to get along on. Some years before he had bought half of a double house on a side street in the village, where he had planned to live when he retired. It was rented, but fortunately the tenants were moving away and the O'Neills could occupy it that summer. It had been left in bad condition and they spent some weeks cleaning it and repairing it, glad to have this work to do. It looked shining and neat when they finished but Rosamund knew it wouldn't stay that way long. She and her mother got along better in their mutual grief, but that too couldn't be expected to last.

She had no idea what the immediate future held for her. Aunt Jean hadn't left any instructions about her school and of course she couldn't be consulted now.

Then Rose found a letter James had left about his plans for the children. "You certainly were your father's girl," Rose said, reading it to Rosamund tearfully. He wanted her to have all the art instruction she thought she needed. "If anything happens that Mrs. Cossart doesn't send her through Magnolia," he wrote, "she can go to Tech. We looked into the art course there. The man to see about it is Mr. Malcolm."

Rosamund cried when she heard the letter, remembering the day she and her father had gone to town and talked to Mr. Malcolm. "I'd better go to Tech," she said. "They help you get a job afterward. There aren't any practical courses at Magnolia because no one wants to get jobs."

"Well, I guess we can manage it," her mother said. "It was what your father wanted."

But after everything was arranged, me of Mrs. Cossart's lawyers telephoned. She had instructed him to attend to Rosamund's tuition and allowance. Rosamund told him about Tech, but he advised her not to upset Mrs. Cossart by suggesting a change at this point. Rosamund was relieved, in a way. Tech wouldn't be nearly as much fun as Magnolia.

There were two rival clubs at Magnolia which chose members from the second-year girls. The previous spring Rosamund had been asked to meet the upper classmen who belonged to one of the clubs, and she had felt confident she would be chosen. But she was not. Bill must have told some of the girls about her background during the summer, for now the atmosphere at school was different.

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**EARN EXTRA \$50 & MORE** starting \$100-150. Other amazing profit with greatest of ease. You take NO RISK! You take NO RISK! You take NO RISK!

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Calluses? Bunions? Sore Toes?

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Rosamund was deeply disappointed. Everything she wanted seemed to fade away when it was just within her grasp. Catherine, who had rudely refused one invitation, wasn't very sympathetic.

"You know why they asked me, don't you?" she said scornfully. "Because of my family. Their standards are beneath contempt. Now that you know what they're like I don't see why you care."

"I don't care," Rosamund said with mournful dignity.

"Yes, you do. You're a conformist. You like nearly everybody and you want to do whatever they're doing. If that fool Aunt Jean had let you alone you'd have gone to Tech and got along fine with people who don't know or care about this social rat race."

"Aunt Jean has been wonderful to me," Rosamund said indignantly.

"She's practically ruined you," Catherine asserted.

Perhaps Rosamund exaggerated the coolness of her friends; in any case, she avoided them. She almost decided to ask Aunt Jean if she might leave Magnolia and finish her schooling at Tech. She was too unhappy to concentrate on her studies and her marks suffered.

Her faculty adviser was Miss Randolph, who taught Bible. This meant she really had two advisers, because Miss Randolph's younger sister, Miss Hattie, who did something vague in the registrar's office, was inseparable from her except when on duty. They asked Rosamund for tea in their rooms.

"Now, Rosamund," Miss Randolph said, "you're lettin' your work slide, your average is way down, and we know what the trouble is. Girls can be mighty mean to each other."

"We don't approve of clubs," Miss Hattie said. "We would be glad if they were abolished. But you must remember, my dear, they aren't important."

"Besides, there's another election in the spring," Miss Randolph said, "and a lot can happen between now and then. You know, Hattie, Rosamund might enjoy meetin' Beverly."

"He's a young cousin of ours," her sister explained. "He didn't quite graduate from the University. He's a dear boy but no student. We were right worried about him for a while—"

"But Beverly has found himself," Miss Randolph said. "He's doin' perfectly splendidly, sellin' cars. He makes friends so easily."

"He loves the dances here," Miss Hattie said, "but he doesn't know any of the girls this year. If you haven't asked anyone to the mid-year dance . . ."

So it was arranged. Rosamund was frightened out of her wits. If Beverly turned out to be a goon, which seemed more than likely, it would be almost better to stay in her room while everyone else went to the party.

But Beverly was a perfectly beautiful dancer, handsome in a neat way, and had the easiest manners in the world. He was a predestined bachelor and cotillion leader. Dancing with him, Rosamund forgot to worry about her sparsely filled program; Beverly made the proper arrangements in no time. Relieved of anxiety, Rosamund remembered to ask him to sort of keep his eye on Catherine. He said blithely, "Sure thing." Catherine was with a man Bill had brought for her. Bill had come with Mary Mason; he danced with Rosamund several times and asked her when she was coming for a weekend. They all had supper together at a table which was the gayest in the room. Even Catherine seemed to be in a sort of baffled good humor.

(Continued on page 128)

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Tampax is simply ideal for bathing and for beach—with suit wet or dry. It is an internal absorbent, worn internally. Nothing at all outside. No external pad. No belt. . . . An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of extremely absorbent surgical cotton compressed into slim applicators. Easy to insert. Quick to change. No trouble to dispose of.

Wonderful to think about—no odor forms with Tampax! No chafing is possible. No bulging bulk will bother you and no sharp edge-lines will "show," no matter what you wear. . . . Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into your purse. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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Palmer, Mass.

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By the yard at stores on page 130

(Continued from page 127)

After the dance, things were much pleasanter. Rosamund thought no more of leaving Magnolia.

Then Aunt Jean wrote Rosamund that she was driving to California in the spring with a friend. Though Mrs. Cossart had recovered her interest in life, the sanitarium had not been able to free her of the fear that poverty lurked around the next corner. Magnolia was a very expensive school. She told Rosamund that she would send her to business school for a secretarial course next year.

It seemed to Rosamund that whenever she was settled and happy someone jerked her up short and made her do something else. She didn't want to go to business school. She was determined to find a job as an artist in one of the advertising agencies or department stores at home. Then when Aunt Jean returned she would find Rosamund established and independent, no longer subject to anyone's whims.

She spent most of the summer carrying a big scrapbook of her drawings and water colors from door to door. No one was interested in them, and her confidence was beginning to evaporate when she got a call from an agency which needed a receptionist. It was not the job she had dreamed of, but the personnel director said they might transfer her to the art department later on if she would take night courses in typography and layout and design. This was a more rigorous schedule than she had bargained for.

The agency operated at high pressure. After the smaller, friendlier world she knew, everyone seemed hostile or blankly indifferent. Her eagerness to please and her timidity about asking questions resulted in a variety of traffic jams; she expected hourly to be dismissed without a reference. But after a while she learned the geography and personnel of the agency and the rules of office deportment. Soon she felt as brisk and efficient as everyone else.

She wrote Aunt Jean about her new job. Aunt Jean replied, "I think you're just as smart as you can be. Don't work too hard and be sure to eat properly; it isn't becoming to you to be thin. I bought you something pretty when I was in Santa Barbara the other day..."

The package that arrived from Santa Barbara contained a bathing suit and coat and a floppy beach hat. Rosamund didn't try them on. She felt too remote from the life they were designed for—a life of sun and air and a ritual of diversions for which one donned appropriate costumes. Maybe someday she'd find her way back to it.

THREE nights a week she had dinner in a cafeteria before going to class. One evening she noticed a young man at a table staring at her intently while she filled her tray. As she was looking around for an unoccupied table he got up and joined her. "I'm Pete Seaville," he said. "I met you at a party one time with Stella."

"Oh, I remember, Christmas Day." "You were wearing a green dress. Come and sit with me..." He took her tray and she followed him.

"What are you doing now?" he asked.

"I have a job at an advertising agency and I'm going to night school." Involuntarily she sighed.

"What kind of job?" "I'm a receptionist, but I'm trying to get into the art department. That's why I'm taking some courses at Tech."

"I didn't know you were interested in art. You told me your favorite subject at school was riding."

"It was, but there didn't seem to be much future in it." Then for some

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reason, partly because he seemed interested but incurious, partly because she had no intimates to confide in, she told him about her life with the Cossarts and her life at home.

He told her he had recently passed his bar examinations and found a job with a law firm in the city. He was living in a one-room flat and spending the weekends with his family, who lived in a town about thirty miles away. "Let's have dinner together again," he said. "I stop in here whenever I have to work late at the office."

She met him there often. She didn't mind the crowded, steamy cafeteria when Pete was there. Sometimes when the weather was pleasant he walked with her to class.

"I scarcely ever see daylight except on weekends," she complained one foggy winter evening. "I get up in the dark and eat lunch at my desk and when I get home I'm too tired to do anything but go to bed."

"I suppose it's hard to get used to, after going to school at that playland."

"Someday," she said rather petulant. "I'm going to have a house where the beds are turned down at night and breakfast is brought up with flowers on the tray. And I'm going to have a horse," she added defiantly.

"You'd better marry a rich man. Mrs. Cossart will probably find one for you," he predicted bleakly. "But you're doing what you wanted to do now, aren't you?"

"I suppose so. Though I get tired of eating in cafeterias all the time." Immediately she regretted this remark. She knew his salary at the law firm wasn't much.

"Of course you do," he said remorsefully. "I never notice where I'm eating. Will you have dinner with me some night when you haven't a class? There's an Italian restaurant I've been meaning to try."

IT was the first time they had had a definite engagement. They spent a long time over dinner, enjoying the luxury of not having to hurry. When he took her to the station she wouldn't let him see her home because there would be no train back to town after midnight. "I'll get some sort of rattle-trap this spring," he said. "Then we can drive out to the country."

"And you can come down some Sunday when you aren't going home."

He did buy a secondhand car, and one Sunday in June he arrived at the O'Neills' house in the late afternoon. They had supper with Rose. She was a little wary with Pete at first, but her formality relaxed as he helped carry a table and chairs to the scrap of back yard. She was so unaffectedly delighted that her daughter had a beau, so assiduous in plying him with food and questions about his family, his job, and his prospects that Rosamund was embarrassed. But it didn't seem to bother Pete.

"Have you decided what you'll do with your vacation, Rosamund?" Pete asked later.

"I was going to visit Catherine, but her family are taking her abroad. So I'll probably stay home," she said mournfully.

"I bet you won't," her mother said. "I saw in the paper that Mrs. Morris came home. You'll get an invitation to California."

"I couldn't go even if I did. I only get a week's vacation this year."

"You could fly," Pete suggested. "You ought to go if you have the chance."

"She'll have the chance," Rose predicted, "now that Mrs. Cossart's all alone. I wondered how long Mrs. Morris could stand it."

"Is Mrs. Cossart hard to get along with?" Pete asked.

"Of course she isn't," Rosamund said, looking coldly at her mother.

"Not when she has her own way," Rose amended.

There was a slight pause. "Well, I guess I'll go in and listen to the radio," Rose said with a sigh.

"Oh, sit still," Rosamund said impatiently. "It's too hot to go inside."

But Rose shook her head. She urged Pete to come again, to come often, and finally got herself into the house. The unsubtlety of this maternal maneuver made Rosamund giggle. Pete regarded her gravely, then sat beside her on the weatherbeaten wicker settee and kissed her.

After a second she moved away. "Are you doing that because you think it's expected of you?" she asked.

"Don't talk that way to me," she said, and kissed her again, hard.

She felt her face flush and her breath quicken; otherwise she wasn't sure how she felt. She drew away.

He took her hand. "You know I'm in love with you," he said.

She had known it for some time, in the back of her mind; but she had kept the knowledge there, not wanting to look at it closely. For this wasn't the way her life was going to be. The old childish fantasy still compelled her. She was the poor girl who would finally be recognized as a princess when the prince found her. This was the way the story always ended. Even the sharp awakening from her dream of Ralph Dermott had not destroyed the illusion. Somewhere else the scene was being prepared and Pete didn't belong in it. Though his hand, firm and warm and real, clasped hers.

"You do like me, don't you, Rosamund?" he asked.

"Of course I like you. But I don't—I'm not—"

"Never mind explaining," He drew her close to him again. "You don't have to decide anything now." He was kissing her again, lazily.

She broke away. "Don't, Pete," she said, agitated.

"I thought it might clarify your mind," he said mildly. "Anyhow, you aren't in love with anyone else . . . Are you afraid of a humdrum life with a poor man?"

"No," she protested, stung. "I'm not thinking of marrying yet," she said.

"We'll go on as we are for a while, then." She could feel his hand on the back of her neck, under her hair. His confidence frightened her.

"But you mustn't make love to me," she said primly, sitting up straight. "I don't want you to think—"

"You don't know what you want. You're a goose, Rosie."

This episode left her in a turmoil. She decided she had better not see so much of Pete; then when he didn't call her for several days she was restless and piqued. It was a relief when the invitation to California arrived; it gave her something else to think about. As usual, Aunt Jean wanted her right away, and Rosamund consulted her supervisor about it.

"A trip to California, all expenses paid!" Miss Bleek exclaimed. "Aren't you the lucky girl. If you're gone over the Fourth of July they might give you a few days extra. I'll speak to Miss Ritter—she's working on the vacation schedules now."

Later she reported triumphantly that Miss Ritter had conceded two weeks.

(Continued on page 130)

## LIPSTICK sometimes runs

over the edges in an untidy jagged line.

Here's how to keep it neat

by Dolly Reed

Blend your foundation over 1 lips in order to fill in the tiny vertical lines that surround them



Outline the mouth, using a lipstick brush for a clean, definite 3 line on both upper and lower lips

2 Powder lips generously, allow the powder to set, then dust off excess with back of puff or cotton



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## I MEET TRAGEDY AND DISILLUSION

Continued from page 50

with his Russian contact and would pace the floor silently, then throw himself on the couch and bury his head in his hands. Bewildered, I would sit beside him, unable to help, not knowing what was bothering him.

Sometimes in the midst of his pacing, Yasha would stop and stare at me savagely. Then in the tone of a man being tortured beyond his endurance he would cry out, "If I turn traitor, turn me in!"

I would turn my face away, because the sight of that naked suffering was more than I could bear. Even today those words return to haunt me, and the pain of remembering is deeper because now I understand.

Much later I realized that Yasha had been deliberately driving himself beyond his physical endurance because for him death was a merciful solution to his dilemma. The movement had been his entire life. He had given himself unsparingly and without any thought of reward.

AFTER mid-November the Russians issued an ultimatum: either Yasha would hand over Mary Price and agree to carry out any future orders without quibbling, or he would have to leave the service and be considered a traitor. He must give his answer in three days. Yasha received this news listlessly. He was by now too beaten and tired a man to care very much.

What his decision would have been I never knew. Mercifully he was spared the ordeal of deciding. On Thanksgiving evening, a day before he was to meet his Russian superior, Yasha quietly died.

The night before, he was pensive and absent-minded and forgot to keep an appointment with a very important contact. The next morning he slept late and hardly seemed to have the strength to get out of bed. I too was exhausted. We thought briefly of staying home and cooking a simple meal. Then Yasha smiled at me wanly.

"No," he said finally. "Today's Thanksgiving, and I'd like a special meal with all the trimmings."

We had a late afternoon dinner and then went to the movies. Afterward Yasha thought he ought to go home and change his suit. I looked at him, and with panic I realized that the end was at most a few days off. He couldn't be alone when that happened. I must be close to him. Hurriedly I bundled him into a bus, and we rode home.

When we reached the drugstore a block from my house, he began to worry about our work. He insisted that I make a phone call. I refused, knowing he was in no condition to think about such things. I told him I was too tired to bother with work that day. He looked at me sadly and said the first cruel words that had ever passed his lips.

"Why did I ever marry you?" he muttered bitterly. "I thought you would be a good strong revolutionary and not a sissy."

I couldn't answer him, for I think if I had I would have burst into tears.

In silence we reached the front door of my apartment house, and he painfully climbed the short flight of stairs. Once inside, he lay down on the couch and turned on the radio. I busied myself in the bathroom, washing out his socks.

Soon the program shifted. "Shall I find another station?" I asked.

(Continued on page 131)

1644



### THE DOLL'S AT HOME

PATTERNS



... in her beautiful Early American house that's so easy to build. The actual-size paper pattern is traced on plywood, cut and nailed. There are full directions for construction. The house is 23½" x 30½" x 13½" with living room, dining room, kitchen, two bedrooms and a bath. All the doors really open. Miniature furniture that's widely available fits perfectly. (1644)

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8628



8601

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8603

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8627

She admires the effect of bias flanges that outline the yoke on her fitted puff-sleeved bodice



8626

Dress, apron, plus coverall and jacket, inspired by Walt Disney's movie *Alice in Wonderland*\*



8525

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8599

Her wedge-shaped pockets copy the low-cut neckline that shows off a long-sleeved tailored shirt



8524

Her two-piece suit has a feminine air with its flared four-panel skirt and jutting peplum

\*Walt Disney Productions, © 1951

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUDD ASSOCIATES

SKETCHES BY IRMA HOLLAND

Back views on last page.

More McCall's patterns on page 112



8606

Her button princess dress is cut in seven panels, flaring to a wide bell at the hem of the skirt

8598



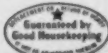
Three wonderful things in her school picture . . . a straight, gathered skirt, a blouse with front tucking and a trim little weskit, all in washable fabrics

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(Continued from page 131)  
He only shook his head and closed his eyes, drifting off to sleep. I went back to the bathroom, changed into my pajamas and set my hair in pin curls. When I returned to the living room he was sleeping peacefully. Completely exhausted myself, I stretched out beside him and must have dozed off for about an hour.

I AWAKENED suddenly with the panicky sense that something was wrong. Then I realized that, although he was seemingly still asleep, horrible choking sounds were coming from his throat. Frantically I shook him.

"Wake up, Yasha!" I cried. "You're having a nightmare."

He did not respond, but lay inertly on the couch, the same choking sounds coming from his throat. Remembering my Red Cross training I dashed into the kitchen, returning with a bottle of brandy. I tried to force some of it down his throat, but he couldn't swallow. Then my mind flashed back fifteen years to my mother's last moments. This was a death rattle that I was hearing. No, he couldn't be dying! I wouldn't let him! I grabbed the telephone and dialed the operator.

"Operator!" I shouted hysterically. "Get me an ambulance, quick!"

"Just a moment," she said calmly. "I'll get you the Police Department."

Sickeningly I realized that I couldn't afford to get involved with the police. It was too dangerous to the movement. But I didn't care then. My Yasha was very ill, and I needed help. As I waited, the steady voice of the desk sergeant at the Charles Street police station came on the wire.

"A man has just had a heart attack," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "He needs a doctor. Can you help me?"

"Certainly," he said. "I'll have an ambulance there right away."

I slammed down the receiver, frantically tore off my pajamas and took the bobby pins out of my hair. Yasha still lay there unconscious, making those queer sounds. As I threw my clothes on and tied my hair into a knot, I kept crying out desperately to Yasha: "Hold on, darling. Just hold on a few minutes longer. There's help coming."

The buzzer downstairs rang. Yasha seemed to be still choking, but his eyes had rolled upward, giving him a fixed, glassy stare. Mechanically, without even thinking, I closed his eyelids.

There was a knock at the door, and two men in white came in. The taller one walked over to Yasha and looked at him. He lifted Yasha's eyelids and stared at his eyes, then listened to his heart. He looked at his partner significantly, picked up the telephone and dialed a number.

"Hello," he said. "Yes, it's me. No, pal, it's too late. He's D.O.A. What'll we do now? Wait for the police? OK, see you soon."

He hung up the receiver and nonchalantly lit a cigarette.

Quite suddenly my knees gave way and I sat down on the nearest chair. I knew that phrase, D.O.A. It meant "Dead on Arrival"! The room swirled around me, but with an effort I steadied myself. Yasha was dead. Never again would I hear his voice. Never again would I come home to find him waiting for me. I gripped the arms of the chair and fought back a rising hysteria. I wanted to go to pieces and sob violently. What did anything matter now that he was gone?

Suddenly I remembered the police were coming. Yasha's pockets were full of vital material, including the coded telephone numbers of most of his agents. They must not be found.

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I couldn't let Yasha down. I forced myself to think clearly.

I persuaded the men to leave me alone with Yasha. Hurriedly I bolted the lock after them. Then swiftly, systematically, I went through all Yasha's pockets, abstracting the material and transferring it to my pocketbook.

When the police arrived they told me. "You look worn out, ma'am. If you can get in touch with his doctor, we can settle things fast."

I got unsteadily to my feet and dialed the doctor.

He sounded irritated. "There's no use in my coming down," he said crossly. "The man's dead, isn't he?"

I hung up in despair and stared at the policemen.

"Well," said the larger of the two, "we'll just have to wait until the medical examiner comes so that we can get a death certificate. Then the body can be moved for burial."

A plain-clothes man from the Charles Street station wandered in and began to ask me questions. When I told him Yasha's hotel address he sent some of his men over to the Hotel Madison to take charge of the effects.

Then he turned to me and said, "You've got a problem on your hands. Some relative has got to authorize the transfer of the body to an undertaker, even when we get the death certificate. Can you get in touch with a relative?"

"I can tomorrow," I said.

"All right," he told me. "After the medical examiner is through, go ahead and call an undertaker. Then, first thing in the morning, call me up and give me the name of the mortician and the telephone number of his relative. I think that will work. There's no need to take him down to the morgue."

I felt a surge of relief. I didn't want Yasha's body carried off to a city morgue and put on a cold slab among strangers. I wanted it taken care of by someone I knew, and treated with friendly consideration. But what undertaker? At this point the medical examiner sauntered in, obviously annoyed at being dragged away from a party.

"This is a hell of a time for anyone to die," he said. "Why didn't his own doctor come down? It would have saved me a trip."

Just then Lem Harris phoned. He was a veteran comrade. I explained the situation briefly to him without saying too much, and waited for his answer.

"Don't say anything on your end," he said tersely. "Just listen to me. Golos was a long-time member of the I.W.O. They'll handle all the arrangements, so you won't worry about the wrong sort of person coming in to spoil the setup. And, by the way, don't bother the Reynoldses with all this. There are angles they had better not know."

I thanked him and hung up. By then the medical examiner had filled out the certificate and was ready to depart, along with the police.

As the door banged shut I realized that it was now after 1:00 A.M. The room was appallingly quiet. As I looked over at Yasha, huddled in a heap underneath a blanket that had been thrown over him, the whole impact of my grief suddenly hit me. I put my head down and sobbed uncontrollably.

Then panic seized me. Now I must take Yasha's place and continue on without his wisdom and love to guide me. It seemed as if I was walking head-on into a nightmare. I won't do it, I said to myself desperately. Something is very, very wrong—something that killed my Yasha. Whatever it is, I'm not going to be caught in it.



I walked over to the couch, and gently pulling down the blanket I stared at Yasha's face. Shame flooded over me. He depended on me to carry on for him. I couldn't leave now. Gently I bent down and kissed his cold forehead. This was my farewell.

AFTER the I.W.O. undertakers had carried Yasha away in a canvas basket, I found myself standing in an intolerably empty, silent apartment. Uncertainly I moved to the bathroom and looked at Yasha's socks still hanging there.

It was five o'clock. I put on my coat and hat.

When I walked into the World Tourists building the sleepy elevator operator inquired why I was up so early. I told him nothing.

Once in the office, I went to the safe and stripped it of all incriminating documents. Into a suitcase, left in the office for that specific purpose, I crammed all the papers and about \$1200 in cash. According to Yasha's instructions—to be carried out in the event of his death—the documents were to be destroyed and the money was to go to Earl Browder.

Then I took a taxi home. I tore up the papers and burned them in the fireplace. Then, when the ashes were cold, I leaned back wearily. If I could only keep going a little longer!

At ten o'clock I went to Earl Browder's office on the ninth floor of Com-

through my mind: When in doubt, bluff—and keep on bluffing!

"Of course, Earl," I said, in what I hoped was a calm voice.

He seemed relieved. "Good. Then you'll be taking care of the Washington comrades. I'm glad of that. I don't like the thought of our Americans being turned over to Soviet contacts. I've told Golos that over and over again."

This was the theme that had obsessed Yasha during the last few months of his life: *Don't hand the Americans over to the Russians.* And now Earl, who seemed to be a fairly sane person, was saying the same thing. It couldn't have been the imagination of a dying man. There was something seriously wrong! Earl was an old friend of Yasha's. I could talk to him, and perhaps from him I could learn the truth. Then abruptly I checked myself. What had Yasha said about Earl? *He's a good guy, but he doesn't know all that's going on. Be very careful what you say to him.*

And here I was in the midst of a spider web, holding all the threads in my hands and yet not knowing what pattern was being spun. Earl thought I knew all the answers. I couldn't tell him I didn't.

I eyed him appraisingly. "Will you back me up if I refuse to turn Mary Price over to the Russians?"

He hesitated. Then he nodded.



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unist party headquarters. Even dulled as I was by grief, I noticed that his greeting was theatrical. He advanced to meet me, both hands outstretched.

"Comrade Bentley," he said in a tone worthy of a speaker on a rostrum. "This is a great loss to the movement! Our old friend Golos is dead, but we shall continue to go forward!"

Briefly I told him what had happened. At the end I handed him the \$1200.

"Yasha wanted you to have this," I said.

He put it in his pocket absent-mindedly. Then he turned to me.

"This thing's got to be handled very carefully," he said. "We can't let Golos be too closely tied up with the American Party—it'll wreck us. Leave the publicity to me. I'll talk to Budenz. You're taking Golos' place, aren't you?"

I tried to pull myself together. Emotional strain plus lack of food and sleep was beginning to tell on me. But I couldn't go to pieces now. There was too much at stake. What, actually, had been Yasha's job? Come to think of it, I didn't really know. Yet now I was in a tight spot. I had to answer. Suddenly the old Party maxim flashed

"We must have some foolproof means of communication," he said. "Hereafter when you come here or telephone, I will be available—no matter what I'm doing."

I walked down the corridor to the exit, thinking that Yasha must have been very important for Earl to be so subservient.

BACK in the office, the day dragged on. The left-wing press came, one after the other—Louis Budenz from the *Daily Worker* (he was careful to show no indication of knowing me), then a man from the Communist Jewish paper *Freiheit*, then a staff member from the Communist Russian paper *Russky Golos*, an old friend of Yasha's who was visibly moved by his death and finally a representative of the *New Masses*.

On Sunday afternoon the services for Yasha were held at the Gramercy Park Memorial Chapel on Second Avenue. The small chapel was jammed with friends, relatives and high-up Communist party functionaries.

It was the first revolutionary funeral I had ever attended. There was no mention of religion. It consisted mostly of speeches by comrades extolling the achievements of Comrade Golos.

(Continued on page 138)

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by Barbara Olson

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**1** *The life of the party*



**2** *The best of teammates*



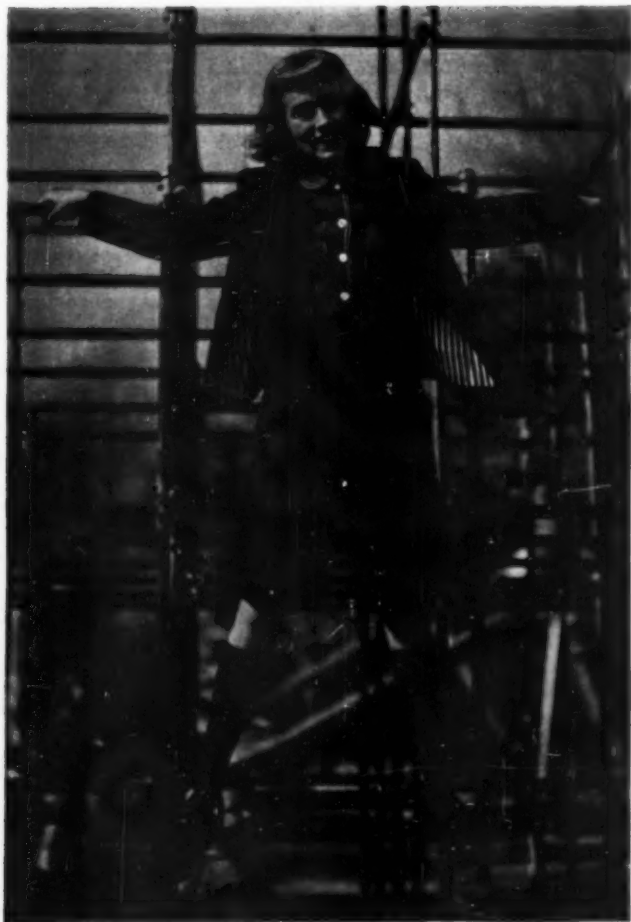
**4** *The hopscotch winner*



**5** *The skating champion*



**6** *The all-round jumper*



**3** *The queen of the Jungle Gym*

**1** *The life of the party* is an Eton suit of black velveteen, the top of its skirt scooped out in four scallops. There are unpressed pleats below the waistband. About \$23. With it she wears her go-with-everything blouse of white broadcloth

**2** *The best of teammates* are these coordinated separates . . . the skirt is of black washable cotton corduroy banded with broadcloth, and the shirt, which buttons down the front, is of Sanforized broadcloth. Skirt about \$7; shirt about \$4

**3** *The queen of the Jungle Gym* wears a costume as well coordinated as her muscles . . . knee-length corduroy shorts, a matching jacket lined with striped broadcloth and a bright-red cotton shirt. Jacket about \$13; shorts about \$6; shirt about \$4

**4** *The hopscotch winner*, cut like a cobbler's blouse, has wonderful big sectioned pockets to store pencils, jacks, notes and other necessities. In plaid cotton broadcloth, about \$6. With it, a black, washable corduroy cotton skirt. About \$6

**5** *The skating champion* also goes to ballet class in a corduroy jumper lined and piped with the same Western print as the broadcloth blouse. Matching broadcloth panties with bloomer legs complete the costume. About \$18 for the three

**6** *The all-round jumper* of rayon gabardine matches the green sides of the shirt's collar and cuffs. It could also be worn with the red blouse shown left with shorts . . . and when the weather's cold, it will look fine with sweaters. About \$6

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(Continued from page 135)  
Finally Alexander Trachtenberg arose and launched into what I later learned was one of his customary long-winded orations. I remembered what Yasha had said about Trachtenberg. "He's just a windbag and a coward," he had told me. "I kicked him out of my office, and he hasn't dared come back since."

THAT evening at eight o'clock I had a prearranged appointment to meet my Soviet contact "Catherine" (who had replaced John) at the newsreel theater on 42d Street, opposite Grand Central Station. I was sure that Catherine would not be alone. Undoubtedly the Russians had heard of Yasha's death and would send some high-up man to discuss the situation with me.  
Five minutes after I had arrived, Catherine silently slid into the seat beside me. For a few moments we watched the film without speaking. Then she put her hand on my arm. "Follow me out," she whispered. "We have an appointment."

When we neared the corner of 51st Street I saw her taut face brighten. I looked up the street to see a jaunty-looking man in his mid-30s, with his hat perched on the back of his head, approaching us. As he walked up to us Catherine greeted him with false gaiety.

"Hello, Bill," she said. "Helen, this is your new boss, Bill."

My new boss! I stared at him, noting his deep-set eyes, like round brown shoe buttons, his high Slavic cheekbones, his straight dark hair that was only kept from falling over one eye by his hat. Certainly he must have spent plenty of money on that tailor-made suit and matching accessories. As I eyed him appraisingly, he slipped one hand under my arm and the other under Catherine's.

"You must be hungry, girl," he said with a decided Russian accent. "Let's go get some food."

At Janssen's he insisted on ordering the most expensive items on the menu for himself and Catherine: caviar, oyster cocktails, broiled lobster. Although he pressed me to eat, I contented myself with a cup of coffee. I had already had a sandwich, and besides in the face of all this elegance I could only think of poor Yasha, who had scrimped and saved and eaten in cheap cafeterias.

When Bill had finished his dinner he sat forward in his chair, the air of camaraderie gone, the brown eyes hard and calculating. I suddenly realized that I had underestimated the man. Despite his superficial appearance of a boulevardier, he was a tough character.

"We want Mary Price turned over to the Russians immediately," he said. "We've got a job for her to do—call it vice or prostitution or whatever you want." There was a hint of menace in his voice. "We've put up with enough of your delaying tactics on this subject."

I was stunned. I had come to him expecting to meet a comrade, and instead I was being treated like an enemy. I remembered my revolutionary training. With an effort I kept my face expressionless and my voice steady.

"I'm sorry," I said calmly, stalling for time. "Earl doesn't want her turned over."

He glared back at me. "Who the hell's Earl? You take your orders from us."  
I fought for self-control. "I think you'll find that it's better to let the matter drop." I replied. "Mary's in a highly nervous state, and she wouldn't be any good to you right now."

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As I spoke I glanced over at Catherine, perhaps half hoping she would understand. To my dismay her face was hard, and there was enmity in her eyes.

Bill was eying me savagely. His voice cut like a whip. "Let's not argue. We want Mary, and we're going to get her. And you will be wise to play along with us!" The menace in his voice was now unmistakable. "We've spent months playing around with that traitor Golos, and now we're going to settle this matter."

That did it! The bewilderment that had been clutching me disappeared. I was suddenly alive and alert.

"Don't be so excited, Bill," I said. "It takes time to work these things out, but in the long run everything straightens out very nicely. Just give me time to work on Earl."  
With triumph in his eyes, he nodded. He thinks he's scared me, I thought, but if he only knew!

I said goodbye to Catherine and Bill, made arrangements to meet them the end of the week, then headed for home.

On Tuesday I went to Washington to see Gregory and Helen Silvermaster, who were my most important Washington contacts.

"Thank God you're here," Helen said. "We read the news in the paper, and we've been worried ever since. We would have come up to New York tomorrow if we hadn't heard from you."

A sad group of people sat around the Silvermasters' kitchen table. As we sipped tea we talked about what a wonderful person Yasha had been. Helen and Greg had known him many years. For them it was a very personal loss.

They gave me the material to take to New York. I took it and asked no questions.

On my return from Washington I had dinner with Bill. He again demanded that I turn Mary over immediately. He had, he said, been patient long enough. When I tried to explain that she would be no good for the work, he cut me short abruptly. He lashed out at me, demanding, threatening, even calling me a traitor. Bewildered and frightened as I was, I dug my heels in and fought back. No one was going to force me to turn any contact over unless I thought it was the right thing to do. And from what I could see of Bill, he was certainly not the proper person to take care of anyone. The more I resisted, the more mercilessly he pounded at me, until I began to wonder just how much longer I could hold out.

This was to be the pattern of our future meetings. Night after night, after battling with him, I would crawl home to bed, sometimes too weary even to undress. Now I knew what Yasha had faced. These were the men the organization had sent to deal with us!

IN the meantime the Silvermaster group was stepping up production and giving us really valuable data. One of Greg's people, William Ludwig Ullman, had wormed his way into the good graces of high-up Air Force officers in the Pentagon, and from them he was able to find out the date of D day four days ahead of time. I remember his chuckling because he had been able to win a bet from another man in his office. "The guy didn't have a chance," he said. "I knew the date and he didn't."

Around this time Lud also brought me samples of the marks the United States was preparing for use in the German occupation. The Russians were delighted, as they were planning to counterfeit them. However, due to a complicated ink process, this proved

impossible—until we were able through Harry White to arrange that the U. S. Treasury Department turn the actual printing plates over to the Russians!

Evidently these activities of the Silvermaster group interested the Russians very much, for by spring Bill had shifted his point of attack and, dropping the subject of Mary Price, launched into a stormy demand that Greg be turned over. I refused and, with Earl backing me up, continued to battle against any such idea. Bill, evidently unable to get any further in the matter, finally said that he would settle for just one meeting with Greg. After that, he assured me, I could carry on as contact.

"After all," he said reasonably, "he's one of our most valuable people, and I would like to have a look at him."

Dubiously I consulted Earl, who thought the matter over and then half-heartedly agreed.

One evening Greg and I met Bill for dinner at Longchamps, at 34th Street and Fifth Avenue. Bill was in his gayest mood, and went out of his way to charm Greg. He insisted that Greg have the most expensive meal, complete with wine. He flattered him on the work he was doing, implying that he was one of the pillars of the Soviet Union. I watched him cynically, thinking of the real Bill beneath all this veneer of good fellowship.

AT MY next two meetings with him Bill was oddly quiet and peaceful. He was undoubtedly up to something. I was soon to find out. One day, almost drooling with arrogance, he said: "Earl has agreed to turn Greg over to me."

I stared at him, with a sinking feeling.

"I don't believe it!"

"Go and ask him," he replied.

The next day, as I faced him across his desk, Earl refused to look me in the eye.

"I've told our friends that they can have Greg," he said.

"But why did you do it, Earl?" I cried out. "You know what the Russians are like. They'll ruin Greg."

He shrugged his shoulders and carefully looked at the wall.

"Don't be naïve," he said cynically. "You know that when the chips are down I have to take my orders from them. I just hoped that I could sidetrack them in this particular matter, but it didn't work out."

"But Greg's an old friend of yours."

"So what?" he replied. "He's expendable."

So that was Earl Browder, head of the American Communist party!

Bill, once he had won his victory, relaxed.

One evening Bill suggested that I draw a salary as an agent. I didn't like the idea, even though it was only to be \$50 a month. I refused, but Bill continued to press me, finally raising the ante to \$300.

After several long battles on this subject, Bill shifted his point of attack. He was, he said, in the fur business. He would like to buy me an expensive fur coat. When I turned him down on this he bobbled up with the idea of presenting me with an air-conditioning unit for my apartment. So they are trying to buy me off. I thought to myself. Then, still struggling not to believe it, I turned to him.

"Bill," I asked, "is this your idea, or were you told to do this?"

He looked away from me. "No, it wasn't my idea. I never do anything on my own." Then, very bitterly: "I'm only small fry. They can kick me around all they want to."

On the day of the 1944 hurricane I went down to Washington to collect the Silvermasters' material for the last time. Our meeting was a sad one. We ate our dinner almost in silence. I went over their material briefly, then I reminded them that Bill would be expecting Greg in New York the following week. We stared at one another. This was the end of the good old days, the days when we worked together as good comrades. Now we were parting.

Back in New York I got their material together, adding to it the data from my other agents, and went to meet Bill. I handed over the package and stood looking at him. He smiled, and for the first time I saw what seemed like pity in his eyes.

"Goodbye and good luck," he said gently. "Remember you are to meet your new contact in two weeks."

IN EARLY October I met Jack, my new contact, in front of a drugstore on Park Avenue in the 50s. He was completely colorless and nondescript. This, I said to myself, is the most perfect undercover agent I have seen.

He looked at me sharply. "Let's go up to Central Park and find a bench and sit and talk."

His English was as good as mine. There was even a touch of Brooklyn about it. Could he be a Russian? I asked him if he spoke Russian. He smiled and said he didn't.

"You know," I said casually, "the Russians used to call me *umnitsa* [clever little girl]."

He laughed. I smiled to myself. He certainly knew Russian. No one (Continued on page 140)

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(Continued from page 139)

who didn't know the language could have got the implications of that word. Then abruptly he stopped and glared at me, realizing too late that I had trapped him.

"All right," he said grimly, "you caught me on that one. But I'm not a Russian—I'm a Lithuanian and proud of it. Now let's discuss what we're going to do with the rest of your contacts."

But I was ready for him. "I'm not going to discuss anything with you," I said, with my jaw set. "You put me in touch with the head of the outfit and I'll talk to him."

Mercilessly he pounded at me, using most of Bill's tactics and a few more besides, but I refused to budge. Finally he agreed to make arrangements for me to meet the "big boss."

"He's just been sent over to straighten out the organization," he said. "We are now getting modernized and on a more efficient basis."

I was, Jack explained, to continue seeing him every two weeks in order to deliver material. But periodically I would consult with the new man. Al, on policy matters. Next Wednesday night I would meet him in Washington at a drugstore on Wisconsin Avenue and N Street. I was to wear a hat with a red flower and carry a copy of *Life* magazine.

As I rode down to Washington that afternoon, I felt that at last I was about to settle my undercover activities for good. Now I would see the top man and battle things out with him.

I waited for what seemed an interminable time on the corner. Then finally, when I was about to give up in despair, I heard a voice with a distinctly British accent say, "I'm sorry I'm so late."

He was, I saw, a man of about five feet five, fattish, with blond hair brushed straight back and glasses.

He grasped my hand cordially, "I bring greetings from Moscow," he said. "And now, I'm hungry."

We hailed a cab, and I gave the driver the address of Naylor's, where at that hour of the evening there wouldn't be very many people.

During dinner Al ate almost wolfishly, explaining that it was a long time since he had had such good food. Then he threw his napkin on the table, lighted his cigarette and mine with an expensive gold lighter and began to talk.

"I've known about your work for the last two years," he said. "I'm the man who sits behind the desk in Moscow and keeps track of the reports. In fact, I've been sent over here especially to see you and tell you that we all think you've done splendidly and have a great future before you. But you're just a neophyte now, in spite of the good work you've done. There are so many things that you need to know—photography, codes, wire tapping—and we'll have to teach them to you. You see, now you've moved up in the organization and have become one of our poles."

"A what?" I asked.

He drew a piece of paper and a pencil from his pocket and began to sketch rapidly. The completed diagram puzzled me just as much as his previous remarks. It seemed to consist of a series of different-sized circles and Xs connected by lines.

He laughed. "Look here, it's not so difficult. The small circles at the bottom of the page represent agents in the United States Government. The slightly larger ones to which they are connected by lines are couriers. The Xs to which these are attached stand for mail drops, and the medium-sized



**WHERE YOU CAN SEE  
BETSY McCALL'S AND  
BARBARA McCALL'S  
NEW CLOTHES**

The *Frank and Masket* fashions shown on page 142, *BETSY McCALL GOES SHOPPING*, are at the stores listed below. All fashions are in sizes 2 to 6x. Most stores also carry sizes 7 to 14. All corduroy is Juilliard's Zephyroy.

**Corduroy jumper, matching jacket** in carrot, green, navy or turquoise. Jumper about \$7 sizes 2 to 6x, about \$9 sizes 7 to 14. Jacket about \$6 sizes 2 to 6x, about \$9 sizes 7 to 14.

**Corduroy vest and skirt** in same colors and sizes as above. Vest about \$3 sizes 2 to 6x, about \$4 sizes 7 to 14. Skirt about \$5.50 sizes 2 to 6x, about \$7 sizes 7 to 14.

**White cotton piqué blouse** about \$4 sizes 2 to 6x, about \$4.50 sizes 7 to 14.

**Navy corduroy jacket, rayon suiting skirt** about \$13 sizes 2 to 6x, about \$16 sizes 7 to 14.

### ALABAMA

Montgomery, Bronson's

### ARKANSAS

Little Rock, Gus Bliss Co.

### CALIFORNIA

Fresno, Coopers, Inc.  
Los Angeles, Bullock's  
Westwood, Bullock's Westwood

### CONNECTICUT

Bethany, The Clothes Line

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, The Hecht Co.

### GEORGIA

Atlanta, J. F. Allen & Co.

### INDIANA

Terre Haute, Meis Bros. Co., Inc.

### KANSAS

Topeka, Crosby Bros., Inc.

### LOUISIANA

New Orleans, D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.

### MARYLAND

Baltimore, Hotelier Brothers Co.

### MASSACHUSETTS

Andover, Michael Jay's

Boston, Filene's

Chatham, The Swinging Basket

Dorchester, Franklin Park Kiddie Shop, Inc.

### MICHIGAN

Charlevoix, Polly Kay, Inc.

### NEW JERSEY

Morrisstown, L. Bamberger & Co.  
Newark, L. Bamberger & Co.  
Trenton, Swann & Co.

### NEW YORK

Buffalo, Flint & Kent  
New York, Bloomingdale's  
New York, Macy's

Rochester, B. Forman Co.

### NORTH CAROLINA

Greensboro, Ellis Stone & Co.

### OHIO

Cincinnati, The John Shillito Company  
Cleveland, The Higbee Company  
Cleveland, The Halle Bros.

Dayton, The Rike-Kumler Co.

Sandusky, The Cohn Store

### PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia, Lit Brothers  
Pittsburgh, Gimbel's  
Scranton, Glendon Simpson Co.

### TEXAS

Houston, The Fashion  
San Antonio, Joske's of Texas  
Waco, R. E. Cox Dry Goods Co.

### VIRGINIA

Roanoke, S. H. Heironimus Co.

circles to which these in turn are hitched are the poles—that is, the trusted members of the service who take complete charge of a group of agents. Thus, three agents in Washington are handled by one courier, who in turn puts the information into a mail drop, where it is passed on to the pole.

"And I am to become a pole?"  
"Right. And it's a great honor too. In fact, it's rare indeed that an American works himself up to such a post."

Then, to my astonishment, he drew himself up stiffly in his chair and looked at me very seriously.

"You are very fortunate. A great honor has just been bestowed on you. The Supreme Presidium of the U.S.S.R. has just awarded you one of the highest medals of the Soviet Union—the Order of the Red Star."

I stared at him. "The Red Star," I said dazedly.

"I don't blame you for being overwhelmed," he said. "It's an honor that few people receive." Then he pulled a clipping, in color, from his pocket. "This is a facsimile of the decoration," he said. "The original will arrive very shortly. But you can take my word for it that this medal is one of the highest—reserved for all our best fighters. Although all the other decorations on a soldier's jacket are worn on the left side, this one alone is worn on the right. That entitles you to many special privileges. You could even ride on the streetcars free."

He stopped for a moment. Then, seeming to sense that I was not too impressed by this, he went on. "Besides, you are a member of the most powerful organization in the Soviet Union. We are the ones who really rule the country. Just wait until you pay a visit to Moscow. You will be wined and dined and treated like a princess. We know how to reward our people for what they have done."

This speech revolted me. I thought for a moment I was going to be violently ill. I pulled on my coat and got to my feet.

"I'd better leave now, Al," I said. "I'm afraid I'll miss the last train."

As he handed me into a cab, Al took my hand and kissed it.

"Goodbye, darling," he said.  
I didn't answer, for I think if I had I would have spit in his face.

**S**O THIS was what the top leaders of the Communist world movement were like! What a fool I had been! I had given all my energy, all my time, everything I had and loved for the Communists because I thought they were trying to better conditions for downtrodden workers everywhere. I had submitted without question to Party discipline. I had even risked my liberty, and perhaps my life, by spying on the U.S. Government. Thousands of others had done the same thing. And for what? To establish a new privileged class in Russia?

A rage crept over me. Now for the first time I knew what I was dealing with. We had all been fooled. I cried out to myself.

Somehow I got back home, but for days I moved as if in a nightmare. My initial rage was succeeded by a frightening feeling of impotence. Like Yasha, I was caught in this ugly intrigue. There was no way out. And not only I but all my good Communist contacts, who didn't know what was going on and who relied implicitly on me. What could I do?

For the next month I continued to go down to Washington and collect material from my agents, meanwhile trying desperately to think of some plan for getting out of all this. Each time I looked at them it was a fresh


reminder that I was responsible for keeping them in this horrible affair.

Nights I couldn't sleep. I would walk the floor or go out and walk around Greenwich Village until three o'clock in the morning trying to figure a way out of the situation.

After putting out tentative feelers, I was convinced that all my Communist contacts—however loath they might be to do undercover work—were so completely saturated by Communist ideology that it would be useless to take the chance of telling them the truth. All they would do would be to go up to Communist headquarters and denounce me as a traitor.

I decided on strategy. I would slant the information I had on my contacts

**S**ANDWICH SPECIAL  
Cream butter with a dash of mustard, a squeeze of lemon, a sprinkling of chopped parsley before spreading over sandwich



to such a degree that they would look like poor risks to the Russian secret police, and perhaps they would drop them. Where they were nervous and high-strung, I reported them on the verge of cracking up. Where they had too much open Party work in the past, I overemphasized the fact. Where they were in too close contact with dangerous elements (J. Julius Joseph had formed a friendship with an Army counterintelligence agent) I warned that the whole organization might be in peril if they were kept on.

With some of the Communists of long standing I used a different tack. I treated them as Bill had me at our first meeting, using the same brutality and the same savagery. I demanded, I threatened. I almost beat them into submission. It doesn't matter what they think about me. I decided, just so long as I save them. Let them learn what the G.P.U. is really like, I thought. Perhaps it will wake them up. If it doesn't, then there isn't any hope anyway.

**N**OW it was getting on toward the holiday season, and I began to buy the usual Christmas presents for my people. Jack demurred at getting caviar for Earl Browder. He didn't see why the guy merited it. The Russians don't like Earl, I thought. This is only one of many indications. Obviously they think he's getting too independent. They resent his meeting with Sumner Welles at the State Department. Pretty soon they'll cut him down to size.

In Washington I handed Jack the Christmas present I had bought for him—a rather good-looking leather wallet. I was surprised at his reaction. He took it in his hands and smoothed

it lovingly. Then he said, "I've never owned anything as expensive and beautiful as this before."

The next night I had dinner with Al and gave him his present.

"The scarf is all right," he said precisely, "but the gloves are not well made."

Then after dinner he said, "We have at last decided what to do about all the contacts that Yasha Golos handled. You obviously cannot continue to handle them. The setup is too full of holes and therefore too dangerous. I'm afraid that our friend Golos was not too cautious a man, and there is the risk that you, because of your connection with him, may endanger the apparatus. You will therefore turn them over to us. We will look into their backgrounds thoroughly and decide which ones to keep."

He paused for a moment, while I stared at him with the fascinated gaze a bird gives a snake about to devour it. Then he continued, "This shift-over must be made immediately, so you will stay on as long as necessary to make the arrangements."


My brain seemed paralyzed. I staled for time.

"But I can't, Al," I protested. "It will be impossible for me to get hold of all my contacts at such short notice—and, besides, I can't be away from the office that long."

After some argument he agreed that I was to return to New York the next morning, settle my urgent business there, return to Washington and prepare my contacts for the transfer.

This, however, was not all Al had to say to me. He had also made plans for my future. I was, he said, an excellent agent. He would like me to continue on with the C.P.U. In this case I was to sever all connections with my Russian-controlled business, the U.S. Service & Shipping Corporation, be put "on ice" for a period

**L**ASH FROM THE CORN PATCH!  
Throw a little sugar into the boiling water while corn cooks



of six months until they had determined that the FBI had lost all interest in me. Then I would be set up in a new "cover" business in Washington, Baltimore or Philadelphia. I would be given a new group of government contacts to take care of, probably more important than I already had. In the event I insisted on remaining with U.S. Service—which he hoped would not happen—I would be permitted to drop out of active undercover work, although I must be ready to help them at any time.

"I hope that you will choose to remain with us," he said suavely. "You have an excellent record, and you can be of inestimable value to us. You are one of those rare people—an American with brains. Besides, I like you personally. I think we could work very well together."

On the train back to New York I made a sudden decision. I would leave the U.S. Service & Shipping Corporation. Then I would go on ice as Al had suggested. Little by little I would impress on the Russians that I was worn out from too much undercover work. If necessary I would put on an act and pretend that I too was cracking up. They wouldn't want to take any chances that I might fall apart and talk too much. They would probably hurriedly drop me.

Not long afterward the Russians decided it was dangerous for me to remain in the apartment where Yasha had died. They felt it must be under FBI surveillance. I was told to find another place and move as quickly as possible. I took a room in the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn.

At my next meeting with Jack he told me that he would have to leave me. From then on I would be in contact with Al alone. I was sorry to see him go, for of all the agents I had met since Yasha's death he was the most decent.

Jack looked at me wistfully. "I'm sorry to have to say goodbye," he said. "You've always brought me good luck. Twice since I've known you I've had promotions in the service, and once a medal." He stopped for a moment and then added, "But that's as far as I'll go. They say that sooner or later water reaches its own level, and I've reached mine. There isn't any further to go."

"I don't understand what you mean," I said.  
He laughed bitterly. "I know our work in the United States better than anyone else, including all the big shots like Al that they send over from Moscow. I guess I'm too good. They'll probably send me to Latin America next."

So that was it. The organization didn't like people like Jack getting to be too powerful. When they became too efficient they were shifted somewhere else. For all his years of service and his good work, he was in a more precarious position than I was.

"Look here," he said abruptly, "if they want to send you to Moscow, don't go. You wouldn't like it, not after you've lived in the United States."

The more he talked, the more I wondered how I could slide out of the mess I was in. I had seen at first hand how efficiently organized the Soviet machine was, how successfully it had penetrated into even the highest places in the U.S. Government. Somehow it must be stopped, and I was in a position to contribute my little bit.

**A**S THE weeks rolled by I wrestled with my conscience. Should I go to the FBI and tell them all I knew about Soviet undercover work in the United States so they could break it up? No, I couldn't do that.

What about the comrades with whom I had worked in Washington? I'd have to turn them in. There was no other way to smash the Soviet machine. But they were my friends, my comrades. Together, through bad times and good, we had fought to build a better world. Then I thought, They're not my friends any more. If they knew I no longer believed with them they would denounce me as a traitor. We're in opposite camps now, I thought sadly. When the revolution comes we'll have to shoot one another.

(Continued on page 143)

# Betsy McCall goes shopping

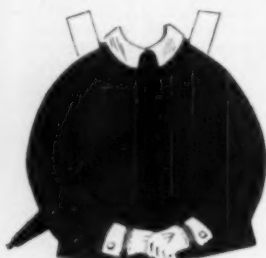
NEXT MONTH BETSY McCALL GOES TO SCHOOL



BETSY McCALL and her mother went downtown to go shopping and get Betsy some new clothes. Betsy's cousin, Barbara McCall, went too. When they were leaving, Barbara's mother said to her, "If you see anything you want very, very much and Betsy's mother likes it too, you may have it!" They all had a perfectly lovely time and saw lots and lots of pretty clothes and Barbara saw a suit that she thought was the prettiest of all and Betsy's mother liked it too, so they bought it. After they finished shopping, everybody had ice-cream sodas. They tasted simply delicious!



Betsy's new weskit to wear with her matching corduroy skirt



Betsy's jacket that makes her jumper look like a real suit



Betsy's jumper has buttons that go all the way down the front



Betsy's new skirt to wear with her white blouse and her weskit



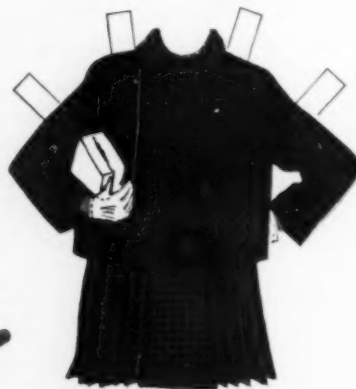
This is Betsy McCall



This is Barbara McCall



Betsy's new hat has a feather. Barbara will get a hat later



Barbara loves her corduroy jacket and her new pleated plaid skirt



Barbara's doll Judy and Betsy's doll Susan went shopping too

HAT BY RICHARD ENGLANDER  
SKETCHES BY KAY MORRISSEY

CLOTHES BY FRANK & MASKET AT STORES LISTED ON PAGE 140



(Continued from page 141)

I began to think about what happened to an individual when he joined the Communist party. When we joined we had done so honestly. But over the long years of indoctrination we had become so warped that we were no longer true even to ourselves. I was breaking away from this perverted thinking, but the others were gradually being dragged deeper and deeper into a hell from which there was no possible escape.

If I turned them in they would no longer be useful to the Soviets. At least they would be free of any further entanglements. Perhaps they too would be able to find their way back to that integrity which they had lost while believing they still had it.

Back and forth I swayed. One day I would determine to go to the FBI. The next, I would decide I could not do it under any circumstances. I would walk night after night, unable to sleep. Then I would doze off in the early hours of the morning, awake an hour or two later dripping with sweat and in the midst of a nightmare.

Always it was the same dream, and no matter how thoroughly I awakened myself I would always go back to it. I was watching an execution. The victim was always different—sometimes it was Mary Price, sometimes Greg Silvermaster. Yet every time, I had the strange sensation that it was I who was about to die.

I became thinner, paler and tired. But I could not make up my mind. I wanted someone to force me to action. If only the FBI would arrest me!

One day I pulled myself together. There was only one thing to do. I must get out into the country and away from this problem. I must get enough rest so that I could think clearly. With this thought I packed my bags and set out for Old Lyme, a small Connecticut town.

Here, after a few short weeks, my strength started to come back—and with it my peace of mind. Living among these sturdy, solid Americans I felt my self-respect coming back.

Sometimes in the evenings I would start out along a winding road to the top of a hill, where I could look out over the town. As I watched the last rays of the sun settle on the white spire of a church, I would feel a strange sense of contentment. Alone up there, I would feel that the past ten years had been only a nightmare.

On my way back from the hill one night, I passed the Congregational Church. Almost without knowing what I was doing, I opened the door and walked in. It was quiet and peaceful inside. I sat down in a back pew, wondering just why I had come in. I found myself trying to pray—calling out for help to Someone whom all these years I had denied.

A strange sense of peace came over me. And then, in the empty church, the voice of my conscience seemed to ring out loudly: "You have no right here—yet. You know now that the way of life you have followed these last ten years was wrong. You have come back to where you belong. But first you must make amends!"

Slowly I got to my feet and walked out into the bright sunshine.

**T**HE FBI man sat across the desk from me, his face neither hostile nor friendly. He offered me a cigarette and then settled back in his chair. I was somewhat disconcerted. Instinctively I had expected that he, like the Russian secret police, would immediately pounce on me, asking questions, demanding answers. Certainly the FBI, having taken the trouble to follow me around, must know who I was. There must be something wrong.

I had no way of knowing, of course, that the FBI was also in a predicament. Far from being unconcerned, they were startled by my sudden appearance in their offices. They were in grave doubts as to my motives. In fact, I later learned they thought I was an *agent provocateur* sent in by the Russian secret police.

As the fall wore on I paid the FBI many visits, going over the information I had in my possession. I had no idea what the FBI men thought about me personally, nor did I know what my own fate was to be. I never asked them, and they never volunteered the information. In spite of this strange relationship, I liked them. They were so very different from what I had expected.

One day one of the FBI men said, "Well, Elizabeth, now we come to the sixty-four-dollar question. Would you be willing to keep on going as you are now? It's important to us that you stay in the U. S. Service & Shipping Corporation to keep it from falling into Soviet hands. With you in there we can keep tabs on what is going on. Then too, it's vital to keep in contact with the Russian secret police and also with the people you know in the American Communist party."

I did want to get out of all this mess, but I couldn't leave with a clear conscience until every last tag end had been tied up.

"Of course," I agreed. And so for many wearisome months I continued outwardly to lead the same life I had before, seeing the same comrades, meeting my contacts—always with the FBI tailing me.

**B**Y LATE winter in 1947 I became definitely alarmed. The Communists had by now learned that I had talked. I began to receive mysterious telephone calls at all hours of the day and night and threatening letters.

But then things happened in rapid-fire order. The grand jury brought in indictments against the eleven Communists who composed the so-called "politburo" of the American Communist party. The next day an investigator for the Un-American Activities Committee called me. I received a subpoena to testify at hearings of the Senate Investigations Committee.

For the next few days I marveled at the pandemonium that had broken loose. The story was splashed over the front pages of the newspapers, and reporters haunted my hotel in Brooklyn. I hadn't realized the story would make such a stir. From now on I would be a notorious person—the "Red spy queen." Would there ever be any peace for me from now on?

Yet the worst ordeal of all was sitting in the committee's hearing room and watching my old comrades as they testified. As I listened to person after person, I felt sick. There's Lud Ullman, I thought. He's my age, and yet how he looks like an old man, burned out and hollow-eyed. There's Greg Silvermaster, a shell of a man. And as my eyes wandered over all of them, my horrible dream came back to me. Those were my comrades—and I was their executioner. I felt a terrible sadness.

They are spiritually dead, I thought with sudden and final release. But I am alive and I can speak for them, for all those whom I have left behind—those lost ghosts that have died for an illusion. Telling their story and mine, I will let the decent people of the world know what a monstrous thing Communism is. **THE END**

Miss Bentley's life story will appear in greater detail in a book titled *Out of Bondage: My Life as a Spy*, published July 30 by Devin-Adair.



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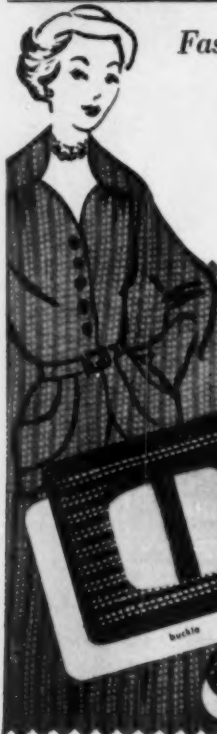


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by Edna Mitchell Preston and Beatrice Schenk De Regulators



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8533	4, 6, 8, 10, 12	.35	.40	1894	22, 23 ins.	.45	.50
8534	2, 3, 4, 6, 8	.35	.40	1826	6 1/2 ins. deep	.45	.50
8535	2, 3, 4, 6, 8	.35	.40	1844	23" x30" x13 1/2"	.65	.75
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